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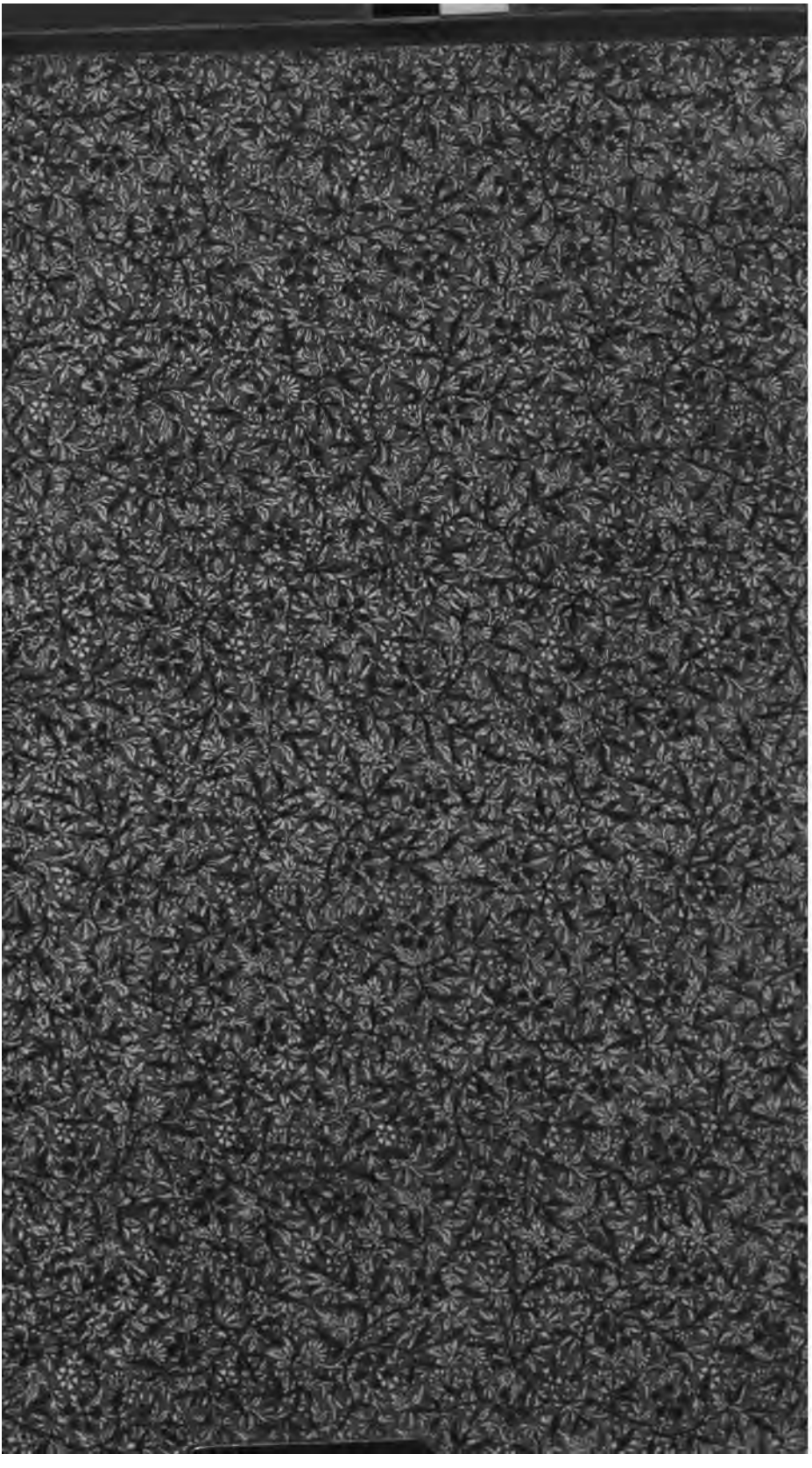
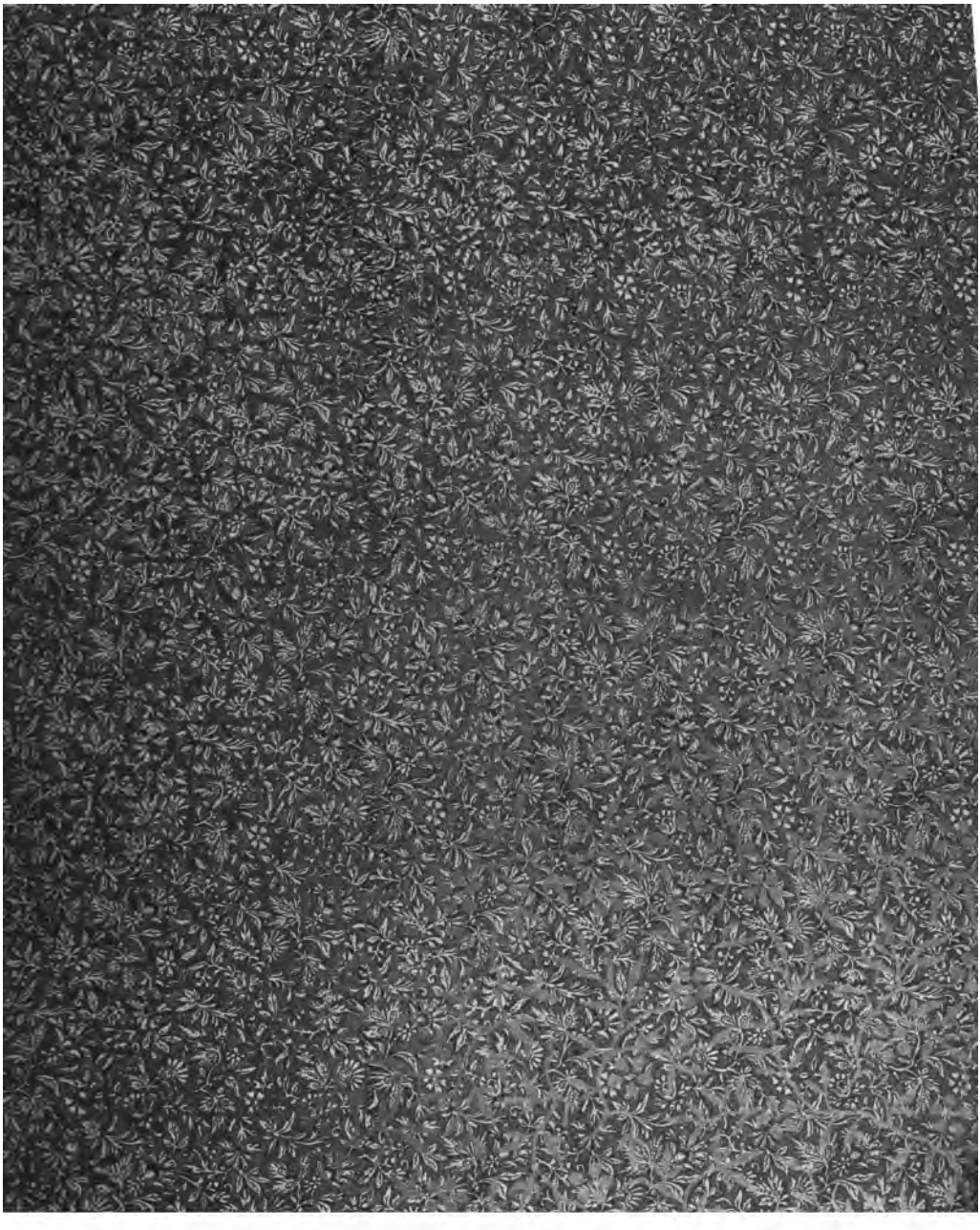
UNDER
THREE
FLAGS

G. W. PEPPER





This One

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GEORGE W. PEPPER.

To my pastor, elder brother,
faithful friend
Rev. W. H. Sutherland
on his 80th
Birth
Jan
18

UNDER THREE FLAGS;

OR,

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

AS

PREACHER, CAPTAIN IN THE ARMY, CHAPLAIN, CONSUL,

WITH

SPEECHES AND INTERVIEWS.

BY

THE REVEREND GEORGE W. PEPPER,

AUTHOR OF "SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGNS IN GEORGIA AND THE CAROLINAS."

CINCINNATI:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY CURTS & JENNINGS.
1899.

DEDICATION.

TO GENERAL JOHN BEATTY,

President Citizens Savings Bank,
Columbus, Ohio;

A born financier, industrious, careful;
as a soldier in battle he was reliable, brave, and skillful;

as a Congressman he won an honored name
for his loyalty to his friends and his fearless defense of
great principles;
ever prompt and noble in his action as a refined
and scholarly gentleman;
of soul sincere and in honor clear,—

I DEDICATE THESE RECOLLECTIONS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, JANUARY, 1899.

Preface.

THAT was a beautiful simile of Bacon's, in which he compared a book to a ship. If the inventon of a ship, which carries riches and commerce from one part of the world to another, and consociates the most remote regions, is thought so noble, how much more should be the book admired, which, like the ship, sails over vast oceans of time and brings distant ages into contact as the ship the most remote regions! A fine critic observes that the test of a genuine book is its love of humanity. It must be addressed to all the powers and faculties of mankind. If it is addressed to the intellect, it must make men think; if it is addressed to the heart, it must unlock the fountains of sincere emotion; if it is addressed to the imagination, it must wrap the soul in visions of ideal loveliness and excellence.

The author of this volume pretends to none of the qualifications of authorship thus described; but he does claim to have given in the words of distinguished men their opinions and estimates upon a variety of subjects, and to give his own reminiscences in words plain and truthful. He has not colored his phrases with eloquent and pompous language, believing that a noble cause is grander than a kingly throne, and sincerity the true scepter of success.

He acknowledges his obligations to the current literature of the times which embraced his early life. He takes pleasure in recording his gratitude to the *Dublin Nation*, the splendid republican journal. It was to Ireland what the Marseillaise was to France—its creed and its inspiration. Some of its most brilliant writers became prime ministers in Australia and generals in the American War for the Union. If we have helped any one to a higher and nobler life, we have our reward, as refreshing as the fountains to captive Israel in the desert.

GEORGE W. PEPPER,

1021 EAST MADISON AVENUE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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UNDER THREE FLAGS.

Chapter I.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

I AM aware that the task I have undertaken is one of moment and delicacy. I am about to speak of the leading incidents of a life that looks back over sixty years to the spot that sheltered me in infancy, to the schools and scenes that witnessed my entrance upon public life, as well as to the last thirty years, in which I have been associated with the debates, the agitations, the war for the Union, and in many of the struggles for the emancipation of the slaves, and the unity and perpetuity of this Republic.

I was born in Ballinagarrick, parish of Tullylish, near Gilford, County Down, Ireland. To the best of my knowledge, the date of my birth was July 11, 1833. My parents, well-to-do people, ranked high, and were much respected. My father, Nicholas Pepper, was a man of sturdy constitution, of good education, and a stanch Protestant, of the Episcopal Church. He was Master of the Orange Lodge, which met in his house and in his father's house for over fifty years. One of my boyish amusements was, with the approval of my father, the gathering of orange-lilies, and building an orange arch opposite the house, to annoy and vex devout Catholics upon their way to church. Frequently the good priest would ride through, and, hat in hand, cheer for King

William. This pleased the Orange boys greatly, and the priest and my father became warm and enthusiastic friends. My recollections of my father are very vague; but I remember that his death was greatly lamented.

Laffan, a writer in a Boston paper, some years ago, gave the history of the Peppers in Ireland. They are of Norman stock, and can be traced back to the invasion by John De Alton. In the ranks of Richard de Claire, or Clare, Earl of Pembroke, nicknamed Strongbow, were representatives of the Pippards, or Peppards, of Devonshire, England. Camden and, in our own time, Dean Butler credit a William Peppard, or Peppers, with the erection of the original castle of Trim, in County Meath. It was rebuilt in the thirteenth century. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, in his "Tour in Ireland," describes the decaying structure as the only edifice in the country worthy the name of castle. From an historical point of view, it is one of the most important buildings in Ireland: several of the Anglo-Irish Parliaments met there. During the intestine wars of the seventeenth century it was repeatedly the scene of important actions. It was dismantled soon after the year 1640, and it has ever since remained in a state of progressive decay.

These Pippards, or Peppers, were somewhat famous in Anglo-Irish annals as founders of castles, monasteries, etc., in and about Ardee, County Louth, Ralph de Pippard obtaining a grant soon after the invasion. Afterwards he surrendered the manor to Edward I. The Pippards, descendants of Roger, were for a long time lords of Ardee. They participated in the famous Irish insurrection of 1641, for which they incurred the penalty of the forfeiture of their estates. When James II granted, in 1689, a charter to Drogheda, Ignatius Pepper was mayor,

and two of his name were aldermen and three were burgesses of the city.

George Pepper, one of the earliest editors of the Boston *Pilot*, who commenced, but did not live to finish, a "History of Ireland," was a native of the County Louth. While stripping himself of his own clothing to cover a friendless countryman, he contracted a cold that resulted in fever, and died in the prime of life.

My mother was married twice, and after her second marriage, to a Mr. Hargrove, I was placed at a seminary in Money More, County Derry. Here I studied the classics, and was prepared for college. It was necessary to walk three miles every morning through a most beautiful grove. British scenery affords but few parallels to this part of Ireland. Before me was the splendid castle and domain of Lord Conyngham, and all around lay the cultivated estates of the Drapers. I shall never forget the thrilling recollections with which my heart was filled in daily making this trip to the seminary. One of my fellow-students was a boy named Quinn, who afterwards became a distinguished clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church. Years afterward, when I was lecturing in Paterson, New Jersey, the chairman was Dr. Quinn. I told him of my former youthful friend. "Yes," said he, "that was my youngest brother." Near Money More was Tubbermore, at that time the scene of Dr. Alexander Carson's preaching. He had left the Presbyterian Church, a rich congregation, and taken charge of a small Baptist Church. Drs. Barnett, Hewitt, and Mr. Morgan were preaching at that time at Money More.

The scenes that surrounded the place of my birth were very beautiful. I am proud of the spot, with its verdure springing from strand to mountain-top.

Through magnificent forests, along delightful woods, and over gentle hills, I used to walk to the old schoolhouse. O, beautiful was the sky above me, sweet Isle, and fair thy emerald bosom! The country boasted of many ancient castles and delightful landscapes, and here were gathered all the beauties which nature delights to spread over every relic of the past—ivy and lichen, and wallflowers of lovely colors. They are bedecked, too, with "clumps of woodbine, taking the soft wind upon their summer thrones."

There are few villages in Ireland so lovely, and certainly none in the County of Down so attractive, as Gilford, Ballinagarrick, and Moyallen. The latter has all the elements of the picturesque about it and within it. Situated in a charming valley, watered by a small river, while scattered about through it are the most charming homes, decorated by choice flowering plants, which show, by their luxuriance of growth, that the little settlement is sheltered from all the winds that blow,—the remembrance of so sweet a place comes over my soul like the whisper of a loving friend, and suggests to the devout soul soft pictures of the Eternal Home we pray for when all the tumults and storms of this life are passed away.

It has been beautifully written that the recollections of early scenes come to the exile like an enchantment; that sunbeams break through the traditions and intervening years. And here, where I have fixed my home; here, where my future has taken root; here, where many of my sorrows have been made bright as the darkest wave swells into luster whilst the moon looks out upon it; here, where a republican Government has offered me the privileges and emoluments of citizenship,—even here I can not but help think of the paths my childhood's

footsteps traveled in Ireland. Even here, amid the roar of the Niagara downfall of a thousand lakes and rivers, and the calm, cold sublimities of the Rockies; even here, with all these scenes crowding around me, the memories of those quiet mornings of my childhood and youth lure my fancy backward through the flight of years. Those memories are to me life, light, music. Without them, my life were dull, despondent, and voiceless! With them, even the wilderness becomes a garden, and the solitude a chorus of glad voices.

There are the Mourne Mountains, those giants overlooking Rostrevor, the delightful bathing resort, the approach to which, from Newry, lies like a verdant carpet. Not far away is Carlingford Bay, over whose surface ships proudly glide, with all sails set to woo the bashful breeze. Upon those mountains nature erects her temples; the breeze, with gentle wing, fans the face; the silence is impressive; no sounds reach the ear save the rush of the bay and the hoarse croak of the raven. And, then, what scenes the eye drinks in—the billowy hills, the green, wooded slopes, the cloud-shadow stealing over the hills! Here, amid these solemn mountains, God speaks! His hand piled them up. He it was who covered them with grass. He it is who flings over all this sublime scene the robe of light, and has made all beautiful in His time!

Grand as the south of Ireland is, the grandeur of Donegal surpasses it. One passes successively from splendor to splendor, from beauty to beauty. There is a divine loveliness that bathes every spot of that enchanted region. Near my birthplace was the river Bann, a sheet of water that flowed through a long and pleasant valley, with the deep shadows of the overarching trees falling upon it. I have always loved water; it adds to

the vitality of scenery. Without it, the most beautiful pictures in nature are languid and weak; with it, the less finished works of the Divine Artist, those which seem to us to want a more radiant sky, a greener soil, or flowers of a richer bloom, and trees of a statelier growth,—even these unfinished works, as we presume to call them, blessed with this purifying element, possess a charm beyond description. I might speak of the rare old buildings which line this river; but

> "Fare ye well, dear Highland mountains,
> Valleys green, and flowing fountains;
> Where the silver Bann is gliding,
> Thither lies our way."

A most charming sheet of water is Lough Neagh. It is thirty miles from the sea, and has a natural fall of fifty feet for its surplus water. There is a legend that this famous lake covers a submerged city, and that the fishermen, endowed with vision more or less imaginative, can see "the round towers of other days in the wave beneath them shining." There is now a movement started to keep this delightful sheet of water within its natural bounds. Before the era of railroads there was traffic between Lough Neagh and the sea, and therefore reason for locks and checks to its natural flow. But now that there are two railways, there can be no reason that many thousands of acres should be withdrawn from cultivation, in order that a few tons of groceries may be carried by water. Home rule might accomplish much good by drawing the attention of capitalists to this mine of wealth, to be obtained by a system of irrigation.

My mother's name was Rachel Thornburg. She was the daughter of a farmer and manufacturer. Her father

was a Presbyterian in religion, a Liberal in politics, and a cultivated gentleman. His sons were not unknown. One of them in particular, who went to England, became an eminent business and professional man. My mother had all the educational advantages of the time, and was a woman of wide reading, of refined manners, and of patriotic impulses. It was her great ambition to make me a scholar, and for this purpose she early placed in my hands good books, and sent me to school to the best teachers. My earliest schoolmaster was a Mr. Stewart, a Presbyterian minister, renowned all over the country for his erudition. I was afterwards sent to Money More, a charming town in the County of Derry, and studied the classics—Greek and Latin—under Mr. Harkness, a very accomplished and well-read man. Here I spent three years, until I was prepared for college.

My mother was desirous that I should make a career as a speaker, and hence every opportunity of hearing the famous orators—and Ireland had many of them then—was seized, so that I might have the best models. She was also very patriotic, as the following incident will show: I was on my way to school one morning, when I saw an Irish jaunting-car, containing four distinguished-looking gentlemen, strangers. "See here, boy, where is Shane Hill?" one of them called out to me. This hill was known all over the north of Ireland as a place of resort for all the discontented and rebelliously-disposed farmers, who complained of high rents. I replied, "Go to Nicky Pepper's Cross-roads, and then take the left hand road." I had scarcely finished when the one who had spoken before, shouted, "And who is Nicky Pepper?" In my youthful ignorance I had thought my father was known to all the world. They picked me up, making a

captive of me, and when we reached my home, they stopped and let me off. I told my mother the circumstance, and she exclaimed, with delight: "They are the Young Irelanders, going to the Hill. There is a great meeting there to-day, and we must go!"

The gentlemen were entertained with a luncheon. They afterwards proved to be men who became famous in Irish and American politics—Thomas Francis Meagher, Mitchell, Doheny, and Richard O'Gorman. It has been many years now since I listened to John Mitchell, on Shane Hill, plead for the overthrow of the Caliban abomination, that foulest blot on European civilization, the heartless landlord aristocracy of Ireland; but the memory of it is clear before me to-day. The audience, Protestants and Catholics, were touched by the orator's arguments, as though smitten by the rod of an enchanter. The famines came; thousands and tens of thousands perished on a soil soft and rich as a mother's smile. Mitchell's soul was devoured with wrath at the sight of a nation dying, with plenty in the land, and he fearlessly preached that the life of a poor man was as precious as that of a lord; that it was better for the Irish farmer to fall, musket in hand, defending his wife and babes, than to die by famine; that the only gospel which the heavens and earth preached was, land for the landless and food for the starving. He invoked the God of the oppressed, summoned the people to arms, and in a few weeks the brave men, whom the hunger fiend had not carried off, clasped their virgin swords, like virgin brides, to their hearts. O'Connell's famous maxim, that "No liberty was worth the shedding of a drop of blood," was flung to the winds by this new brotherhood of Young Irelanders.

Being the only son, and my father dying when I was very young, my education and all the preparation for my future devolved upon my mother. She devoted herself to the cultivation of my mind, and to giving direction to my literary tastes. She resolved, although the sacrifice would be great—I being her only child—that I should have the full benefit of a college education.

My mother was a great admirer of the United States. During the famine year, we were visiting in Belfast, when an American ship—I believe it was the *Macedonia*—filled with provisions for the starving, dropped its anchor in the harbor. It was a rare and beautiful sight to see that old war-ship, freighted with Indian meal for the suffering. My mother was deeply moved, and, taking my hand, she raised it towards heaven, and made me register a vow to God that, if any calamity should ever overtake the generous American people, I would never forget the Stars and Stripes, which that day I beheld for the first time. Though years have passed since that thrilling hour, I can feel at this moment the warm tears of a revered woman falling upon my head. Yes, like all Irish women of honor and of principle, she was a republican, and the names of Washington and Jackson were always on her lips, like a litany.

Whatever of Irish and American sympathies I have, I owe to her. The United States was, in her estimation, the ideal Government, and its flag the symbol of freedom, of independence, of glory. I love to think of my mother, of her goodness of heart, of her gentleness of disposition, of her magnanimity, and of her tender and assiduous attentions to the poor. The last time I ever saw her alive, I was on my way to college.

As the hour drew near when I was to leave the haunts

of my childhood, what a sorrowful hour it was! What a struggle agitated the good heart of my dear mother, between her grief at the parting and her hopes for my future! Though over fifty years have passed, it seems but yesterday, so swiftly does memory recall our early days. She accompanied me a part of the way, and when the time came for us to separate, she embraced me fervently, saying: "Be a good boy, be a good student, be a good Christian; and if we never meet again on earth, we shall meet in heaven." I see her as she stood upon the hill, waving a farewell adieu to me with a white handkerchief. It was a farewell, indeed; for when I returned, in less than a month, there was no one on the hill; but, instead, a little group of people waiting about the gate. My mother was dead!

"My mother, when I learned that thou wert dead—
Say, wert thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretched even then—life's journey just begun?"

"Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more."

We laid her away to sleep in the beauty of eternal peace in the Ballinagarrick Presbyterian Cemetery. May the grass be ever green upon the sod that covers the remains of the best of mothers!

North Ireland has never been credited with the bold and picturesque scenery of the south, yet it has many classic and historic spots. In wild and romantic Donegal, where they say "the people eat the potatoes, skins and all," is the old castle of Raphoe, where Richard Montgomery drew the milk which gave him nerve to fight the

battle of Quebec. Derry possesses attractions which have few parallels. There, lying at one's feet, is the river Foyle, and all around the walls so grandly defended by the gallant Walker against the coward James. The countrymen of Walker should build him a monument, and carve thereon the proud sentence: *In vita, ad castra; in morte, ad astra.* ("In life, fighting; in death, immortal.")

The memorable siege of the Prentice boys is one of the bravest things in history. "I envy not," says Johnson, "those whose patriotism does not burn when standing on the plains of Marathon, and whose soul does not grow warm when wandering round the ruins of Iona." All through these extreme northern counties are scenes to be witnessed, such as neither the rugged splendors of the Tyrol nor the sterile sublimities of the Scottish Highlands have surpassed. Here is Tyrone, where, an old ballad used to say, "an honest man never was known." This is the country where Hugh O'Neil, the splendid Earl of Tyrone, battled valiantly, though unavailingly, against the brilliant armies of Elizabeth; where General James Shields first saw the light, and whose blood afterwards was poured out in the war for the Union. In the neighboring section of the county are the majestic columns and porticoes of the Giant's Causeway on the coast of Antrim, against which the waves of the Atlantic break in vain. Within sound of these thundering waves, Dr. Adam Clarke, the renowned Methodist commentator, and McClure, the explorer and discoverer of the Northwest Passage, were born.

The three brothers, George, Henry, and John Lawrence, were natives of this part of Ireland. These were the conquerors of India, adding the costliest jewel to the British crown. It is told among the old residents that

when Henry was taking his farewell of his beloved mother, she gave him this sound advice as to marriage: "I know you do not like advice, so I will not give you much; but, pray, recollect two things—do not marry a woman who had not a good mother, and do not be too ready to speak your mind. It was the rock on which your father wrecked his prospects." He acted on his mother's advice, and married the beautiful and accomplished Honora Marshall, and she to him was

> "Constant as the Northern star,
> Of whose true, fixed and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament."

Dungannon, that historic and patriotic town, is in Tyrone. The Stewarts—Alexander T. and George H.—distinguished for their American enterprise and philanthropies, were natives of County Down; and so also was Lord Dufferin. It is said that when George H. Stewart arrived in New York, he had only his overcoat, which he sold to a fellow-passenger for money to take him to Philadelphia. He made money rapidly, and he gave with a generosity that was boundless. When he died and was buried, forty ministers whom he had educated were his pall-bearers, and more than that number of missionaries, whom he had sent to foreign fields, would have been present if possible. Andrew Jackson, and the ancestors of William McKinley, the President of the United States, came from this part of Ireland.

Religiously, America is under lasting obligations to three Irishmen who were born and reared in this neighborhood: Robert Strawbridge, the first preacher of American Methodism; Francis McKennie, the founder of

American Presbyterianism; and Alexander Campbell, the organizer of the Disciple Church.

The patriotic Irishman takes pride in remembering the historical relations between Ireland and the United States. In this northern part of Ireland there are a thousand evidences which demonstrate the enthusiastic sympathy of Ulstermen with the Americans. This was the mother-home of the most famous of the Jacksons, the Starks; and the Pennsylvania Legion, which rendered such distinguished service in the Colonies, were mostly from this region. An entire ship, filled with republican Irishmen, en route to Washington's help, was arrested in Belfast Lough. Sparks, in his "Life and Letters of Washington," gives the whole correspondence between that illustrious man and the Yankee Clubs of Ulster. There was scarcely a town where there was not one of these clubs. Here is an extract from an address of one of them to Washington:

"At an early period of the contest in which you are so gloriously engaged, our sentiments were those of the Americans, our warmest wishes are on the side of freedom. Upon this happy Revolution, we have embraced the first opportunity to convince you of our unfeigned esteem. Your exertions have not only vindicated the freedom of your own country, but also have shed their benign influence on this distressed kingdom of Ireland. To you, sir, in the course of a gracious Providence which, in a conspicuous manner, has protected your person and presided in your councils, do we acknowledge ourselves indebted for our late happy deliverance from as baneful a system of policy as ever disgraced the rights of mankind. With the sincerest pleasure, therefore, we mention our congratulations on an event which has crowned America with sovereignty and independence."

This was sent from Stewartstown, County of Tyrone, June 7, 1789. I give one or two sentences from Washington's reply:

"It is with unfeigned satisfaction I accept your congratulations on the late happy and glorious Revolution. The generous indignation against the foes of the rights of mankind with which you are animated, and the exalted sentiments of liberty which you entertain, are too consonant to the feelings and principles of the citizens of the United States not to attract their veneration and esteem, did not the affectionate and anxious concern with which you regarded their struggle for freedom and independence entitle you to their most particular acknowledgments. If in the course of our successful contest any good consequences have resulted to the oppressed kingdom of Ireland, it will afford a new source of happiness to all who respect the interests of humanity.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"*Mt. Vernon, in Virginia, Jan. 20, 1794.*"

The share which Ireland had in liberating the Colonies from the sway of England, and in the establishment of the United States, is a matter of history. The names of General Sullivan; the O'Briens, who fired the first shot at Machias, in Maine; of Commodore Barry; Charles Thompson, the secretary of the first Congress, and who read the Declaration of Independence before the assembled thousands in Philadelphia; the statement of Lord Chatham in his great speech; and the exclamation of Lord Mountjoy in the House of Commons, as he pointed his index finger at Lord North, "You have lost America by the Irish!"

The people of Cork raised, by private subscription, money to purchase clothes for the shoeless and coatless Revolutionary soldiers at Valley Forge. My young years

were spent among these Yankee sympathizers. My uncle, John Pepper, and all my mother's relatives—strong Presbyterians—were republicans, and belonged to the United Irishmen. The district in which I was born and reared included the famous rendezvous for the discontented, for every protest against the injustice of landlordism, and for anti-anythingism; the name of the resort for the rebellious was Shane Hill. It was here that the notorious Tommy Downshire men assembled. This was a kind of Protestant Molly Maguireism. They were bold and desperate fellows, who had no regard for English legislation. They used the torch or the bullet against those who might disobey their mandates. Here is a specimen of one of their proclamations:

TOMMY DOWNSHIRE.

"BRETHREN,—Oppression calls me once more among you. Having heard of the dreadful high rates imposed upon you, I warn you not to pay more than ten pence on the pound. Any man giving more, I will order him to be burned to the ground. Let them go to the landlords for the rest. Be firm and true, and I will mend what the landlords are doing when I come.

"Yours truly, friend and brother, TOMMY.

"*Dated at Shane Hill, October, 1847.*"

The combination of which Tommy was chief had been at work for years in that locality; at one time resisting high rents, and at another insisting upon higher wages. They always succeeded, for their claims were just. This is a specimen of their rough songs:

"It was on a summer morning
Bright Phœbus was adorning,
I heard the bugle horn
Just by the break of day.

And I asked what made so much smoke and fire,
And they told me it was Tommy Downshire.
So with them I did go and fight that day, boys!

Since there is so much blood to be shed,
Let every man fight for his bread!
We are Tommy Downshire from the Shane Hill,
And always fight our way, boys!"

They did not stop at proclamations. When the English Government was shipping grain and potatoes away from Ireland, Tommy Downshire men met at Shane Hill, and marched in thousands, singing this song, to Knock Bridge, on the River Bawn, and destroyed all the boats.

The most numerous and the most enthusiastic of the Yankee Clubs, previously referred to, was established in the old Ulster town of Dungannon, where no less a Convention than delegates representing one hundred thousand of the Irish Volunteers met in 1782, in an old church, to debate the fortunes of a nation. It is in this very town that independence is to be declared and won! These delegates represented the will of the people—that supreme and unconquerable will, which, when aroused, is above the will of kings, stronger than the might of armies, keener than the subtleties of law; the fountain of political authority, the basis of social organization, the high arbiter of revolutionary change. That well-ordered and courageous organization had driven Lord North from the Cabinet; it had caught the sacred contagion of American liberty, which had shuffled off a baleful tyranny, had smitten down great armies, and scattered vast fleets. It had stormed the administration of Charles James Fox.

The debate is opened—but hark! what is that cry I hear? It is the cheer that greets the entrance of Henry Grattan. On him a thousand eyes and hopes are fixed. Harry Flood, the noble and pure, and Hussey Burgh, the

brilliant Burgh, are with him. In person he is tall, erect, and thin; in mien and gesture he is calm and commanding. He rises, and pronounces the most splendid oration ever delivered. Listen to this one sentence: "I have no ambition unless it be to break your chains and to contemplate your glory! I will never be satisfied so long as the meanest citizen in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking among his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in iron! And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit has gone forth, the declaration of right is planted; and though great men should fall off, yet the cause shall live; and though the patriotic speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it; and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but will survive him." The orator had gathered his energies, which a heavy illness had impaired, to the greatest effort of his life. The victory was won, and Ireland's prosperity continued to excite envy and admiration. It lasted eighteen years, and it was during this brief period that all the splendid public buildings of Dublin were built. One man in every five was engaged in manufactures. The nobles spent two million dollars annually in Dublin. Alas! In 1800 the legislative independence of Ireland was extinguished. Then her woes began. It was to this bright spot in Irish history that Washington referred in his letter to the Yankee Clubs. What Independence Hall was to the Americans, the old church in Dungannon was to the Irish people.

The religious movement of John Wesley had early attracted converts in Ireland, and especially in Ulster, and many flourishing societies were formed during Wesley's visits. The life of this illustrious man was divided

between study, preaching, and the organization of societies. He has told the world, in his incomparable Journals, of his frequent visits and of his cordial reception by the Irish people. In grandeur of purpose, in a lofty and evangelic consecration, and in success, he stands first among the renowned revivalists. Yet this great man, with his matchless genius, author of a hundred volumes upon all subjects, with his encyclical cultivation, did not hesitate to preach in barns, in private houses, at cross-roads, and under the shade of great trees. Hither he came, and preached in my great-great-uncle's field, where a class was formed, and where it continued to meet for three generations. There is one big tree, yet standing, beneath whose shade he preached annually, and where his followers meet every year. I have preached beneath the selfsame tree within a few years. The correspondent of the New York *Witness* was present, and gave a vivid account of this field service, referring to the sermon I preached in accordance with the time-honored custom.

In my uncle's house I have frequently heard venerable men and saintly women speak of the father of Methodism. They dwelt with rapture upon his words of counsel, that cleared their souls from doubt; words of mercy, that saved them from despair; words of comfort, that served as balm to their wounded hearts. They would relate incidents of his travels, and speak of his impressive delivery. Here are a few of the stories I listened to in my childhood: Wesley was one day overtaken by robbers, who took from him his gold watch. He asked them to remain to the services, and they would certainly repent some day. He preached a sermon from the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." An indescribable fear came over the thieves. They returned the watch, bowed

upon their knees, and were converted. He was preaching in a schoolhouse on a very hot day, and one of his hearers dropped to sleep, and snored so loud that he destroyed the solemnity of the worship. The preacher paused in the flow of his oratory, and cried out, "Fire! Fire!" The sleeper jumped to his feet, forgetting where he was, and asked, "Where? where?" when Wesley calmly replied, "In hell, to burn people who sleep under the preaching of the gospel."

When Whitefield died—there had been some estrangement between the two holy men—a friend of Wesley's said, "You will never see Whitefield in heaven." "No," was Wesley's reply, "I never expect to see him. He will be so near the throne, and I will be so far off, that I never expect to see him."

In the north of Ireland there are various ways of speaking the English language. Every county has its peculiar characteristics. In the center of Ulster, there are the clear tones of Dublin! In the extreme counties of Derry and Donegal vibrate the earnest gutturals of Connaught. Here are two specimens of these peculiarities of speech, of theology, and art. A minister, who was perhaps not too careful, was induced to sign the teetotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer, and his doctor ordered him to take a glass of punch daily. "O, I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish." "When do you shave?" the doctor asked. "In the morning," was the answer. "Then," said the doctor, "shave at night, before going to bed." The minister seemed to improve. The doctor said to Peggy, "I am glad your master is better." "Indeed, sir, he is better; but his brain is affected. Something is wrong with his mind." "How?" "Why, doctor, he used to shave at

night, before going to bed; but now he shaves in the morning; he shaves before dinner; he shaves before supper; he gets up at night and shaves; he shaves all the time!"

A young minister, who read his sermon—an abomination in Ulster—had preached. An elder was asked what he thought of the sermon. "Well, he will have to preach two hours longer to give the de'il (devil) a cold swat, with that kind of preaching."

Let us take a description of Mister Alaac McCraub, a Presbyterian farmer and fierce theologian, and the type of a class of men to be found, no doubt, in other parts of the country as well as Donegal. Riding out of Letterkenny on his way up the glen, the writer and his friend encounter Mr. McCraub on the way, and the following conversation ensues:

McCraub *loquitur*—"Well, sir, what way are ye the day?"

This is the common form of salutation—the *quid agis* of Glen Swilly conventionalism; then, looking hard and rather fiercely at me, astride as I was on a strong little hack, he drew near to my friend, and said in a low voice:

"But who is thon boy on the wee pownie?"

This term *thon* is demonstrative; probably composed of a union of the two words, *that yonder*. On being satisfied as to my respectability, he became familar, condescendingly walking by the rein of our horses *faisant chemin*, as the French say.

"But where did I see you going last Sunday, and on horseback, too, Mr. McCraub?" said my friend. "I thought your people were strict Sabbath-keepers, and did not forget the Fourth Commandment?"

"So we are—so we are, sir," said Alaac, becoming

greatly confused for a moment; but, quickly recovering, he drew himself up, and added:

"I was just going a mile or twa to the lower brae—not more than aboot a Sabbath-day's journey, you see—to visit my stock, lest there should be an ox or an ass fallen into a pit. Ye ken, gentlemen, the Scripthur allows us to pull it out."

On delivering this piece of triumphant self-justification, Alaac grimly smiled, and becoming more talkative than before, entertained us with the account of a young preacher who had been holding forth the previous Sabbath in the meeting-house, and concerning whose being "all right" (they gutturalize the *r* most vigorously in the word), Alaac had his ponderings.

"Did you like the sermon?" asked our friend.

"As a seermun, I answer, no, sir. It was only a wee bit of gospel doctrine—a sagmint in the great ceercle of Chreestianity. It was na' what we ca' feeding. Man is an inquisiteeve animal, sir; and I should have liked a skemp of doctrine on the Five Points. Na seermun is a seermun at a' that has not the Five Points in its head, tail, text, body, soul, and backbone. I mislike thon preacher. He 's just come from Raphoe, on tryal like, and is a varra young man, and has na experience for the elder hearers. I 'm doubting if he 's oorthodox, and if he has not a touch of the harracy of the Armenians in him, which is all as one, to my mind, as Papishy itself."

Alaac delivered this last sentence with singular acrimony for so good a man.

"You are a great theologian," said my friend, "quite a divine, Mr. McCraub."

"Just a wee, sir—not overmuch. I *have* read a leetle on the soobject whiles, and wrangled it over wi' the neigh-

bors in the lang winter nights. I hold the Five Great Points all reight, and I will always purtest, as long as I have a tongue in my teeth, against Papishy, Armennianism, Methodyism, and all other filthy harracies and hatteradoxies, to my life's end."

We now pushed on, wishing our polemical friend farewell, Alaac shouting after us that he would call on my friend "for the fourth valume of Dr. John Ouwen's [Owen's] work on the Haybrews—a grand writer, and all reight on the Five Points."

A young gentleman, "fresh from college, and preparing for the ministry," thus describes to our author the aforesaid Alaac McCraub, as he met him the preceding Sunday on his way to the meeting-house:

"His hat was like the 'Prometheus Bound' of Æschylus, not having enjoyed a *nap* for many years; and his best blue coat, only donned on Sabbaths, like the blessed sun, never seemed to wear out; a long steel chain dangled from his fob, supporting a pinchbeck seal, the size of a pear. Stiffly and sturdily he strode along, ten yards in advance of his womankind, his wife, Creusa-like, and his pretty modest daughter, following behind; his nose, a genuine aduncus, fiercely cocked at the horizon; his feet turned out in a perpetual perpetration of the fifth position, his cold, keen eye keeking and glinting on all sides, as if searching for a mistake with somebody; the very calves of his wiry legs looking sharp and martial; and the whole figure and gait of the man evidencing the most preposterous self-satisfaction; so that," continued the young man, "you might have applied to him Ben Jonson's inflated description of Sejanus, who

> 'At each step feels his advanced head
> Knock out a star in heaven.'"

The Rev. Joseph M—— was rather a pompous clergyman, who thought more of himself than anybody else did. It was his custom to preach special sermons, on a set subject, every Sunday evening during the winter season, which he termed, with no small show of pride, "My weekly series." One day, meeting with an old tailor named Tommy Anderson, a member of his congregation, whom the Rev. Joseph observed to be a regular worshiper at church during the course of "my weekly series," but at no other time, his reverence thought he would sound Tommy as to the reason of his peculiar attendance.

"Well, Tommy," began his reverence, "how is it that you are not more regular in your attendance at church? It is only when I preach 'my weekly series' that I observe you there. Do you [here a self-satisfied smile illumined the countenance of Joseph] think so highly of my series that you are afraid of mixing up the thread of my subject by listening to other sermons?"

"Aye, that 's it, your reverence," replied Tommy, touching his forelock. "Jist it, or nearly it. Ye see, I at times go to the Chapel o' Aise, whaur I hear a guid soun' sarmon, an hay aye somethin' tay think aboot. Then, whiles I go tay the Cathedral, whaur I like tay hear the bishop, wha's sarmons taks ye awa' up intae the cloods, then lays ye doon again beside a rinnin' strame on a summer's day; an' again whirls ye awa' amang the bonnie yalla coarn in the hervest, whaur yer like tay hear the bizz o' the scythe at wark, an' see the men an' wemmin in the feels gatherin' in the stooks, same as ye wur lukin' at them; then he lats ye hear the blythe song o' the lark as it flees tayword the sky in the mornin', and the whirr o' the corncrake as it skims ower the stibbles or amang the

coarn in the gloamin'; he brings ye tay think ye can see the wee white flakes o' snaw fallin' in the weary winter time, when a' is dark aroon; an' then, as he stan's in yon poopit, wi' his gran' auld gray heed turned upward, an' points awa' ower the heads o' his congregation, if ye follow that finger ye will see there awa' on a dreich an' lonely snaw-clad waste, sae plain dis he mak it, ye will see some poor bit chap shiverin' an' shakin' as he plods alang tae his journey's en', whaur his kin'ly auld feyther is waitin' an' wearyin' for him tay come tay get the guid things he has ready for him. But the semplicity, so tay spake," and Tommy looked in the face of his reverence, "O, yer sarmins is gran'; there 's nae depth nor argyment in them, nor nae food for reflection; they 're gran' for the quality, an' they 're aye the wan thing."

ROYAL BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION.

Chapter II.

FAMOUS ORATORS HEARD IN COLLEGE DAYS—PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

IT was in 1851 that I became a student in the college of Belfast, better known as the Royal Academical Institution, where many of the most distinguished and famous Irish judges, lawyers, and preachers were educated. I was overjoyed when, for the first time, I saw the northern Athens, the Manchester of Ireland—Belfast. The morning of my arrival was one of the fairest of mornings. There was a soft brightness in the sky, a delicious scent upon the meadow-lands, and the bleach greens, which cover the country for miles as you approach the city, were sweet and fragrant. There was the old patriotic Cave Hill, sacred to the memories of Tone and Russell and the United Irishmen of 1798; the spacious streets—everything was charming. The country from Lurgan, through Lisburn and thence to Belfast, was beautiful. There is a vast difference between Belfast and Dublin. The former is all business; while Dublin, like Venice in her faded garments of beauty, has fallen asleep in the shadow of her domes and columns, and dimly dreams of the days of her revels, her old Parliament, the days when she sat, not as a begging mendicant, but as a queen among the civic-crowned sisterhood of Europe.

It has been well said by a Scotch writer that Belfast is so like Scotland that the Scotchman can scarcely realize that he has left the banks of the Clyde. He has left a canny race, thrifty and industrious, with thriving

manufactories and tall chimneys, in the midst of lovely scenery, behind, and having run across the sea, finds himself in a somewhat warmer climate, amid more pleasing scenery, and surrounded with the same thrifty people, the same short and decisive speech, the same tall smoke-stacks, and half a dozen large, prosperous, newly-built towns, with their gorgeous outlying villas, and looking as if they, too, had stepped over to visit their Irish neighbors. Belfast, Lisburn, Antrim, Lurgan, Banbridge, Gilford, are now busy centers of commercial life, engaging men, women, and children in a race for wealth and progress.

Belfast at that time was rich in the number and variety of her gifted pulpit and forensic orators, and it was my privilege to hear the finest and most cultivated preachers of the day. I had always an admiration for good speaking, and, when a child, my mother fostered this passion by taking me long distances to hear famous speakers.

> "The powers of eloquence can charm the soul,
> Inspire the virtuous, and the bad control;
> Can raise the passions, and the rage can still,
> And mold a mob to one man's will."

Dr. Henry Cooke was the great preacher of the Presbyterians. In point of earnestness and powerful eloquence, he was superior to all others. Daniel McAfee was at this time the idol of the Methodists, and was noted for his originality and fearlessness. Isaac Nelson was a strong man and a patriot. When bigotry smashed the windows of his houses, he never repaired them, preferring to leave them as monuments of Orange intolerance. John Scott Porter, a Unitarian, possessed a clear and beautiful style. If Cooke was the Demosthenes of Irish eloquence, Scott Porter was the Cicero. Drs. Edgar and

Morgan, William Johnston, and Hugh Hanna were all attractive orators.

"Tommy Toye," the Presbyterian minister of York Street, was widely known for his eccentricities. He was a Southern man, and spoke with a most charming brogue. He was known all over the city for his devotional habits, for his pungent sermons, and for his quaint and humorous sayings. In one of his sermons he said: "My brethren, your piety is very pretty, it is beautiful to look at; but it is as cold and as wanting in fragrance as the artificial flowers in Hardy's window in High Street." Another time he illustrated his sermon with this incident: "My wife and I were going through Bridge Street the other day, and we saw a very pretty handkerchief in Kyle's shop-window. Jane said, 'It is a very pretty handkerchief, Tom.' 'It is,' said I; 'we will go in and buy it.' 'You are a fool,' said Jane; 'because it is silk weft and cotton warp.' Brethren, there is a great deal of cotton warp in your Christianity!" He called one day to see one of his parishioners, and found her reading "Robinson Crusoe." "You are going to hell," said the preacher, "I 'll make you a subject of special prayer." "O no, Mr. Toye; you will not do that; you will not take away my character!" exclaimed the woman, bursting into tears. "I 'll make you the subject of special prayer," repeated Mr. Toye. "O, what is this that has come over me! You will ruin me! I 'm the mother of six children, and the like of this never came across me afore." Finding he could not quiet her, Mr. Toye left, and soon after her husband came, and finding her wringing her hands in uncontrollable grief, asked the cause. "O, Mr. Toye will ruin me! He is going to take away my character! He says he will make me the subject of special prayer!"

"Well," said the husband, striking the table with his fist, "if he does that, I 'll indict him."

I remember hearing in my youth the following story of a Church of England clergyman: The rector was an aristocrat, and very haughty in his manners. One Sunday he referred to himself in a lordly way, telling of the great men in his family. The poorer members were offended. The curate, who was democratic and simple in his life, was very indignant, and vented his indignation in words heard by many of the congregation: "Such flunkeyism is intolerable, but I will administer an antidote next Sunday! Like Herod's worms, the rector's pride is eating him up." The following Sunday the curate carried out his threat. He took for his text the third chapter of Luke, part of the twenty-third, and the whole of the verses between that and the thirty-ninth, in which he found the following words: "Joseph, which was the son of Heli," and ending with "which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." Every one is familiar with the peculiar and strange effect produced by the repetition of a single phrase, such as "Which was the son of." The people were bewildered, and the rector looked confounded. He thought the curate had gone mad; but there was method in his madness. He ingeniously evolved from these sixteen verses a discourse that might have served as an essay on the French motto, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. "Here," said he, "we have a genealogical tree, not traced by the flattery of sycophants, but by the evangelist, whose inspiration enabled him to mount from branch to branch—a genealogy beginning with God, and ending with a poor Galilean Carpenter. Here is a lesson and a rebuke for the pride of descent. The poorest

carpenter in the poorest village in Ireland can trace his line through the same unbroken succession; and the proudest peer can do no more, unless, in his presumption, he should be disposed to ignore his divine origin. But it would be of no use. By whatever branch, they arrive at the same root. Here," he continued, looking at the rector, "here we all meet on equal terms. Disown them as we like in other degrees, here we are brought face to face with, and can not refuse to acknowledge, our poor relations."

There were many other distinguished divines and political orators. Hugh McNeil, of Liverpool, made annual visits to his native city, preaching in St. Ann's Church, where he shed the light and beauty of his imaginative eloquence upon his own land and that of his adoption. As a reader he had no equal. There frequently, also, was heard the fearless and brilliant Thomas Maguire, a Catholic priest, who was, without exception, the best debater his Church ever produced in Ireland.

There I heard Chalmers, Guthrie, and D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation. There was Whiteside, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England. I honored his great qualities of mind, and was delighted by his eloquent speeches, poured forth in language of thrilling beauty and strength. He was among the brightest of the peerless list of Irish orators who have illumined the British Senate.

Chalmers, despite his monotonous and hesitating action, his husky voice, and slavery to a manuscript, when fairly aroused, could touch with a wizard's skill the Presbyterian heart, and set its pulsations beating with a higher and firmer throb. He never raised his eyes from the paper; but his intensity of feeling, the grandeur of his

thoughts, swept everything before him. How his splendid mind kindled the fires as he described the progress and triumphs of his beloved Free Church! Guthrie, another Scotch minister, was the very opposite of Chalmers in style and delivery. His sermons were pictorial, his manners entirely free, his bold spirit was not curbed and bound down by servile adherence to a written composition. The discourse was crowded with passages of brilliant and impressive beauty.

During the time I was at college, there were three men visited Belfast whose burning words found a ready entrance into the hearts and stirred the sympathies of tens of thousands of the British public. These men were Gavazzi, John B. Gough, and Kossuth. The swarthy Italian, the American, and the eloquent Hungarian swayed the masses at will. The first shook to its foundations Ultramontanism; the second smote on the head the Goliath of intemperance; while the third conducted the lightning of public indignation to the heart of Continental despotism. Pio Nono had but little affection for the first; the second was at a discount with the saloons; and the Austrian emperor hated the third. Mr Gough, in one of his Glasgow lectures, had spoken disparagingly of the Maine Law. I replied to him, supporting my refutations of his utterances by quotations from eminent men in Maine and all over the United States.

Among the bright host of men who had shed luster upon their day and contributed to the march and progress of Ireland, no name shines brighter than Father Mathew, who was then engaged in the noble struggle against intemperance. I was a boy when Father Mathew came to Banbridge. Though he was then fifty years old, he was the picture of health, straight and erect as a man

of twenty-five. His hair was black as the raven's wing; his nose, Roman; his mouth, well chiseled. In his soft though animated blue eyes there was a sweet, intelligent, and benign expression. His dress was plain and scrupulously neat. Father Mathew was a speaker endowed with that fervid eloquence which reaches the heart. He raised a rampart of statistics in relation to the effects of intemperance upon the nation, and then illustrated it with his convincing and practical appeals. He gave a powerful and graphic exposition of the effects of drunkenness upon the home, upon the wife, upon the children. His tour through Ulster was triumphal. At his approach, the habitual toper became sober and pledged to abstinence; the saloon-keepers relinquished their traffic. Having conquered intemperance in Ireland, five million having taken the teetotal pledge from his hands, like another Alexander, he was not satisfied, but came to the United States in search of new conquests. Had there been some law to help these people to keep their pledge, the good would have been incalculable. Father Mathew, in a letter published in this volume, refers to this.

I was destined for the bar. Ireland had at that time the most distinguished lawyers in the three kingdoms. The bar possessed, in fact, all the learning and all the scholarship and all the eloquence of the country. I passed honorably through my examinations at college, and was soon elected a member of the debating society. I was called upon for addresses, and early discovered a passion for oratory. I was not hampered by the lack of money; for my father had left me a freehold estate and other lands, which yielded a handsome income, and, added to this, a kind uncle was most generous in his gifts. I was therefore not disturbed or bewildered in my studies by those

fears which often haunt the midnight vigils of students. My sole ambition was to acquire an honorable livelihood and a worthy fame by pleading the wrongs of the poor, by vindicating the injured, by redressing the injustices of society. I felt in so doing I would be walking in the footsteps of the eminent philanthropists of the time.

To prepare myself for the profession chosen, I devoured every book that came within my grasp, studied every department of knowledge, and, in feeble imitation of Lord Bacon, took all learning within my province. To acquire a graceful attitude in declamation, I took lessons from James Sheridan Knowles, the professor of elocution, known throughout the world as the author of the "Hunchback" and "Virginius." He was a delightful old man at that time, and students came from all parts of the empire to study under him. In his old age, he renounced all the honors and emoluments of his profession, and became a humble Baptist minister in England.

To have even a surface knowledge of metaphysics, I read over the Scotch and German writers. Jonathan Edwards was also a favorite with me. As public speaking was to be my profession, I committed whole pages of Demosthenes and Cicero, among the ancients, and Pitt, Fox, Webster, Grattan, and Curran, among the moderns. My habit, after memorizing a part of an oration, was to declaim it in my room, much to the amusement of my landlady and her family. Having never had an opportunity, up to this time, of trying my oratorical ability before a promiscuous audience, I longed for such an occasion. I became a member of the Rechabite Order, which was rigidly temperance. It had its origin among a sect of the ancient Jews. They drank no wine, and

possessed neither vineyard nor field, but, like the Arabs, dwelt in tents. I saw them in my travels in Palestine a few years ago. They believe and obey the law of Moses, by tradition; for they do not possess the written law. John Scott, a venerable linen merchant, was the president, and Alexander Riddle the secretary of the Rechabite Order in Belfast. The president invited me to deliver the address at one of the installation ceremonies, and I gladly accepted, saying to myself, "Now, here is the opportunity to become famous." I spent weeks in the preparation of the address. My first part was an exordium, beginning: "This is a brilliant and beautiful scene, Here are assembled, under the white banner of temperance, brave men and fair women of Belfast!" With much self-elation I repeated these sentences several times, and then finally concluded they were too common. After several more efforts, I resolved that the exordium should commence: "An angel, in his flight over the globe, could not behold a more beautiful and benevolent organization than this which to-night meets within this splendid temple—an organization in sympathy with that Divine Character who walked over earth with the grandeur of God, and whose whole life is condensed in the brief sentence, 'He went about doing good.' No higher honor could be conferred upon me, and no prouder emotion could swell my heart than," etc. The eventful hour came. The house was full, and the galleries were crowded with Belfast beauties, whose bright eyes rendered me very uncomfortable, as their sparkling glances turned in my direction. When the chairman introduced me, I was greeted with an ovation. I trembled like a leaf. The first sentence was all that I could recall, and when I came to the words "No higher honor," I repeated them several

times—"No higher honor"—everthing else was forgotten, and I felt the cold chills running down my back. If the earth had only opened and swallowed me up, it would have been a blessed relief. To add to my embarrassment, several voices cried out, "Hear! hear!" But there was nothing to hear.

The papers announced next day that "the young orator, George W. Pepper, who, from nervous exhaustion, was unable to finish what promised to be a grand address last night, is, we are happy to say, recovering, and it is to be hoped that many years of usefulness are before him."

I was very much in the same position as the speaker so aptly described by Lord Derby: "He gets up, without the least notion of what he is going to say; he speaks, without the least notion of what he is saying; and he sits down, without the least notion of what he has said. Language had command of him, and not he of language."

It was in Belfast that I united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, under the ministrations of the Rev. Thomas Ballard and John Oliver, two excellent preachers. The Maine Law was becoming a subject of popular discussion, and I wrote to Neal Dow for an abstract of the law. I then sent a series of letters to the Belfast newspapers, in which the prohibition of the liquor-traffic was defended and demanded for Ireland. The letters provoked much controversy. The editor of the *Northern Whig*, in an editorial, pronounced it absurd, and called it the "morality of the stick." The excitement grew. The first meeting was to be held in Manchester. I went as a delegate, being then only nineteen years old, and the youngest delegate there. It was a great meeting—

great in numbers, great in enthusiasm, and great in determination.

I met there many of the most celebrated of the English reformers and philathropists. Among them was James Silk Buckingham, a member of Parliament, a world-renowned traveler, and a true gentleman.

There, also, was the scholarly and gifted writer upon philosophy and ethics, Dr. Lees. This was my first introduction to the English people. Their hospitality, their refreshing candor, and their love of all that was best for the interests of humanity, impressed me most favorably. Buckingham's speech was the most effective. His style was clear and thoughtful, his delivery pleasing, and the modulation of his voice was well trained and agreeable. Dr. Heywood, a clergyman of the city, acquitted himself well, and showed a thorough knowledge of the subject. Dr. Lee's speech was logical, and was distinguished by the peculiar terseness of his language, and the strong tone of common sense which was its leading characteristic. Dr. Jabez Burns delivered a happy address.

Upon my return, after consulting with prominent clergymen and others who were well known to be favorably disposed, I appealed, through the press, for a public meeting to be held in the interests of this new organization, the United Kingdom Alliance. There was much opposition. Some of the old temperance workers were timid and fearful of any new movement, especially as it came from the United States. However, after much delay, a meeting was arranged. I corresponded with several prominent philanthropists, asking them to be present. The meeting took place in Music Hall, the largest building in the city. The audience embraced nearly all

the pious and wealthy people of Belfast. It was a grand display of the Bench, the Bar, the Church. Young and Old Ireland, Catholics and Protestants, shook hands, and looked hopeful for the prosperity of Ireland. The large room was tastefully decorated with banners, bearing inscriptions applicable to the occasion. The speeches were marked with great fervor, energy, and eloquence. The most convincing speech was made by Dr. Lees. There was scarcely an interruption, except when some cutting sarcasm was uttered, with a seemingly careless but watchful comment upon the newspapers of Belfast which were sneering at the meeting, or some beautiful apostrophe to the memory of Ireland's illustrious dead or her living leaders. Then peals of spontaneous applause would greet the utterance. Years after, Dr. Lees was my guest at Wellington, Ohio, when he lectured in my church, and when old memories were revived.

There were present from Dublin two of its citizens, James Haughton and Richard Allen, who were listened to with great and evident satisfaction. Among those who aided me in the organization of this great meeting were John R. Neal, a Unitarian gentleman, and Gordon Thompson, a Wesleyan magistrate. Belfast was the first city in Ireland to celebrate the formation of the Alliance. In a short time others followed. The following letter, which Father Mathew had written to me, was read:

"CORK, January 14, 1854.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—The question of prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits, and the many other intoxicating drinks which are to be found in our country, is not new to me. The principle of prohibition seems to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance. This opinion has been strengthened by the hard

labor of more than twenty years in the temperance cause. I rejoice in the welcome intelligence of the formation of a Maine Law Alliance, which I trust will be the means, under God, of destroying the fruitful source of so much crime. Allow me to thank you for your earnest and indefatigable labors in this present movement.

"Yours very truly, THEOBALD MATHEW."

The next year a controversy sprang up between the Belfast *News-Letter* and the Rev. Jonathan Simpson, moderator of the Presbyterian Church, as to the one who recommended for Ireland the Maine Law. Dr. Simpson claimed that he had been in the United States, and that after his return he gave his experiences of the workings of the law. This was sharply controverted by the *News-Letter*, and it called for the evidences. It boldly charged that he was a plagiarist; that he never wrote, never spoke a word upon the subject until after I had written for a whole year, and until after the Belfast meeting. It is of no importance; but let all classes go on with their work, and they will achieve what no statutes of the Legislature, no scheme of reform in the hands of politicians, could ever achieve. Let Ireland become temperate, then she will be truly

> "Great, glorious, and free:
> First flower of the earth,
> And first 'gem of the sea.'"

I remember the annual visits of the Ranters, a secession from the Wesleyans, to my neighborhood, when I was a mere boy. Their first preachers were Hugh Bourne and William Clowes, Wesleyan local preachers. Being denied permission to preach in the church, they resorted to the fields, where they soon attracted immense crowds. Societies were organized, and in a few years the Primitives became most powerful factors in the religious world.

They extended their operations to Ireland, and preached on Shane Hill, near Portadown, where I heard them. They were plain, blunt-spoken men, and they preached the gospel with apostolic fervor. The burden of their sermons and songs was the three R's—Redemption, Repentance, and Regeneration. They were not learned in the schools—preparation for the ministry was to them a sinful waste of time. They cared nothing for the purple and fine linen, nor the flowing robes, nor the lawn sleeves. They knew it was not the learning nor external attractions which converted the three thousand on the Day of Pentecost; which made Felix tremble, and Agrippa almost persuaded to be a Christian. Never, in all my experience, have I met with more impressive examples of pure and undefiled religion. In their class-meetings and love-feasts, one would frequently hear such words as these: "I would not exchange for ten thousand worlds my hopes of immortality." And I see an old cripple, bent down with age and suffering, rising to his feet, and adding his testimony, "I can glorify God in my greatest suffering; for my love of him triumphs over all my trials." As to the preaching, it resembled very much that of the Salvation Army of to-day. It must be remembered that these rough-and-ready evangelists were miners, blacksmiths, farmers, and mechanics of all grades. Occasionally a man of energetic and powerful eloquence would make his appearance. There was one of this class who made a widespread impression upon all who heard him. His style may be judged from a paragraph like this: "I pause on my wing in the gathering gloom of my subject! The Thunderer himself has commissioned us! We belong to another world than this! We are the loud trum-

peters of heaven, the heralds of God! Let the solemn seal of our high commision burn into our souls and bodies, until we shall fully bear the brand of the Lord, and preach the tremendous preaching that is destined to shake the universe." The world of woe trembles at the sound of such a faithful preacher's voice: "Go, ye ministers; or, as has been well said, ye brethren of the heart of Jesus, the men of the bleeding mysteries! Go, wet your lips where love flows red from the Mount of Passion! Go, read your texts by the light of the angry fires of Sinai, and study and preach your sermons in that loud spirit-voice, so that hell may curse, heaven applaud, and earth wail at your vehement outcries. Go, preach to loving ones who shall soon be naked spirits in a blessed world, where no tower nor tree shall shelter the uncovered soul from the angry wrath of God!"

Their singing added much to the interest and excitement of their meetings. I think frequently of one of their hymns. I could repeat two verses; but Mrs. Mary Doak, a friend of my youth fifty years ago, has been recently to see me, and, with her rare and accurate memory, has been able to supply all the missing verses for me; not only of this, but of other songs we used to hear in our childhood days. The Ranters' hymn is crude, but pointed:

"Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Emmanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell;
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
And be in the heavenly union.

When Jesus saw me from on high,
He looked on me with pitying eye;
And said to me as He passed by,
With God you have no union.

When I began to weep and cry,
I looked this way and that to fly;
I strode salvation swiftly by,
But still I had no union.

But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with His blood He washed me clean;
And O what seasons have I seen,
E'er since I felt this union!

O come, backsliders, come away,
And learn to watch as well as pray;
And if you meet one by the way,
You 'll still find something good to say,
About this heavenly union."

Chapter III.

AN IRISH FAMINE—DAYS IN BELFAST—QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISITS.

A FAMINE is one of the most pitiful of spectacles. To see thousands and tens of thousands pleading for the necessaries of life; to see children leading their parents into the street to die of starvation; to see mothers kneel on the wet ground, and holding their children up to Heaven, beg for help; to hear the cries of the bereaved families, as one after another succumb to their sufferings,—these are what one sees and hears when one is in a famine-stricken land. The great poet of Italy has depicted the miseries of famine in the finest of all modern poems. He takes his count, Ugolini, the noble man who is the subject of his history, and plants him in a dungeon. The keys are taken away, and he is left to perish with hunger. Alone would be nothing; but the poet plants around Ugolini the figures of his five children. One infant is already dead, another is dying, a third is calling frantically upon him for food, and another, with a yet more agonizing appeal, says nothing, but fixes his dying eyes upon the father, who sits in the midst of all, a pillar of sorrow. The English artist has fixed the scene by his pencil, and the "Ugolini" of Reynolds, one of the most sublime productions of art, is a terrible testimony to the miseries of famine. Multiply this one case by five hundred thousand, and you will have some faint idea of the Irish famine of 1847. Think of fifty thousand Irish women closing their lips forever, buried without

coffins, buried without shrouds! Did I say closed their lips forever? No, indeed! they have opened up yonder, white and fresh and beautiful with the life of God, and they have brought against their oppressors the sacred accusation, "When we were hungry, ye fed us not!"

"Unquestionably," said the London *Times*, "several hundreds of thousands perished prematurely by famine, by slow hunger, by nakedness. Health, wealth, strength, and life itself, have fled from these ill-fated shores."

There is a current story among the Irish that Sir Arthur Chichester, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State for Ireland, once wrote to Her Majesty, "There is no remedy for the destruction of the Irish but famine," and the history of Ireland attests the treatment Ireland has received. Hear what Dr. Talmage says on the subject: "Famine in 1727, and many hundreds died! Famine in 1747, and forty thousand died! Famine in 1756, and two-thirds of the population died! Famine in 1846 and 1847, a famine so awful that it sent to eternity and America over three millions!" What makes these famines more deplorable is, that they were surrounded by beautiful scenery. Hunger is more pitiful when crouching at the feet of such hills and reflected in the mirrors of such lakes. An island, over two hundred miles long, rhomboid in shape, its rocks showing more divine skill than any other rocks; forty thousand columns in the Giant's Causeway, some of them large enough upon which to play the grand march of the last judgment; an island indented with ninety harbors, among them beautiful Galway; her coast illuminated at night by sixty-two lighthouses,—think of the horrors of famine, set about with such loveliness, a Gorgon among such scenes of enchantment!

I remember one famine well,—that of 1847. I saw the peasants, writhing in death-throes and other horrors that I have never forgotten; the stalwart peasantry, sunk unto the earth, where they fought like tigers for the nettles and the withered cabbage-stalks; and even little children, too, fighting for the nettles; childhood struggling with childhood to exist a little longer in a living death.

At the end of every day in the schools, a detail was made by the teachers for boys to report at the places where the American provisions were stored, and each boy was to carry a portion to the sufferers. In many instances, where the family had been well-to-do, the corn and meal were left outside the door, so as not to offend their pride. I was frequently engaged in this blessed work, trundling the provisions to their destination on a wheelbarrow. It was a heavenly sight to see the road lined with this boy army of philanthropists. Who knows but that in the great day the Divine Judge will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye did it unto me?" In all the vicissitudes of life to which I may be exposed I will not be disconsolate when I remember these benevolent labors for God's poor.

Though starving, many of these poor people cherished a pride that would not let them openly accept public charity. They would wait until the shades of night had fallen, and then steal around, in a stealthy, shamefaced way, to the places where the distributions were made, to get enough to keep them from starving the next day. O, it was pitiful! These people, who had been thrifty and careful all their lives, to be obliged to slip out at night and beg for a little charity!

A few years before, the population was nine millions, the people were healthy, and the whole land full of rosy-cheeked children. No pestilence ever rages over the Emerald Isle, and yet the nine millions have been reduced to four millions. Here is a true story of one of the fever-sheds, or dead-houses, which, in the famine years, were so numerous in Ireland: One morning there came, in its turn, a small cart, drawn by a donkey, to the steps of the shed. The starved occupant, as he was carried in, made a slight movement. The doctor inquired his name, and he answered, "It is John Maloney." And soon he was recognized, and exclamations burst from the lips of the inmates, "Och, now, and is n't the world quare, and that is Mr. Maloney—asthore machree! May the blessed Virgin soften the pillow for your head!" And there were his two brothers, with the tears falling like rain down their faces. One old man muttered slowly, "It is only a short distance from there to there," making two motions with his trembling fingers: "first at the hospital, and then at the dead-house." John Maloney had been a respectable, thrifty young farmer, but he died of starvation in the dead-house. The fault was none of his own. Thousands of others gave up the spark of life in these dead-houses, victims of hunger and want.

If this terrible famine had its horrors, it also had some compensations. It demonstrated the brotherhood of mankind. The Sultan of Turkey contributed one thousand dollars, and the benevolent people of England gave large sums; but it was reserved for this one greatest country to excel all others. Cargoes were loaded and sent to the starving. Captain Clark, of the war-ship *Victor*, appeared in Dublin with his Indian meal. This was my first glimpse of the American flag, floating over

the charitable gifts of the generous-hearted people. I had followed the track of the glorious flag. I knew every river that it had crossed, every mountain and valley that it had captured from the Red-coats. I saw it at Trenton and Brandywine; and when it was triumphant at Yorktown, my heart thanked God for the final victory.

> **"Hail brightest banner that floats on the gale!**
> **Flag of great Washington, hail!**
> **Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale.**
> **Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own**
> **Loyalty 's sweet where the throne is the throne."**

John Levering, a benevolent gentleman near Fredericktown, Ohio, sent over a sack of meal, and on it he put a letter, requesting that if any Irishman got it he would send him a few lines. It reached a poor man's home, and he wrote a letter of thanks. Mr. Levering sent him money to emigrate, which he did, and afterwards the man sent for his whole family.

The Hutchinson singers touched all American hearts by the singing of songs on this subject. I remember never to have read a more touching poem, one that stirred my sympathy more, than the one on the last request of a dying Irish boy, dying from hunger, for "just three grains of corn." The mother found them in his ragged jacket, and gave them to him. It was the last morsel of food the wretched family possessed. They were all dying of starvation. The poem was composed by an American lady, Mrs. Judge Edmunds, of Brooklyn. She had read of the dying Irish boy's request, and being deeply touched by it, composed the poem. The Hutchinson family sang this at all their concerts, and touched all hearts. I have heard old citizens say that after hearing the first verse they broke down, and knew no more

until they went home and packed their barrels full of food to send to Ireland.

"Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Until the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agony of such a death,
My lips have never told.

. . . . . .

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the Channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold.
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view;
And the wealth they fling their dogs to-night,
Would give me life, and you."

What a tide of events has rolled through those years! I am not an old man, yet my recollection almost fails to gather in the thousands of incidents which have happened under my eye, and passed into the pages of history.

I remember well that 2d of August, 1849, which witnessed the advent of England's Queen to Belfast—the sovereign of a continent, a thousand lakes, ten thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands; the Queen of five hundred thousand warriors, of a hundred thousand sailors, of one hundred and twenty millions of human beings; the supreme ruler of a country more wealthy than the old Assyrian Empire, more extensive than the old Empire of Persia, more dreaded than the Carthaginian Empire in the height of its power. Victoria came to receive the homage of her loyal subjects, the loud huzzahs of a suffer-

ing people. Every available spot was crowded, and bonfires lighted up the hills. As she departed she waved a white handkerchief in recognition of the welcome she received. A local poet burst into the most enthusiastic poetry, as a couple of verses of his poem show:

"O come, Lady Queen, to our Isle of the Ocean,
The greenest, the fairest, the gayest on earth;
We welcome thy coming with heartfelt emotion,
Thy presence will gladden our home and our hearth!
We love, we revere thee,
In homage draw near thee,
With a 'Cead mile falte,' we give thee good cheer.
Victoria, we hail thee;
Our harps shall regale thee;
The harp is the music for royalty's ear.

Our shamrock is softer by far than the heather,
When sparkles the dew on its emerald breast;
It will yield to thy tread like the down of the feather,
No Queen of the Isles has its triple-leaf prest!
O come and entwine it,
With the thistle combine it,
And mingle its green with the blush of the rose:
From thy bosom forever
No rude hand shall sever
This bright pledge of Union and Erin's repose!"

The Queen made her first visit while I was a student in the Royal Belfast Academy. Her anticipated arrival was eagerly awaited by thousands of the loyalists of Ulster. At length she arrived. Before her stretched enthusiastic thousands. The streets were carpeted with scarlet cloth; the roofs of the private houses, the public edifices, and the steeples of the churches, were decorated with brilliant flags and gay streamers, floating in every direction. Every foot of ground was packed; around her was a fashionable assemblage of rank and beauty and wealth. The streets swarmed with excited and shouting

multitudes, craning their necks and straining their eyes to get a glimpse of majesty. The harbor was crowded with vessels, and its waters, sparkling in the sun, completed a beautiful and animated picture. I remember the deafening cheers which rent the sky, coming from half a million throats, as the Queen passed the college. But there were some who did not bow the knee, who thought of the chains still riveted upon the limbs of the Irish victims of famine, and curses deep and heavy raged in their bosoms. An incident, indicative of the feeling of some of the students, was the appearance of a black flag just as the Queen rode past the college. The Duke of Wellington accompanied her, and I saw his robust figure, his hooked nose, and his keen eye. His smiles seemed to be assumed—they gave a suggestion of affectation.

There were many gifted men connected with the leading reforms in Church and State then in Belfast. Mr. James Alexander Henderson, editor and proprietor of the *News-Letter*, a conservative journal, was courteous, intelligent, and sympathetic, bold and courageous, in the declaration of his sentiments. Thomas Toye, the minister of York Street—the clergyman previously referred to, who united theology with philanthropy, and whose oddities were the talk and wonder of the people—one of his may eccentricities was that of preachng half an hour, and then going out for a smoke, after which he would quietly return to the pulpit and finish his sermon. He was temperate in language, occasionally brusque in his manners, and upright in heart. Dr. James Morgan, the pastor of Fisherwick Presbyterian Church, was a man without guile, whose Christian character was unimpeachable. John Rea, the lawyer, a man of talent and energy, who boldly and eloquently defended the prin-

ciples of the Young Irelanders,—his father and sisters belonged to the same Church. There was the Rev. William O'Hanlon, a Congregational minister, who had visited the homes, or rather the hovels, of the poor, and gave, in a series of letters in the *Northern Whig*, an appalling description of the bitter, grinding, and increasing poverty of the working classes.

There were annual visits, then, to the Wesleyan churches by the most famous preachers of England. Robert Newton was always attractive. There was so much of impressive energy in his thought, and such remarkable beauty and felicity in the words he employed, that no audience could fail to hang upon his eloquent sentences with delight. The churches were crowded, there not being even standing room. It was worth the crush to hear him read the hymn commencing with the line, "Would Jesus have the sinner die?" Yes, indeed, it was worth the journey of a thousand miles to hear Charles Wesley speak as this prince of preachers read his stirring hymns.

Referring again to the Rev. Mr. O'Hanlon's graphic pictures of Irish destitution, here is one of his strong statements: "O, we may be told 'poverty shall never cease out of the land!' True, most true! But the poverty we most complain of is very likely to make the land cease. The poverty we complain of is rapidly bringing millions to the conviction that revolution would be to them a blessed change. The poverty we refer to is quickly paganizing large classes of the community. It is a poverty which can not be left to neglect, to mere relief, to the poor laws, or to political economy, with safety. It is a poverty for which no prosperity, no historic renown, no amount of national greatness, no extent

of external territorial development, can compensate. It is a poverty which is making the people savage, is bringing the monarchy into contempt, is destroying hope, is promoting turbulence, and is fomenting a spirit of rebellion."

> "Unkind, already, and estranged in part,
> The wolf begins to share their wandering heart."

In the list of my acquaintances in Belfast, I can not omit to mention the names of Charles Johnstone, the son of a Wesleyan minister, and Waring Kennedy, the son of an officer in the Irish constabulary. Charles Johnstone came to the United States, entered into commercial life, and subsequently died as a brave soldier in the Union army. He was of a kind and generous nature, liberal to a fault. Waring Kennedy went to Canada, where he won respect and honor as a successful merchant, and is at this time mayor of Toronto. The three of us were local preachers in the same Church, Old Donegal Square. We often compared notes, and experimented in private houses, and received, in a friendly manner, the criticisms of each other. Kennedy was conservative in politics, and preferred, naturally, the Canadian home. Johnstone and I were republicans, and gravitated to the more congenial atmosphere of the United States.

Having given up the law, I was now contemplating entering the ministry, and sought for a suitable theological seminary. I was directed to Glasgow, where the Rev. James Morrison, a very learned Doctor of Divinity, was president of a theological college under the supervision of the Evangelical Union, a Presbyterian-Arminian body. Dr. Morrison had preached in Belfast, and was universally hailed as a second Wesley. Although

he was popular as a writer, he was not a man of the people. His sphere was with the learned, whom alone, he knew, could understand his dissertations and appreciate his great learning. As a theologian, he was a giant, and his book upon the ninth chapter of Romans will remain an imperishable monument of his controversy with Calvinism. When in Glasgow, I was a guest in his house, studying Hebrew, Moral Philosophy, and the art of sermonizing. It was under his training that my views upon baptism underwent a change, and I was fully confirmed in my earlier impressions.

Dr. Morrison was adored by the students. In person he was of middle height, strongly built, and of graceful appearance. His features were finely chiseled, but what commanded immediate attention was the immense power concentrated in his eyes. I have never before or since seen eyes so piercing. They read through a man's heart and soul. His personal activity was wonderful, and proved his frame to be made of steel.

I had every opportunity of forming a correct opinion of Scotchmen, and much that I saw and heard reflected honor upon the Scottish character. Their thrift, their downright frankness, their bluff but hearty manners, their deep religious sincerity, and their reverence for the Sabbath; their patriotism, bringing up memories of the banks and braes which the genius of Scott and Burns have made immortal, deeply impressed me. It was my privilege to hear the famous Scotch preachers, political and forensic orators.

The Queen made a second visit to Ireland before I left, and this time it was to visit the Dublin Exhibition. The air was full of the praises of royalty. Every man and woman that was met upon the streets was talking

about Her Royal Majesty's reception. There was another Queen arrived in Ireland about the same time, The first was the crowned Queen of a mighty empire, a woman rich in all the world's wealth, girt by a gorgeous state, with an ancient crown dazzling upon her brow. She was brought to the Green Isle in a royal yacht, over the royal waves, across the royal Channel. Her royal soul was prayed for daily by sixteen thousand royally paid parsons, and she was royally received in that part of Her Royal Majesty's dominions, the royal province of Ireland. She was accompanied by her royal consort, and by all the royal children and all the royal cousins. She was cheered and told in royal Irish blarney that one vision of her resplendent royalty would cure the ills of centuries. For three days the royal party visited the royal Exhibition, until the royal limbs and the royal eyes ached, and then they slept in the royal bed-rooms in the royal palaces.

The other Queen was the daughter of America, with no imperial title, with no riches save those of the graces of her good heart and the exalted genius of her splendid intellect. She, too, was received with welcomes which blazed up to the firmament. There was no sycophancy, no cringing, no pretentiousness. But there was a genuine enthusiasm. There was no doubting the truth and intensity of the hearty reception. Victoria, decked with the diadem of sovereignty, was followed by her slaves, her lackeys, and her wretched dupes. The second was Harriet Beecher Stowe, the wife of an American professor, the daughter of a famous preacher, the sister of a distinguished brother whose glorious voice was ever lifted up in the cause of humanity. What an illustrious family! The Queen of England's family never gave a distin-

guished name to history, never wrote a book worth reading, never built a soldier's monument. What a difference between the receptions of these two Queens! For the one, the sullen contempt of the oppressed; for the other, cheers and benedictions, when she visited the Irish cities and traveled throughout the beautiful Isle, with no passport but the symbolic ring of Americanism.

One of the incidents which marked the Queen's visit was her slapping one of her boys in the face. The young prince paid no attention to the cheering thousands. Her Majesty was annoyed; she remonstrated with Alfred, and finally gave him a slap on the face. It was done in a moment, and the vast multitude cheered.

The Belfast press was ably edited. I have spoken of the *Newsletter;* but the *Northern Whig,* the organ of the Liberals, numbered many gifted writers. Lawrence Godkin, now of the New York *Post,* commenced his journalistic career upon this paper. So did Bruce, the author of "Classic Portraits." Dr. McKnight wrote the leaders for the *Banner,* of Ulster. Poor, gifted, ever-to-be-lamented, generous Dennis Holland was its most brilliant editor. Then he was tall and handsome. The last time I saw him he was a shattered wreck in New York. It is the old story! The blackest of eyes had lost their luster. "I am going back to old Belfast. There a man is expected to get drunk only in the daytime; but in New York people are drunk both day and night."

Chapter IV.

MARRIAGE—FIRST YEARS IN AMERICA—ENTERING THE MINISTRY—EXPERIENCE AS A CIRCUIT RIDER.

PREVIOUS to my theological studies and to my interest in the temperance cause, occurred the most important event in my life. This was my marriage to the peerless woman who, for nearly forty years, cheered and comforted me through every ill and disappointment, and aided and encouraged me in every high aim and ambition. Christine Lindsay, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Lindsay, a reputable farmer in the neighborhood of my childhood's home, became my wife in the Episcopal Church of Tullylish, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, curate of the parish. My wife, a descendant of the famous Scottish clan of Lindsay, called, on account of the hue of their hair, "Light Lindsays," possessed a warm heart and a rare personal beauty that remained through life, undimmed by time and sorrow. Her parents were attached and devoted members of the Established Church.

I was but eighteen years of age at the time of my marriage, and my wife was sixteen. I remember going to Banbridge to get the license and the ring. It was a lovely day, and the scenery up the Bann was beautiful, and in harmony with my feelings. We settled in the old homestead that had sheltered generations of my forefathers before me. After remaining here a year or two, we moved to Belfast, where I continued my college studies, and was engaged a part of the

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BELFAST.

day in the wholesale dry-goods establishment of Robert Lindsay. In this city our two eldest children were born, George Wesley and Samuel Arthur. George was very sick, and it was thought that he could not recover, and we sent for the Rev. Mr. Knox, a Methodist preacher, to baptize him. It was a very impressive baptism. We were young, and this was our first-born, hovering on the borders of eternity. The minister prayed with heartfelt fervor that the child might be spared, and, as his name was Wesley, that he might live to imitate that great and good man's holy and useful life. And he has lived to become an honorable and upright man.

In all my efforts to acquire knowledge and become useful, my wife was a constant aid. Her presence was ever an inspiration. When I left for Manchester to attend the great Temperance Convention, it was with difficulty that I could tear myself away; for then a journey to England, across the Irish Sea, was a serious undertaking. My wife sent for her brother John, now a retired officer at Wrexham, Wales, to come and remain with her; and here, too, her sister Esther, now living in South Africa, often came to visit us. During our residence in Belfast, my wife made many friends. She was an active member of the Donegal Square Wesleyan Church. What changes the years have wrought! Some of those dear and loved ones have passed away; some yet remain in the old land and in the new. And she, too, the kind mother, the loving and beloved wife, the tender-hearted woman, has left me for the world beyond.

> "The thoughts of other days are rushing o'er me;
> The loved, the lost, the distant and the dead
> Are with me, and I mingle with them
> Till my sense fails, and my raised heart is wrapt
> In secret suspension of mortality."

I resolved to make my home in the United States, and become a full-fledged American citizen. From my earliest years this great country had attracted my attention and admiration. The story of its discovery, the struggles and triumphs of its pilgrims, the success and progress of the Revolutionary War, and the marvelous growth of the Republic, had captivated my imagination and won the affections of my heart. So one bright morning, in October, 1854, putting my long-cherished desire into operation, I started upon a sailing-vessel, the *Orient*, for the New World. It took much longer then to cross the Atlantic than now, and after the usual sea-sickness and other hardships attendant on a long sea voyage, I reached New York. I can never forget the emotions that filled my heart as, standing on the free soil of America, three thousand miles from my native isle, the Atlantic rolled its eternal flood afar. There I was, a stranger, not knowing a human being. It was Saturday, and the next day I went to church, and heard an excellent sermon. One of my letters of introduction took me to Pittsfield, Massachusetts. There I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Parvin, an Episcopal clergyman, one of the purest and most lofty-souled men I ever met. He afterwards perished in a steamboat disaster upon the Ohio River, during the war, on his return home from distributing sanitary stores. He took a warm interest in me, and recommended me to go to Kenyon College, Ohio. After spending a short time in Albany, I followed his advice. I came to Ohio, partly by steamboat and partly by rail. Cleveland was just beginning to put on civic airs. I had much trouble with my money, as every State passed through had a different currency, and a stranger experienced provoking difficulties.

I arrived at Gambier, and proceeded immediately to the house of the president, Loren Andrews, who was one of nature's noblemen, and who afterwards served with distinction as colonel in the army. I was introduced by him to Dr. Smith, a son-in-law of the celebrated Dr. Woods, of Andover, Massachusetts. It was my intention to enter the theological seminary, Bexley Hall, and study for the Episcopal ministry. Dr. Smith, after examining me in Latin and Greek, pronounced me competent, and I was entered as a student. Dr. Smith and Dr. Wing were my professors in Theology. They were gentlemen of the old school, urbane, kind, well-read, and able instructors. I studied Hebrew under Professor Trimble, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He was a gifted scholar, and gave me much assistance. The college at that time was crowded—probably there were four hundred students. Most of the young men were from the South, and strongly prejudiced in favor of their peculiar institutions. I introduced a resolution before one of the societies that the New York *Independent* should be added to the reading-room. To my surprise a score of fiery Southerners jumped up, and demanded my immediate expulsion. "He is an Abolitionist! Out with him!" they shouted. President Andrews quieted them by telling them I was a stranger, ignorant of the customs of the United States.

During my attendance at Kenyon, one of the professors, who had charge of a country Church, once asked me to accompany him when he went to deliver his weekly sermon. I cheerfully complied. Starting in a hurry, he rushed to his sermon drawer, and hastily snatched the first manuscript. The next morning he opened it in the pulpit. Judge of his surprise and consternation when he

discovered it was a funeral sermon for a child, from the touching words of David: "While the child was yet alive, I prayed; now that he is dead, wherefore shoul I fret and weep?" The learned professor was in a dreadful dilemma. He was a slave to his manuscript, and could not extemporize. However, he went on and did his best, with the perspiration rolling down his face. When he concluded with words of consolation to the parents, people all over the house were inquiring, "Whose child is dead?" They finally came to the conclusion that it was Squire Brown's, as it had had the measles for a long time. I confess I laughed throughout the discourse. The professor himself was so chagrined that he never returned to the charge, and the last I heard of him he had burned all his sermons, and was a good extempore speaker.

It was at this college I became acquainted with the distinguished Bishop McIlvaine, a man profound in learning, saintly in his life, and renowned for his evangelical views. I had as my fellow-students young men who subsequently became effective and distinguished ministers of the gospel. I think of Moses Hamilton; Charles Fearns, who was killed at the battle of Knoxville; Currie, prominent in Baltimore; Noakes and Bowers, the two Fultons, Hopley, Chittenden, Roberts, Strong.

It was while I was still at Gambier, one year after my own arrival in America, that my wife and two young sons joined me. She had remained behind to sign the documents relative to the sale of some property, which I could not do before I left Ireland, being then under age. In fact, it was not until I was twenty-one that I could send her power of attorney to enable her to do this.

ENTERING THE MINISTRY—EXPERIENCES AS A CIRCUIT RIDER.

I remained at Gambier a year; but finding that the Methodist Episcopal Church offered a more immediate field of usefulness, I applied for admission into the North Ohio Conference. As a preliminary it was necessary to be recommended by a Quarterly Conference, which was done, at Amity. There was considerable opposition. The Know-Nothing movement was sweeping over the country like a tornado. One official member denounced me as a foreigner, perhaps a Jesuit, and said it would be the ruin of the Nation to admit me. The Rev. T. H. Wilson was the presiding elder, and he was a good friend of mine. But the speech which secured my recommendation was that of the Rev. Mr. Harmount. He was on his feet in a minute, and I can recall seeing the large veins in his rugged face swelling with indignation, and his voice trembling with excitement, as he denounced, in scathing language, the attempt to prevent my recommendation. However, there was another difficulty. A Rev. Mr. Pilcher, of Mt. Vernon, who was high up in the Know-Nothing order, had made his boasts that no Irishman should be allowed to preach in that Conference. He was a candidate for the General Conference, and anxious for votes. Rev. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harmount interviewed him, and promised, if he did not oppose me, to cast their votes for him. He agreed to this. Conference met that year, 1855, at Sandusky, Bishop Ames presiding. The Rev. William Arthur, an Irishman of great pulpit power, and author of "The Tongue of Fire," preached. His sermon produced an immediate effect, the Conference adjourning in honor of the event. When my name was proposed, the Rev.

Joseph Wolf rose up and seconded the motion in a speech of singular force, saying, in closing, "There is no danger, and Brother Pepper will become a second Arthur." All over the house there were responses, that sounded like the "murmuring of many waters," "Admit him! admit him!" It was my first experience of a Methodist Conference. The members seemed to be earnest, devoted, and conscientious men.

I was appointed to East Union Circuit. At one of the appointments was a Know-Nothing Lodge, and they declared war against my appointment. One of them, a local preacher, even went so far as to say "he would meet me with a shotgun." Danger being apprehended, the presiding elder thought it necessary to accompany me. When nearing the dangerous section, the elder got out of the buggy, and went forward to an orchard, and prayed that the threatened cloud might pass away. The prayer was answered. He afterwards filled his pockets with apples, which struck me as a strange proceeding for a minister of the gospel to do without the consent of the owner. He satisfied my misgivings, however, by saying: "It is all right. In this free country you can take all the apples you want."

I never can understand why it is that such political prejudices should be cherished against those who by accident were not born in the United States. The noble-hearted patriots who pledged their fortunes, risked their lives and all that was dear to them upon earth, not merely for Americans, but for all; the foreign soldiers, brave as Cæsar, who fought side by side with Washington, with Gates, with Greene, with Sumter, Marion, and Morgan, endured hardships that this country might be an asylum for the oppressed! These foreigners fought upon all

Revolutionary fields. Go to the plains of the Carolinas, to the battle-grounds of Bridgewater and Fort Erie, not to speak of our recent war, there you will find that the blood of foreigners was freely poured out in defense of the American flag and American institutions.

In the first year of my ministry there were many things which I had to learn; but the Church endured kindly my lack of experience. I lived at a place called Mohawk, in Coshocton County, where the society was largely composed of Irish Methodists from Donegal. There were the Moores, the Thompsons, the Givens, who were devoted Christians and pronounced Republicans. The Methams were English, one of whom, Pren Metham, became a soldier, and was my colonel, and of whom I will speak further as I proceed in my narrative. At East Union there was an old gentleman, Nelson Edwards, whose words of counsel gave me much help. And there were the Marquands, a family of French Methodists. Many a pleasant evening I have spent in their delightful home. The local preacher who had threatened dire things became a good friend; indeed, he initiated me into the Know-Nothing order one Sunday afternoon. I had lectured upon America the evening before in his church, and he was so delighted that the next day, when he was going with me to an appointment, he asked if I would like to become a Know-Nothing. I responded, "Yes, if there is nothing in the order contrary to true Americanism." He immediately proposed certain questions, and administered an oath of fidelity to the Republic, which I most cordially took. He then gave me the signs and passwords of the order. A few days afterwards I was at a town where there was a county meeting of the members to nominate candidates for offices. I attended, walk-

ing up and down the hall giving the signs at a rapid rate. There was great consternation. Here was a young Irishman, not much over a year from the old sod, not even a citizen, and yet he was a Know-Nothing! I saw the predicament, and, apprehensive of danger, beat a hasty retreat. But for weeks and months it was the subject of much conjecture. They had never seen me at any of their Lodges, and they could not understand how I had got in.

The local preacher was a character. He could neither read nor write, but he was most fervent in prayer and powerful in exhortation. He used to hold the hymn-book wrong side up, and give out, "Come, Holy Spirit." Once, when he was preaching, he said that Moses was three days in the whale's belly; whereupon another brother exclaimed, "No, it was Jonah." But the preacher instantly repeated his declaration, adding, "I will bet you a quarter it was Moses!" He prayed so earnestly at a meeting one Saturday night that the saying went about, "He is a Bishop Simpson in prayer." The house was crowded next day, and when I repeated what had been said to the preacher, he replied, "I had better leave while my colors are flying."

I have often thought it strange that the Methodist Church should lend any help to proscriptive organizations, for she has suffered considerably from prejudices herself. The very year I came to this country there were lecturers passing all through the land denouncing the Methodist Episcopal Church as the foe of the Republic; that its bishops were great iron wheels; that its presiding elders were wheels next in size; and that the preachers were lesser wheels, between which the Government was to be crushed. A Baptist minister, the Rev. Mr. Graves,

published a book, called "The Great Iron Wheel," in which the people were warned against the Methodists. To this a trenchant reply was published by the famous Parson Brownlow, entitled "The Great Iron Wheel Examined, and a Few of its False Spokes Extracted." The excitement ran high, and the bitterness against Methodism became almost as intense and widespread as afterwards it was against the Roman Catholics.

The experiences in some of the class-meetings and love-feasts upon these circuits were odd enough. I remember one brother, in relating his experience, said he had his fault. I asked the class-leader what was the man's fault, and he replied: "He is the greatest liar in the county; you can not believe a word that he says."

My next field of labor was at Roscoe, where I found a zealous and kind-hearted people. There were eight appointments, and I was expected to preach two or three times every Sunday. I had for my colleague the Rev. William Spafford, a preacher of singular power, an excellent reader, and, for those times, very liberal. At one place he injured his usefulness by declining to pray for an old man who was asleep, saying that "the sleep would do the aged man more good than his prayer." The Comptons, the Ratilleys, the Pews, the Chalfants, the Smiths, and the Dickersons were prominent in Church work.

There was living in this circuit an old Virginia family by the name of Bell, ardent Methodists. Two of them became preachers, Benjamin and Thomas. Benjamin had a good voice, was a revivalist, and every year reported large accessions to his Church. His son is a leading merchant in Fort Wayne. I was afterwards appointed to New Comerstown, a large circuit. It was here that I

formed a life-long friendship for Mr. L. C. Davis. He was not a member of any Church, but was a valued citizen. So was George Dent, a man of benevolence and patriotic impulses.

Keene, Coshocton County, my fourth appointment, was a quiet and intelligent town. It was founded by Yankees from New Hampshire. There were a large number of Irish—the Boyds, the Moores, the Elliotts, the Finleys, the Hays, the Johnstones. David Markley and George Norman were leading Methodists. Here I built a new church. It was dedicated in a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Kingsley, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. The text was, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." The people were pleased, but somewhat surprised at the simplicity of the sermon, preached by so eminent a scholar. He afterwards became a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was universally esteemed for his sincerity.

My first serious difficulty commenced here. I preached the Thanksgiving sermon at Keene, and in contrasting the privileges of the United States with England, gave offense to some of the Irish members who had more admiration for England than America. A member called upon me in the afternoon, and angrily denounced me for daring to criticise the British Government—"the best Government in the world," he said. He apologized the next day, saying in his youth he had suffered an injury to his head, which at times made his temper get beyond his control. He explained to me how the accident occurred: He, with a number of other young men, went to an Irish wake, and, in a spirit of mischief, attached a rope to the neck of the corpse. When the house was full, and at a fitting moment of solemnity, they pulled the rope, so

that the body gradually rose to a sitting position. Every one was filled with terror, and a regular panic ensued. When it was discovered who had perpetrated this miserable joke, they were pursued and soundly thrashed, while my irate Irish Methodist received a fractured skull, which he ever afterwards gave as a plausible excuse for his fierce ebullitions of temper. He was a generous man withal, and we afterwards became lasting friends.

I had a strong supporter in a young medical student, William Carroll. He always took my part in disputed questions. He afterwards rose to distinction as an army surgeon, and became a successful practitioner in Philadelphia.

I was next assigned to Chesterville, Morrow County, one of the best circuits in the Conference. It had many appointments. I lived at Bloomfield, a New England settlement, where the people were kind and friendly. There were the Clarks, the Sears, the Jacksons, the Marvins, the Throckmortons, the Lyons, the Conways, the Reinharts, who were prominent in the Church. Chesterville was known all over the adjoining counties for its fine seminary. James Connolly, an Irish boy, lived here with his parents. He became a major in the army, and was offered an important position by President Arthur. He served several terms as a member of Congress from Illinois. The Clarks, Roswells, and Sheldons were prominent Methodists, and a son of the former, Rev. Wesley Clark, became famous as a preacher. His widow lives in Cleveland, with her son-in-law, Mr. Irwin, enjoying a tranquil old age, beloved by all. The Dunns, the Allisons, the McVays, the Shurrs, the Kings, the Chases, the Kinsels, the Selbys, the Ketchums, the McMahons, all lived in this place, and took a great interest in the young Irish

preacher. An incident, which grew out of my residence in Chesterville, was told by Dr. Betts, an Episcopal clergyman at St. Louis, before an Irish audience. I had lectured in the Mercantile Library Hall, and Dr. Betts was upon the platform. The crowd called him to the front, when, after a few preliminary remarks, he told the following story: "Some years ago a young Irishman came to the United States, entered the Methodist Conference, and was sent to a circuit, where he became popular. When, according to the laws of the Church, it became necessary for him to move, the young ladies of the parish made for him a beautiful quilt, as a memento of his residence among them. One young lady took particular pains with her 'block,' and placed her name upon it. She became so much in love with the Irish character that she resolved to find an Irish husband. The young Irish preacher already had a wife and family, and she must therefore look elsewhere. In the course of time her family came West, and settled in a town where there was another young Irishman, rector of a Church. The result was—the young woman became my wife!"

I inquired into the circumstance, and found that the lady was a Miss Ketchum. The quilt is still in my family.

When I was on Chesterville Circuit an amusing incident occurred, which showed the humor and thrift of the old Irish peddler. The circuit embraced twenty miles, and I was known to every family in the region. Two Irish peddlers soon found out that the preacher was from Ireland, and they resolved to make the most of it. They went about showing their goods, and mentioning, incidentally, that it was five years since they had seen "dear Cousin George." On this supposed relationship they sold many tablecloths. At every house at which they stopped

they expressed such a desire to see "Cousin George," that they could not remain long, and as soon as they had made a sale, they hastily departed. At several places they exhibited a very attractive table-cover, but did not wish to sell it, as it was for their "Cousin George!" Such stories, of course, at once created a desire in the hearts of the good Methodist women to buy just that very table-cloth, and, with murmuring protests, the peddlers would at last yield to their entreaties. Another table-cloth, that was exhibited with great caution and reserve, was one that "had been made for the Queen's table, but was just two inches too short!" A number of these, that had been manufactured "for the Queen's table," were disposed of in Chesterville Circuit. These Irish cousins failed to call upon me; but the alleged relationship was quite profitable to them.

Rev. John A. Berry was my senior in years, but was my true and good friend. I was upon this circuit three different times. My colleagues were Mattison and Moffat, both of them successful in their respective fields. The former was an instructive preacher, the latter was a sweet singer. Berry's forte was in revivals.

It was during my pastorate on this circuit that the Prince of Wales visited the neighboring town of Delaware. I lived not far from the college-town. The people everywhere were wild with joy at the prospect of seeing this young scion of royalty. To such an excess of foolishness did this enthusiasm reach that a woman, a preacher's wife, rushed in front of the prince and kissed him, and then almost expired in self-admiration. I shocked some of my members by telling them I would rather see a soldier of the Revolutionary War than all the princes of the royal kingdom.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, the famous preacher of Chicago, was among my young hearers. His mother and father were active Methodists.

Senator John Sherman was commencing his political career as a candidate for Congress at this time. It was an eventful period in the history of the country. John Sherman represented the young Republican party. He was then, as he has ever since been, the most orthodox in his principles. His history has become a part of the country. While many of the legislative flowers have withered in the bud, he has reached a serene old age, respected by the entire Nation. In one of my charges he dined with a widow lady, who requested him to say grace. He pleasantly declined, saying, "My wife always does that."

Another gentleman who has held a seat in Congress, and who afterward won distinguished honor in the army, and subsequently became a successful banker in Columbus, was General John Beatty. When I first heard him speak, he stood at the corner of a street, upon a barrel, and delivered a telling address, appealing to the people for votes. He was elected, and in Congress proved himself to be a fearless advocate of his party and most faithful to his friends.

I had said something in my book of "Sherman's Campaigns" reflecting upon General Belknap, who was Secretary of War. When the army was reorganized, Belknap had not forgotten the criticism, and ordered me to be left out. General Beatty, at the hour of midnight, saw the Secretary, and I was retained.

When I entered the ministry I was very young, and I thought that my ordination parchment qualified me for the performance of any civil or religious functions. In

1856 I lived in the town of Roscoe, Coshocton County, Ohio. I had scarcely settled down to my pastorate when I was called upon to celebrate my first marriage ceremony. I did not hesitate a moment, but married the couple, and they went away happy. A few days later I met Judge Barnes, of the Probate Court, when I was returning the certificate. He asked if I had obtained a license from the court authorizing me to perform marriages. I told him that was not necessary, as I was an ordained minister. "This is not enough. You must have a license from the court, and you are now liable to a fine of $500." To say I was frightened does not express my feelings. "What had I better do?" The judge replied, "Come over, and I will give you a license, and then you must go and marry that couple again." The next day I rode to the farm-house where the young farmer, with his men, was harvesting. I explained the situation to his wife, who was preparing dinner, and, as soon as the young man came in, to him. He laughed immoderately, saying, "I am perfectly satisfied as it is." I was not, however, as that $500 fine loomed up before me. So the couple came out into the hall, and I married them again.

The Church members of those early days of my ministry tell many jokes about my awkwardness in handling a horse. But the most of them are merely the outcome of a vivid imagination. For the truth of two, however, I will frankly vouch. When I arrived in this country I had never yet sat upon the back of a horse. Soon after my appointment to my first circuit, it was necessary for me to go a number of miles to visit a sick parishioner. A neighbor kindly loaned me a horse, and aided me to mount. All went well until I discovered that I had passed the house. Then I endeavored to turn around; but un-

fortunately did not know enough to stop pressing on the rein at the proper time, and the horse kept turning around and around until I was dizzy and frightened. Probably in my fright I loosened my hold on the rein; for suddenly the horse started down the road at a rapid pace, and never stopped until in front of his owner's door.

When I had become a little more accustomed to this mode of traveling about the country, I was one day returning to Mt. Vernon from a country church, where I had been preaching. It was my custom in coming to a small stream to pass under instead of over the bridge, in order to water my horse. On this occasion I had been reading; but being cramped with the long ride, I put the book in my pocket, and raised my arms to stretch myself. The bridge being low, I grasped one of the rafters. At this instant the horse, who had slaked his thirst, feeling the movement of my body, concluded it was an indication to move on, which he did. My surprise was great when I found myself suspended above two feet of water. The horse had stopped a short distance away, turned around, and was gazing at me with mild-eyed wonder. I was obliged to drop into the water and wade to my horse.

Chapter V.

FROM PULPIT TO CAMP—CHAPLAIN AND CAPTAIN—ROUGH SKETCHES OF ARMY LIFE.

THERE is a fascination about soldiering, all that portion of the world knows that ever donned a uniform, buckled on a sword, or marched to patriotic music, whether the grand strains of "Hail Columbia" or any of the soul-inspiring airs which ring again to the echoes of war amongst the nations of the earth.

The work of volunteering in this country in 1861 was no holiday work, and the result of no fanciful sentiment. We of the North had not been accustomed to military maneuvering, and when it came it needed a stern personal spirit; not out of any unwillingness of the people to drill, to train, and to enroll themselves, but simply because they had been reared in peaceful pursuits. What a contrast between that war and the Spanish-American! Then, the North was divided; the millionaire Mugwumps and Copperheads of New York were indifferent, if not openly hostile. Now, all classes are united. It was not long after the firing upon Fort Sumter that in every free State of the North there was a soldier, and the States marshaled their citizens with the sublime determination to win.

In the latter part of 1861 I was pastor of the Methodist Church at Keene, Coshocton County, Ohio. I had preached war sermons and delivered war speeches, helping to recruit regiments from the beginning of the contest. One Sunday in particular I preached from the

text, "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind," and as I told the incident of the first time I saw the flag in Ireland, when it floated over an old war-ship filled with provisions for the starving people, the enthusiasm was overwhelming. An old member, Joseph N. Wood, after the sermon, rose up and immediately suggested that now was the time and place to put that pledge into operation. I answered that I had no paper and no pencil. "Never mind," said Brother Wood, "take your hymn-book, and here is my pencil." In a few moments, sixty had responded. In the afternoon I preached the same sermon at another appointment, and several more were enrolled. By the next day a hundred had signed their names.

The organization of a regiment was one of the most important events of the Civil War, and among the earliest to respond to the call of the President was the Eightieth Ohio. It was recruited in the counties of Carroll, Tuscarawas, and Coshocton, and also one company from Columbiana. It was a stalwart body of men, receiving applause and commendation from its various commanders. Many of its members, who went out in high spirits, never returned. The historian of Ohio in the Civil War gives the following list and dates of its battles and campaigns, but it is far from being complete:

Corinth, Miss., Siege of,	April 30 to May 30, 1862.
Farmington, Miss.,	May 9, 1862.
Iuka, Miss.,	September 19-20, 1862.
Corinth, Miss.,	October 4, 1862.
Raymond, Miss.,	May 12, 1863.
Jackson, Miss.,	May 14, 1863.
Vicksburg, Miss., Siege of	May 18 to July 4, 1863.
Mission Ridge, Tenn.,	November 25, 1863.
Salkahatchie, S. C.,	February 3–9, 1865.
Bentonville, N. C.,	March 19–21, 1865.
Sherman's march to the sea.	

No mention is made here of the battles of Adair, Resaca, and Big Shanty, in all of which the Eightieth participated.

The officers of the regiment when mustered into service were as follows:

Colonel, ... Ephraim R. Eckley.
Lieutenant-Colonel, ... Matthias H. Bartilson.
Major, ... Richard Lanning.
Surgeon, ... Ezekiel P. Buell.
Assistant Surgeon, ... Samuel Lee.
Assistant Surgeon, ... Charles W. Buvinger.
Quartermaster, ... Clark H. Robinson.
Adjutant, ... Thomas W. Collier.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, ... Isaac Ullman.
First Lieutenant, ... Sylvester Wallace.
Second Lieutenant, ... Frederick Buell.

COMPANY B.

Captain, ... Charles H. Mathews.
First Lieutenant, ... Oliver C. Powelson.
Second Lieutenant, ... George F. Robinson.

COMPANY C.

Captain, ... John J. Robinson, Sr.
First Lieutenant, ... Daniel Korns.
Second Lieutenant, ... Christian Deis.

COMPANY D.

Captain, ... David Skeeles.
First Lieutenant, ... Michael C. West.
Second Lieutenant, ... James M. Scott.

Afterwards, Robert Hill, James McBain, Freeman Davis, James McLaughlin, and Sylvester West, now a prosperous merchant of Cleveland, were, I believe, in this company as officers.

COMPANY E.

Captain, ... Emerson Goodrich.
First Lieutenant, ... Daniel G. Hildt.
Second Lieutenant, ... John T. Bedwell.

John Orme, Henry W. Kirby, James M. Cochran, George B. Wilson, Christian Deis, and Ebenezer McFall were afterwards appointed or promoted officers.

COMPANY F.

Captain, ... Pren. Metham.
First Lieutenant, ... Wm. Wagstaff.
Second Lieutenant, ... Thomas W. Collier.

Peter Hack, James Carnes, Francis H. Farmer, Samuel H. Clark, Wesley J. Welling, were subsequently appointed or promoted officers.

COMPANY G.

Captain, ... William Marshall.
First Lieutenant, ... James E. Graham.
Second Lieutenant, ... John D. Ross.

Milton B. Cutler, John W. Simmons, John Isenogle, and others, afterwards were appointed or promoted officers.

COMPANY H.

Captain, ... George W. Pepper.
First Lieutenant, ... John Kinney.
Second Lieutenant, ... Jacob W. Doyle.

Of this Company, Wm. H. Anderson, Nicholas R. Tidball, Henry C. Robinson, Sylvester M. Baldwin, Ezra D. Swan, and Charles D. McClure, because of death or resignation, were promoted.

COMPANY I.

Captain, ... Joseph M. Anderson.
First Lieutenant, ... William P. Hay.
Second Lieutenant, ... Charles D. Espy.

William P. Hay, George Maw, Zaven Lanning, were afterwards promoted.

COMPANY K.

Captain, ... John H. Gardner.
First Lieutenant, ... David Korns.
Second Lieutenant, ... James E. Graham.

Thomas C. Morris and Cyrus W. Borton were Captains in this Company, as well as Francis M. Ross and Jesse H. Cateral.

Of my own company I give all the names:

ROSTER OF COMPANY H, 80TH REGIMENT, O. V., U. S. A.

Captain, ... George W. Pepper.
First Lieutenant, ... John Kinney.
Second Lieutenant, ... J. W. Doyle.
First Sergeant, ... N. R. Tidball.
Second Sergeant, ... S. M. Baldwin.

Third Sergeant, ... H. W. Brelsford.
Fourth Sergeant, ... Robert Dickey.
Fifth Sergeant, ... F. A. Norman.
First Corporal, ... A. Teas.
Second Corporal, ... J. H. P. Dimmock.
Third Corporal, ... E. D. Swan.
Fourth Corporal, ... Wm. H. Anderson.
Fifth Corporal, ... J. T. Crawford.
Sixth Corporal, ... J. B. Wilson.
Seventh Corporal, ... P. Moore.
Eighth Corporal, ... A. Spellman.

MUSICIANS.

Fifer, ... P. S. Campbell.
Drummer, ... J. A. McClure.

PRIVATES.

Bailey, J.
Bell, H.
Bechtol, J.
Boyd, G. B.
Brown, R. E.
Baker, Perry,
Baker, R. L.
Clark, J. D.
Cook, T. J.
Cross, J. B.
Cross, Eli.
Cross, H. P.
Chub, John.
Carnahan, W. J.
Cullison, F.
Davis, J. P.
Dayton, J.
Donley, James.
Decker, H. H.
Derr, J.
Dobson, Thomas.
Duffee, James.
Derr, W.
Ellis, S. H.
Ellis, J. F.
Failing, M.
Finlay, J. J.
Geren, S. P.
Goodhue, G. W.
House, J. E.
Hull, R. E.
Huff, G. W.
Hout, W. H. R.
Hoyle, J.
Infield, Perry.
Infield, Phanas.
Infield, Chas.
Johnson, W. A.
Kinney, L.
Lint, C.
Lochart, F.
Laughead, M.
Lawrence, W.
McKee, W.
Mills, J.
Masten, J.
Marks, J.
Madden, S. B.
Madden, W.
Morrow, E. W.
Mulford, S.
Mulford, D.
Murrill, J. F.
Magness, H.
Miller, G. W.
Oglen, John.
Ogle, Jacob.
Oakleaf, J.
Poland, B.
Robinson, W. H.
Richards, W. H. H.
Ross, J.
Ricketts, A. C.
Rutherford, A.
Ridenbach, D.
Shaern, H.
Syphert, W. A.
Stewart, W. F.
Stewart, J.
Sickels, D. P.
Steele, A.
Vankirk, J.
Wilson, T.
Warner, W.
Willis, W.
Willis, R. W.
Williams, J. R.
Watson, J.
Zook, J. B.

Adjutant Collier was never absent in victorious marches and battles. Deep and wise, stealthy and without ostentation, he was the admiration of the whole regiment. Like the fabled knights of old, he seemed to be subject to some enchantment which carried him through all danger safely.

The Eightieth went out into the field with E. R. Eckley, it returned with Pren Methan as its colonel—a pure, gallant, chivalrous man. In the neutral days, when politicians balanced for and against slavery, Metham was a bold and uncompromising Abolitionist. He became a soldier, not only to save the Union, but also to emancipate the slave. He was the "self-sacrificing chevalier of an oppressed race." He was of English origin. His whole breed was British to the core; but he had no sympathy with English hatred of the North. When a lad he used to set audiences on fire with his recitation of Robert Emmet's immortal vindication. He grew strong and patriotic on such food. Colonel Metham did not know what fear was. His personal gallantry at Vicksburg was hailed with most enthusiastic cheers by his regiment. His memorable soldierly abilities have endeared him to all his officers and men. The war being over, he retired to his large farm in Coshocton County, Ohio, where he spends his closing years in peace, in good will toward men, and in the entertainment of his hosts of friends. He never sought office, but would travel a thousand miles to benefit a poor veteran. The American Civil War knew no braver man—generous, hearty, and true in all the relations of life, was and is my comrade and colonel, Pren Metham.

As soon as I had raised my company, I telegraphed the news to Governor Dennison. In an hour the reply

came back: "God bless you! Report with your men at Camp Meigs, and I will send your commission as captain." I did as commanded; but being ignorant of military tactics, I wished to decline the honor conferred upon me by making me captain. This was not permitted, the men insisting that I should remain at least a year, and promising that some one would take charge of the drilling. A competent man was soon found in Sergeant N. Tidball, of Coshocton. The company was organized. The first lieutenant was John Kinney; the second, J. W. Doyle.

My command was Company H of the Eightieth Ohio Volunteers. W. R. Eckley, of Carrollton, was the colonel, D. Lanning was the major, and M. H. Bartilson the lieutenant-colonel. Eckley remained with us four years, and resigned when he was elected to Congress. He was a good lawyer, a kind-hearted man, and popular. Bartilson was also a member of the bar, a thrilling speaker, a thorough disciplinarian, and a brave soldier. He was wounded at Corinth, from the effects of which he never recovered. David Lanning was a gallant soldier, and much beloved by the soldiers. He was killed at the battle of Corinth while leading a charge against the Rebels.

The morning we left our camp was a lovely one. The sky was cloudless, the air bracing, and the streets of New Philadelphia were crowded, with all the citizens cheering and waving their handkerchiefs. Fathers, mothers, wives, lovers, and children were among them, weeping as they bade farewell to some, alas! whom they would never see again. Among the groups was my own little family, waving me a farewell that might be forever. The next town reached on our journey was Coshocton, where three

or four companies were recruited. Here, also, were immense crowds. Every house displayed flags and other emblems of loyalty. The enthusiasm was unbounded. As there are thorns among roses, thistles among the green, and vipers among the lower creations, so there were Copperheads here, who silently breathed out their venom. One of these was heard to say, as I marched at the head of my company, "There is that preacher Pepper! I would like to shoot him!"

Arriving at the camp, the men were assigned to their quarters; and when Sunday came, I preached from the text, "Paul reasoned upon righteousness, temperance, and judgment." During the sermon I had four interested listeners—James Campbell, his brother, and their wives. They came from the same part of Ireland that I did, and had known me as a child. At the conclusion of the discourse, one of the wives rushed up, loosened my collar, and examined my neck for a scar left by a severe scalding I had received in childhood. As soon as she saw the scar, she shouted, much to the surprise of the crowd, "Yes, Jimmy, it is George Pepper! Come! come!" The Campbells are a noble family. After the war I spent many a happy evening with them, talking over old times. There I made the acquaintance of Simpson Harmount, a War Democrat, and a whole-souled man. I was his guest frequently afterward, and he showed me many personal kindnesses. I also met Judge Patrick, a patriotic man, a good citizen, and an indefatigable editor, as well as entertaining conversationalist. He was the father-in-law of Joseph Medill, the famous newspaper man.

After remaining a day or two at Cincinnati, the regiment moved south, stopping at Nashville, where I called

upon Mrs. Polk, the widow of the President. She was a strong Union woman. I complimented her appearance for one so old, and she answered me, "I am but a shadow of my former self." "Yes," I replied, "but a beautiful shadow," whereupon she laughed most pleasantly. Then we took our departure for Mississippi, pausing for awhile at Paducah. The battle of Shiloh had just been fought, and the soldiers were moving forward. What a scene Cairo presented! There were regiments there from every Western State—soldiers everywhere. Cairo was the dirtiest place I ever saw.

The regiment was now ordered to Corinth, Mississippi. The first battle was that of Farmington. The engagement was short and sharp. One of the officers of the regiment was retreating at the first volley of the enemy. I asked him, as he passed me, where he was going. "I am going home, Captain. It is too much of a risk for a man with a large family." He resigned, but afterward re-entered, and did good service in the field.

The battle of Iuka soon followed. General W. S. Rosecrans was everywhere, cheering and encouraging the troops. It was a superb spectacle to see the bronzed and warrior figure leading the army with the words, "Come on, boys! We 'll I-uker them to-day!" General Price was in command of the enemy. The Eightieth Ohio behaved admirably in this fight, marching right up to the muzzle of the guns.

The siege of Corinth succeeded, with its long days and weeks of waiting, and the deafening sounds of its heavy cannon. General Price was in command of the Rebels. Pope was our general. There has been much criticism of the general's management of this siege. The battle afterwards was desperate and full of thrilling in-

cidents. Some of the Eightieth fell here—Bartilson, Lanning, Robinson; and many were wounded.

I had in my company an odd individual, who fancied that he would surely be killed in battle. The fact was, he was a most arrant coward, and was always in the hospital. Before one of the battles in Mississippi he wrote to his wife: "Dear wife, there is to be a dreadful battle to-morrow. I will be killed. This is the last letter you will ever receive from your loving husband. Bring up the children to honor their patriotic father, who died for the Union. Farewell! farewell!" Then he added a postscript, showing that the ruling passion was strong in death: "Do n't forget to sell the wool to the highest bidder." My friend is still living, and the last I heard from him he was trying to get a pension. There were few such cowards in the regiment. The Eightieth engaged in all the principal battles in Mississippi, culminating in the capture of Vicksburg, which electrified the Nation, and especially the ardent Union men and women. Never was there a more noble feat of arms than the capture of this city, and in that capture the dear old regiment was foremost. The position of the Confederates was most formidable. General Pemberton had forty thousand to defend his position. They lost great numbers, and the conduct of our army was equal to anything it had ever done. After Vicksburg came Mission Ridge, where for three days the Confederates fought desperately—bayoneted at their guns rather than surrender. The Blue Coats marched right into the forts, and planted their flags, at the same time killing all they came across. When the Confederate general saw our soldiers on the top of the ridge, under the terrible fire of his artillery, he threw up his hat, and cried out, "It is not with men

I have to contend, but with demons!" General Wiley lost a leg. He rendered valuable service in this most brilliant victory. He still lives, honored and beloved by his fellow-citizens, in Wooster, Ohio.

After a furlough, on account of ill-health, I rejoined the regiment at Huntsville, Alabama, as chaplain. This office had been kept vacant for me during my illness, in the hope that I might return. Before starting, I received a courteous invitation from Governor Tod to join his party at Gettysburg, where President Lincoln was to deliver an address. I have always regretted my declination of this kind invitation. I went direct to Huntsville, one of the most delightful spots in the South. On Sunday I went with a lieutenant to hear the celebrated Dr. Ross, who ranked high as a pulpit orator. His sermon was the very highest vindication of the Southern cause that I had ever heard. In my volume, "Personal Recollections of Sherman's Campaigns in Georgia and the Carolinas," I have given a full outline of this remarkable effort. The lieutenant who accompanied me was a member of the Eightieth, and he was always doing something ridiculous and laughable. As we were passing a large mansion, some ladies were just entering, on their return from church. Bob, as he was familiarly called in the regiment, noticing them, suddenly stopped. "There are my father's old friends," he said. "They were delegates to the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Steubenville. Let us ring the bell, and make ourselves known." I remonstrated, but he was decided; so in we went. The lieutenant greeted the ladies courteously, told them who he was, and referred to his religious training; praised Dr. Ross's sermon, and then introduced me as his chaplain. With true Southern hospitality, we were invited to dine.

We sat down to a sumptuous repast, when Bob said, "Chaplain, now ask a blessing!"

The great battle up to this time was fought at Kenesaw, where there is one of the most magnificent views ever seen anywhere. A valley on all sides in billowy surprises, rolling higher and higher, on whose crests are the white lines of the homes of Atlanta. Southward, the blue dome rises, lifts its head above, and overlooks the eminences of the country—it is Stone Mountain, that rises like a huge loaf, and twenty miles south of the crest where Atlanta rests in her beauty. Eastward is the lovely village of Marietta, gleaming out of luxuriant foliage like an emerald in a cluster of diamonds. Of the battle of Kenesaw the Confederate General French said, "We sat there hours, looking down upon seventy thousand troops arrayed in the strife of battle." It was a pageant on a grand scale. One of our colonels who was captured described it as "the most severe ordeal that my nervous system has ever undergone." We were within two hundred yards of the Rebel works, and not a shot was fired. Another hundred yards, and still no explosion! I now began to feel a little strange. Another hundred yards, and still no sign of life! Another hundred yards, and we were certainly within range of musketry; but there was no sign of life in the intrenchments. Now, over me began to come a great feeling of dread. I would have turned and fled, but for fear of disgrace, which was stronger than the horror of death. I knew what was coming when we were within twenty yards of the intrenchments. From all along the line protruded scores and hundreds of muskets. I knew that every holder of a musket was picking out his man. This continued but for a few moments, when above all the sounds, distinct and clear,

I heard the command given, "Now, men, fire!" Instantly, from along the entire line, there seemed, like a lightning flash, to burst forth a sheet of flame. I was struck, and fell senseless; but when I recovered, and turned to look, there were just seven men in my regiment standing."

The assault upon Atlanta lasted for several days. General Johnston had been supplanted by General Hood, who was a daring and reckless leader. On the morning of the 22d of July a most violent cannonade raged for hours. The enemy fought with desperation. The women and children were hiding in holes dug in the earth, while our shells fell in showers around them. General McPherson's death cast a temporary gloom over the troops; but when fiery John A. Logan took command, despondency was changed to victory, and our brave boys began to storm the lines in every direction. They were received by a shower of balls. The Confederates fought like madmen, but the struggle was of short duration. Finally the whole city was surrendered, by Major Calhoun, after a sharp correspondence between Generals Sherman and Hood. The City Council agreed to unconditional surrender. Then the joyful telegram from General Sherman to Abraham Lincoln was sent: "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won!" This telegram set the country wild with rejoicing. It was a most critical and momentous victory. Gold had gone up to 300, the earth burned like an oven, France and England had arranged to interfere in favor of the South, a Northern Convention had declared the war a failure; but the capture of Atlanta changed all these plans. To the air of "John Brown's soul is marching," the troops took up their advance to points further South—nobody knew where, except General Sherman.

The army was separated into two divisions, commanded by Generals Slocum and Howard. The country was pleasant. We traversed splendid hills and valleys, soon to be laid waste, and bearing all the marks of war—a most eloquent plea for the Peace Society. We soon reached Howell Cobb's plantation. The soldiers knew him to be a daring and courageous leader of the Confederates, and they desired to burn his elegant mansion. They asked General Sherman for permission. He refused, but said, "I believe if I were in command, I would take a nap!" General Ostarhouse took the hint, and putting his blanket over his head, said, "I goes to sleep for fifteen minutes." He woke up; the fire had not yet done its work. "I sleeps ten minutes more."

At length Fort McAllister was reached, the key of Savannah. Although it was December, the weather was warm and calm as a summer's day at home. The order was given to attack the fort. It was a most exciting and splendid sight; for we could see every movement. At every discharge of the guns there was the exclamation, "There goes another!" General Sherman was watching the result. Soon hurrahs were heard, and the fort was ours. General Sherman sent this dispatch to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you a Christmas gift,—the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns and twenty thousand bales of cotton." President Lincoln sent back the reply: "Many thanks for your Christmas gift. When you were about leaving, I was anxious; now, that the undertaking has been a success, the honor is all your own."

Savannah is the Queen City of the South. The streets, with their waving, sparkling foliage; the magnificent squares, which are the lungs of city life; the Gothic aisles

and spacious avenues of Bona Ventura, are worth a visit to see; the old cemetery, where the streams of life have ceased to flow, and where General Oglethorpe and the pioneers of Georgia sleep in peace; the Pulaski monument, reared upon the very spot where the patriotic Pole fell fighting for American independence; the Orphanage of Whitefield, a blessed fountain of charity; the superbly-poised and beautifully-dressed women; the proverbial Southern hospitality, extended even to Yankees! I was fortunate in meeting a namesake, Thomas Pepper, whose princely home was thrown open to myself and friends by the generous owner and charming family. Everything, from cellar to garret, was at our command. This namesake was from Tipperary, and all his actions showed it:

> "Tall was his form, his heart was warm,
> His spirit light as any fairy;
> His face as wrathful as the storm
> Which shakes the hills of Tipperary."

These recollections have not faded away under a less sunny sky, but, refreshed and fed by the currents of a heart which is not yet hardened, shall bloom, like flowers around the monument reared within the hidden regions of my sympathies, to the memory of Jasper and the city for which he died.

Broad River separated us from Columbia. How was it to be crossed in the face of a withering fire? The pontoniers soon solved that problem. The soldiers represented all professions—the engineer, the carpenter, the miner, the architect, and the bridge-builder were all there. The Yankee soldier was a most practical man. He realized more than Kipling ever dreamed of when he described "Her Majesty's jolly soldier and sailor too." Our

soldiers were the most adaptable of men. They could tear up railroads at night, and relay the rails in the morning; they could burn bridges, and rebuild them; they could carry muskets, and command armies. A British critic was surprised to find a private soldier reading in the *Atlantic Monthly* a scientific article which he had written in the trenches. There were brains in our bayonets. The sun shone with a dazzling brilliancy upon the houses of the doomed city. Its bright beams revealed all objects plainly: the river, a shining flood, rolling on majestically; the broad and beautiful street, shaded by magnificent old trees, tall and splendid. Columbia sparkled brightly in the sunlight. The pontoons being laid, we were soon over, the sun shining out with additional brilliancy, flooding with its sunlight the waving foliage and the green fields of the surrounding landscape. As we marched up the street, an old colored woman, more than eighty years of age, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, exclaimed, "Thank God, our saviors have come at last!"

We had just left Goldsboro, en route to Raleigh, and were in the very disagreeable business of laying corduroy bridges across a miserable swamp, when a rider was seen in the dim distance waving a flag. General Logan turned, and said to me, "What does that mean?" The tired soldiers soon caught a glimpse of the man, and then eager eyes turned in his direction. The thousands of troops heaved like the ocean under the throb of a storm. The rider came nearer—a voice was heard, and every soldier placed his hands behind his ears to catch the distant words, which fell like music upon our ears—like blessed music—"Lee and his whole army have surrendered to General Grant!" Cheers greeted the news—

cheers such as the foreign monarch never heard; cheers that shook the plains; cheers such as the heavens seldom hear. The army was formed into a hollow square, and the chaplain gave out the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" O, how they did sing it! I have heard camp-meetings sing, when thousands made the welkin ring; I have heard scores of Englismen sing "God save the Queen!" I have heard Grand Army reunions keep time to the air, "John Brown's soul is marching on,"—but none were ever so sweet, so grand, so overwhelming, as the doxology sung by the soldiers that day in the swamps of North Carolina. The boys hugged and kissed each other. The words, "Lee and his whole army have surrendered," were as a fountain of sweet waters in the desert. The soldier thought of home, of wife, of babies, of the bright handsome faces of his boys and girls, of the beloved parents whom he had not seen for years. There were others in that joyous crowd whose thoughts were sad when they remembered vacant chairs and loved ones they would never see again.

> "Poor girl, her name he dared not speak;
> But something on the soldier's cheek
> Wiped out the stain of powder."

And there were those at home whose thoughts, too, were sad.

> "And Irish Norah's eyes were dim
> For a soldier dead and gory;
> And English Mary wept for him
> Who sang of Annie Laurie."

Of this event I will quote Judge Ricks's recollections: "General Cox had received a sealed letter, and noticing the genial face brighten, I knew that the letter from General Sherman contained good news. Before he read it

to the troops, he ordered all hats to be taken off, and the throats to be cleared for three rousing cheers. My horse became frightened, and before I could gather my bridle reins, the thought flashed upon me that that would be glorious news to announce to the whole army. The twenty-fifth army corps had heard the shouting I cried out: 'Lee and his whole army have surrendered! Make way for the bearer of the glorious news!' Onward I pressed my way through the surging ranks. I can not describe the effect—some fainted, some shouted themselves hoarse. General Casement, as I came within hailing distance, cried out, 'Ricks, what is it? for God's sake what is it?' 'Lee has surrendered!' Quick as a flash, he clapped his hands together, and, with a wild yell, turned a complete somersault on the road, and hurried to his command with the tidings. In one of the regiments, as I was sweeping through the ranks, a soldier cried, 'What is it?' 'Lee has surrendered!' Clear and loud, above all the voices, was his reply, 'Great God, you are the man I have been looking for for the last four years!'" What a world of meaning there was in that prompt answer! The whole Nation was looking for it. Every word ran through our hearts like a balsam. No poet that has woven around that war the finest web of words that imagination ever wedded to patriotic music, could describe the emotions of the soldiers upon that memorable day. After a few hours of rejoicing, the word was given to advance with speed, and in a day or two we were in the historic city of Raleigh. General Kilpatrick was the first to enter. He exultingly waved the Stars and Stripes. The soldiers crowded to the Capitol, where there was a plentiful supply of liquors. I entered, with Joseph McCullough, the famous war correspondent,

and Colonel Sowers, of Cleveland, a soldier for whom a shower of bullets had no terrors. He served with honor through the entire war, gallantly leading his men wherever danger called. In reference to this entrance to Raleigh, Colonel Sowers is very fond of telling of a chaplain from Ohio who would not touch a drop of liquor when every other soldier was drinking in honor of the victor. He generally finishes the story with the words, "And he was a chaplain at that!"

At Greensboro, speaking of General Sherman's March, the Confederate chief, General Johnston, said he "made up his mind that there had been no such an army since the days of Julius Cæsar." Yes, it was the greatest march in all history; nothing like it has ever occurred. All the soldiers were happy. General Johnston met General Sherman at Durham, fifteen miles from Raleigh, on a beutiful April day, when the atmosphere was filled with the perfume of flowers. Our cup of joy was running over. I preached on the campus of the Capitol to an audience of Confederate and Federal soldiers. Many generals of both armies were present. It was a glorious day. The text was: "Glory to God in the highest. Peace on earth and good will toward men." Sympathy was expressed for the heroic and wounded hearts of the Confederates, and the victorious were admonished to be moderate in their jubilation, and to remember Southerners as unsurpassed in valor. But alas! the transition from happiness and cheers was brief; for a cloud had fallen upon the brilliant scene—Lincoln was dead! It is due to the people of Raleigh to say that they shared with us in our wild grief. The leading citizens appeared on the streets with emblems of mourning. Our generals gave positive orders that there should be no violence. It was pitiable to see

the colored people. Their day was turned into darkened night; their sorrow was heart-rending. "They have killed good Massa Lincoln; but God be libing yet, God be libing yet! They can't kill Him!"

The march of General Sherman's army closed with the grand review at Washington. It was a sight well worthy of that illustrious army. The day was beautiful; the Army of the Potomac had been reviewed the day before; the atmosphere was pleasant; the sun shone in unclouded splendor; the inscription was everywhere seen, "The only national debt the Nation can never pay is that one which we owe our soldiers." All the avenues were crowded; the great generals, Cabinet officers, and governors were seated together; the diplomatic corps was near them. I had a splendid seat, and could see the sublime movements. The display was the most magnificent in modern times. At the head rode General Sherman, with his staff; he was greeted with cheers—such a shout was never heard. Every one welcomed the heroes. The universal opinion was, that there never was such an army. A wounded soldier handed a bouquet to General Sherman. "Give it to General Howard," he said. The last grand scene was closed. Every American who saw it felt his pulses quicken. He will never see such another military display. Not merely two hundred thousand men; but what soldiers! Who would not rather see the three hundred of Thermopylæ than the millions of Xerxes? It is not because two hundred thousand are in uniform, but because they are heroes. The grand pageant was something more than material miles of gleaming bayonets, and the long rolling thunder of parks of artillery, which make a Republic. National pride finds a deeper and loftier satisfaction in the belief that this great array

is the herald of a new era—an era of peace; that it is that which gives to the spectacle its moral and sublime significance, beyond all Greek and Roman fame.

I could fill many pages with memorable stories of the soldiers' wit and humor in this famous compaign, but I have only space for a few.

There was a chaplain who was always invited, and who never failed to accompany officers in their tours of observation. One day this chaplain was going the grand rounds of the camps. In the course of his travels he saw a soldier who had placed his musket in a horizontal position, while his lips were applied to the barrel. "Stop! stop! For heaven's sake do n't shoot yourself!" shouted the chaplain. The soldier laid down the musket quietly. The officer walked up to the man, and smelled something stronger than water. "What were you going to do with that musket? Did you mean to kill yourself?" asked the chaplain. "No," said the soldier, "it was cleaning the musket I was, and I put the least taste of whisky into the barrel to get the powder out of it, your honor." "I thought the musket was loaded," said the chaplain. "No," said the officer, "it was the man who was loaded."

When General Howard was marching through with us, General Whittlesey, who was formerly a clergyman, but now was General Howard's adjutant-general, was with him. One day, General Howard drove into a farmyard, from which General Whittlesey was leaving. A woman and her daughter were standing outside the door. "My good woman, will you kindly give me a drink of water?" "No, get out of my yard! A lot of more impident Yankees I never seed!" "But I have done nothing." "That sojer insulted me," pointing to General Whittlesey. "He axed me for a drink of water, and when I done give it to

him, he sassed me." "But—but—that is General Whittlesey, of my staff—I am sure not a rude man." "Maw," said the girl, pulling her mother's dress, "I reckon he moughten have meant anything misbeholden." "Hush! Do n't I know low-down, blackguard talk when I hear it? He axed me what was the State of my nativity?"

One of the stragglers came up to a rich and imposing Southern residence. The lady was standing in the door, and saluted him with the greeting, "Do you know, sir, that you are in the presence of the Southern chivalry?" "Yes, madame, and do n't you know I am one of the shovelry of the North?"

The fighting of the gallant 80th Regiment was no mere holiday work, but real, hard, desperate war. Frequently the contending armies would encamp in reach of each other, and the red dawn of morning shone on a redder field. The battles of the regiment in Mississippi alone were a succession of victories. Vicksburg, where they fought forty days, and where they verily embraced death, was one of the most triumphant. Although attacked by superior numbers, they, with their characteristic enthusiasm, parried the enemy, until the banner of the Stars and Stripes floated proudly in the breeze, and the whole country hailed the surrender of the city with exclamations of joy. But their greatest glory was at Mission Ridge, where they fought so desperately and bravely that in only a few hours one hundred and fifty of their men had fallen. Among them was my first lieutenant, John Kinney, a Rebel bullet having pierced his noble heart. His son also was killed. The battle of Mission Ridge will be forever a bright spot in the escutcheon of the Nation. After taking part in several other engagements, the regiment followed Sherman, with a romantic

chivalry, in his March to the Sea. It did not participate in the battle of the 22d of July, before Atlanta's grim walls. Nevertheless, it was not idle. It helped to win the victory of Altoona Pass, when the brave, patient Corse was the victor. After the battle of Bentonville, the last of the war, this regiment, with others, forced the Confederates to fly across the Neuse River. It witnessed the surrender of Johnston, and then marched to Washington, where it was reviewed with all the honors of war.

A word as to a few of the officers, whom I knew personally, may be of interest to their friends.

The colonel of the regiment, E. R. Eckley, of Carroll, was a lawyer. He had come from the farm, studied law, opened an office in Carroll, and soon became famous as a verdict getter. He sat for six years in the halls of Congress, where he rendered valuable service to his country. Such a man was worthy to be colonel of such a regiment.

Bartilson, the lieutenant-colonel, was a good fighter. He died covered with wounds received at the battle of Corinth.

Lanning, the major, was ever foremost, and was killed in the battle of Corinth while gallantly leading his men.

Major David Skeeles was a Christian gentleman, and proved that the highest courage was not incompatible with a manly Christian character. He used to repeat the words of Montgomery to his beautiful wife as he left for Quebec, "You shall never be ashamed of your Montgomery!" This was an inspiration to the gallant Skeeles.

Major Thomas C. Morris was of Quaker descent. His soldiership, steadiness in battle, and coolness in danger, were always conspicuous in these thrilling times. Frank Farmer, H. M. Kirby, I. M. Ross, William Hay, George Maw, and McCall, privates, rose from the ranks and

became noted for their happy daring and indomitable firmness.

Captain Cochran was a knightly soldier of freedom and righteousness, calm, and yet, in danger, how prompt and fearless!

Major Mathews, never boastful, but no soldier showed a more supreme contempt for death, proudly facing the rain of bullets, and bequeathing lasting memories of his ability and capacity.

Captain O. B. Powelson, brave, gallant, and chivalrous. His wounds bear noble testimony to his patriotism, his valor, and his manhood.

Captain David Korns always delighted the boys, after a day's march, with stories of adventure. He was gifted, generous, and brave as a lion to fight; but showing the courtesy of a woman to the weak and suffering. Captain Korns was a grand specimen of a gallant and sterling American.

James M. Scott was a good soldier, and a genial and good-hearted man.

George F. Robinson never failed to make a gallant fight. He always showed himself to be a man of broad views, enlightened politics, and large toleration.

Captain William Marshall was the best student of military tactics in the regiment. He was intelligent, critical, and a soldier—brave to a fault.

Captain Deis, a solid and unostentatious boy, always picked out his man, and then went for him. The tougher the battle, the more merciless the fire; there Chris Deis loved to be, and there he was in his glory.

Captain Daniel J. Hildt was a fine specimen of a soldier, and his career was glorious. He was the very pink and flower of a dashing cavalier.

Captain James Carnes was a character! He had been a soldier in the Mexican War, and came into the regiment stamped with the seal of success. A generous, jolly, courageous fellow was Carnes.

Young Robinson, who was killed at Corinth, was a real soldier. Everything associated with his memory is hailed with a loving reverence. The quartermaster, Clark Robinson, was also an admirable man. The poorest soldier complaining of his rations never failed to find a champion in him.

Dr. Buell was a model surgeon, intelligent, bold, and capable. Though quiet and unostentatious in his actions, his treatment was scientific and skillful. Dr. Lee was wise, prompt, and sympathetic. Dr. Buvinger had a mind to analyze and a hand to execute the most difficult cases. Dr. Tope was equally efficient and successful.

I have spoken elsewhere of Colonel Metham; but a word here will be in order. The whole regiment speaks with great pleasure of his fearlessness, of his heroism, of his absolute disregard of death. The regiment was fortunate in its division and brigade commanders. General Raum, the division commander, possessed iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a well-stored mind, and a courageous heart. He was, as a commander, unsurpassed. He possessed that rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions in the presence of great emergencies. He is an able lawyer—there is no quackery in his arguments. He has been in Congress, and was at one time Commissioner of Pensions. General Raum is a graceful speaker, and in private life a pleasant and companionable gentleman.

Honorable mention might be made of the companion regiments of the 80th Ohio; namely the 56th Illinois,

Colonel Hall, and the 17th Iowa, Colonels Weaver, Archer, and Roper.

Captain Isaac Ulman, of Company A, was every inch a soldier and a gentleman. When the opportunity occurred, he fought with courage and gallantry. James McBain, sober as a judge, cool and collected, but, when danger was nigh, brave as Cæsar. I regret that I have not a list of the heroic enlisted men—such men as Charles G. McClure, Joseph Finley, Thomas J. Cook, A. C. Ricketts. Though no star or eagle decorated their shoulders, they fought with a bravery worthy of the best traditions of American heroism.

The 80th Ohio was mustered in between January 1 and October 21, 1862, in Columbus and Cincinnati, and was mustered out at Little Rock, Arkansas, August 13, 1865. I organized my company, and reported with it at Camp Meigs, Ohio, November 15, 1861. I was appointed captain of this company January 7, 1862. I resigned, on account of ill-health, in June of the same year, and on December 3, 1863, was appointed chaplain of the regiment. I remained with it for three years, or until it was mustered out in 1865.

I append here the letter requesting my appointment as chaplain of the 80th Ohio Volunteer Infantry:

PETITION OF MEMBERS OF THE EIGHTIETH O. V. I. FOR MY APPOINTMENT AS CHAPLAIN OF THAT REGIMENT.

"HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH O. V. I.,
DIXON STATION, ALA., Oct. 27, 1863.

"HON. DAVID TOD, GOVERNOR OF OHIO:

"*Sir*,—We, the undersigned, commissioned officers of the 80th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, respectfully ask that you commission Rev. George W. Pepper chaplain of the regiment. Reverend Pepper was elected captain of Com-

pany H, 80th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, at the time of its organization, and served in that capacity with distinction to himself and great credit to the cause, until, from ill-health, he was compelled to resign. By appointing him chaplain of this regiment, you will but reward merit and gratify all concerned.

FRANCIS H. FARMER, Capt. Co. D.
JAMES CARNES, Capt. Co. B.
H. M. KIRBY, 1st Lieut. Co. E.
THOMAS C. MORRIS, Capt. Co. K.
OLIVER C. POWELSON, 1st. Lieut. Co. A.
JOHN KINNEY, Capt. Co. H.
J. M. ROSS, 1st Lieut. Co. K.
WM. HAY, 1st Lieut. Co. —.
GEORGE F. ROBINSON, 1st Lieut. Co. C.
GEORGE MAW, ————————.

"Approved: PREN. METHAM, Lieut. Col. 80th O. V. I."

"HEADQUARTERS EIGHTIETH O. V. I.,
GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 7, 1865.

"REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER:

"*Dear Sir*,—I can not take leave of my old regiment without bearing willing testimony to your Christian character as a minister, to your devotion to the work of your profession as a chaplain, to your courage and patriotism as a soldier of the United States. I have seen you on the march, in camp, and on the tented field, and have never seen anything in your conduct inconsistent with your profession of Christianity. Our intercourse in the discharge of our mutual duties has been cordial and harmonious, and my grief in parting from you and my noble regiment is poignant.

"PREN. METHAM, Col. of the 80th Ohio."

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

"WHY wait until great men are under the sod to render honor to their virtues and attainments?" wrote the Italian, Bovio; and "Why, indeed," I repeat to myself,

"should words of praise and appreciation be held back until the ears that should hear them are closed forever to mortal sound? Why not speak them to ears vibrating with life, that they may know the world honors, and appreciates, and loves them for their services to mankind? It is for this reason, this beautiful idea of honoring the living, that I have spoken openly of men who are living to-day. It is for this reason that I speak of a soldier whose gallant conduct was signalized on every battle-field of Virginia, General Nelson A. Miles, General of the Army. He was my colonel in the regular army nearly thirty years ago, when I learned to honor the sturdy strength and nobility of his character; and I have watched his rising career with interest all these years. He belongs to that class of men who are made for an era; original in thought and courageous in the expression of it; a hater of mere conventionalities, and superior to the meaner cupidities that influence lesser minds

He is courageous, but not reckless in the execution of his plans. Courage and recklessness are two very different things; for the one is the virtue of the wise man, the other the vice of the fool. Accordingly, when a wise man or a fool encounters the same risk, there is a disparity between the stakes which they severally bring to the cost. The one hazards an immense train of consequences, duly weighed and estimated—much cost, much pain, and many obstacles, calmly contemplated and felt in anticipation; the other, only some baseless conjectures, some idle dreamings of what may possibly happen. It was therefore a sober truth, though only meant for a jest, when, after a battle, a soldier claimed credit for more heroism than his comrades, because, while they professed indifference to danger, he had himself been horribly frightened,

and yet had not run away. It may be honestly said of Miles that, although possessed of the most brilliant military talents, he never rushed into battle with reckless haste, but with all his plans of action prepared; and it was for this reason that, as a soldier and fighter and winner of battles, he obtained great successes, and was everywhere distinguished by some daring action. His bravery procured him the approval of his superior officers, and secured promotion after promotion. His intense tenacity of purpose was certainly heroic. In that quality he may compare favorably with the most famous soldiers of antiquity. The battle-fields of Virginia were the true theaters of his glory, because it was there he displayed his best quality most advantageously. But it is not only as a soldier that General Miles excelled, for he was equally successful in the administration of civil affairs in the reconstruction of the South. His judgment was correct, and he always exercised a tender magnanimity to the conquered, calling, in charity, that angel whose presence will pass by even camps, to supplement the laws. In his battles with the Indians he united skill with experience, and asserted before the world the supremacy of American military genius by conquering these fierce and formidable tribes. It is only necessary to mention such facts to administer a fitting rebuke to those foreign writers who attempt to ignore the claims of America to a military reputation unsurpassed by any other country in the world.

At the close of the Rebellion, General Miles was intrusted with the difficult and delicate management of Fortress Monroe, where many of the Confederate prisoners were confined, among them being Jefferson Davis and John Mitchell; and he proved himself equally capable in civil affairs as in the field. I once heard John Mitchell,

a most pronounced Rebel and a determined abuser of the Yankees, say that "Miles is the most decent Yankee I ever knew." Miles has told me that he had friendly feelings for the Irishman, because he was once a comrade of General Meagher in the Irish revolution. But such was Mitchell's unconquered and unconquerable nature that he would receive no favor from the Federal Government. His voice was still for war against the hated Yankees.

I was present at General Miles's marriage to one of Ohio's most accomplished daughters, Miss Sherman. It was a brilliant wedding. Generals Sherman and Sheridan, and other distinguished men, were present.

General Miles has been ambitious (I speak of him when I knew him twenty years ago) to be an orator. Then he was remarkably shy, and I have seen him blush to the roots of his hair like a school-girl. As a speaker, he thinks carefully and earnestly, and when he speaks it is natural and without any use of rhetorical flowers. His Decoration-day address at Boston a year ago ranks with the best efforts of the kind. The secrets of his distinction are to be found in his self-control, in his constant study, in his tenacity, and in his love of labor. He has much of the bulldog and the mastiff in his nature. Fortune is not his mistress, but rather his servant; when he commands, she obeys. In Raleigh, where his regiment was stationed for three years, and where I was chaplain of the same regiment, I had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with General Miles, and I can indorse, from what I saw of him in private and social life, that he was at home what he was in public life—respected as a man, reverenced as a host, and loved as a friend.

General Miles's name will descend the deepening stream of history as one of the most gallant, successful,

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

and kind-hearted chiefs of the Civil War. He need not care by what pen his life may be written. Through the hard-fought fields of Virginia and Pennsylvania, in the trying services of reconstruction, amidst the engagements with the fierce tribes of the West, no record of oppression, of injustice, of inhumanity to those whom he commanded, or to those whom he vanquished, will sully one page of the biography of as brave, as generous, as chivalrous a soldier as ever led American troops to victory. The wedded life of the General has been blissful and happy. He is blessed with a wife who is not only gifted with high intelligence and numberless graces, but her whole time and affections are devoted to the comfort and happiness of her distinguished husband, in whose achievements she takes the greatest pride. Her soul, her good heart, her attractions, are to him as eyes and hands. She is the communicating spirit between her husband and his hosts of friends. She anticipates his every want. If General Miles is fortunate in his own military genius, he is more fortunate in the genius of his wife, who makes his home a dream of domestic happiness.

Chapter VI.

RETURN TO WORK IN THE MINISTRY—RECONSTRUCTION IN THE SOUTH—PASTORAL APPOINTMENTS—FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S REMINISCENCES.

I RE-ENTERED the North Ohio Conference, or rather I was assigned to the old work of preaching, on my return from the war; I had never been out of the Conference. After filling several pulpits upon circuits, I was appointed to Wellington, which now had become a station. It was my first field among the Yankees of the Western Reserve. Bishop Simpson appointed me to this place, and when I expressed my surprise that so important an appointment should be given to me, he said that a patriotic speech which I had made a few years before at the Conference session held there, had endeared me to the people, and they requested it.

It was a good year. There was a great revival; but the old church was in bad condition, the rain pouring in through the ceiling. At the close of the meetings, I preached a sermon from the text, "Is it right for you to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?" The appeal brought forth a subscription of fifteen thousand dollars—not a bad beginning for one day's work.

Wellington was a flourishing little town, the headquarters of the cheese industry. Many of its prominent citizens were members or attendants of my Church. The Houghtons were a numerous and honored family. So were the Horrs, the Walcotts, the Langs, the Woolleys,

the Richards, the Dicksons, the Howks, the Laundons, the Stroups, and S. S. Warner, whose popularity made him State treasurer three times in succession. Colonel M. T. Herrick, the Cleveland banker, also came from Wellington. He was but a boy in those days, a very bright boy—especially in arithmetical studies—and was known as the "calculating boy."

The Congregational Church was quite strong in Wellington, and numbered in its membership many of the leading citizens. Mr. Lane, a returned missionary, was the respected pastor. The Disciples had a strong following also in the little city. James A. Garfield, afterwards President of the United States, had recently dedicated their handsome new church, and frequently preached there.

Near Wellington is Penfield, a typical New England village. I was appointed pastor here, and was warmly welcomed by these sons of New England. I never met a more intelligent, a more benevolent, a more religious class of people. A revival of great proportions followed. There were two hundred additions made to the Church—there was scarcely a family that was not reached. My family was residing in Wellington, and I usually returned home every night after the services. I remember, one day, a venerable Disciple preacher greeted me with the salutation: "Well, Brother Pepper, I presume you feel like Alexander when he wept for other worlds to conquer." As a result of this revival nine new classes were formed. I think often of the good people of Penfield—the Starrs, the Nortons, the Smiths, the Hayses.

Huntington, another partly New England community, was attached to the Penfield work. Here resided a retired Congregational minister, Father Clarke, beloved

by all. His good wife, many a night after I was exhausted with my labors, would entertain me with a substantial second supper. I remember the Haskins, the Spragues. Not long ago I was lecturing at Lorain, when the principal of the schools, with a warm shake of the hand, recalled the pleasant incident that he was converted at the Huntington revival. It was Professor Ward, of Lorain.

It was while I was still preaching in this section of the country that I was appointed chaplain in the regular army. There were one hundred candidates; but General John A. Logan's strong influence and Secretary Stanton's remembrance of my having raised a company for the war upon Sunday, quickly decided the contest in my favor. The regiment was the 40th Infantry. Nelson A. Miles, now the ranking general of the army, was colonel. The regiment was stationed in Raleigh, North Carolina. My duties were light, and Colonel Miles proved himself to be a good friend.

The old hatreds and prejudices were fresh in the minds of the people. One Sunday, when I went to Church with my wife, I was assigned to a seat by the usher. In a few minutes a woman came and unceremoniously ordered us out. The rector, Dr. Mason, afterwards apologized. He was a Union man throughout the war, and was a courteous gentleman.

After some time I was made assistant superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau, which compelled me to visit every county in the State, speaking and instructing the colored people in the organization of schools. General O. O. Howard's instructions were, that for every hundred dollars the colored people raised, the Bureau would advance another hundred. It was a dangerous experi-

ment. At Salisbury, while I was speaking and stating the proposition of the Government, a burly ex-Rebel became so enraged that he bounded on the platform with a huge knife, aiming to plunge it into my throat. One of the vice-presidents, a colored man, seized the fellow, and hurled him from the platform.

I delivered an address the next evening at Charlotte with more safety. And thus I passed from county to county, sometimes riding five or fifty miles in a rickety old wagon, driven always by a colored man, frequently passing groups of ex-Confederate soldiers. I was heartily glad when the labor was over, and I returned to the shelter of the soldiers at Raleigh.

I participated in the reconstruction of the State, reporting the proceedings for the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the New York *Times*, and the New York *Tribune*. I became acquainted with a member of the Legislature, who afterwards became famous as one of the heroes of the "Fool's Errand," and who was murdered by the Ku-Klux. I knew Judge Albion W. Tourgée, who was then living at Greensboro, where he had many opportunities to gather the materials for his book, which is literally true. Mr. Stevens, the murdered man, the member of the Legislature decoyed from his home, with the kisses of his wife and children fresh upon his lips, was taken to the courthouse, under the plea of urgent business, and there cruelly murdered. Not one of the infamous scoundrels who perpetrated this crime was punished. The blood of Stevens rests upon their consciences, and it will remain forever. When Mr. Holden was elected governor of the State, he asked me to become editor of the Raleigh *Standard*, the State's Republican organ, which position I accepted.

I delivered the oration upon the Fourth of July before

a large audience. This was the first Union meeting, since the war, in any Southern State. The sentiments of good will which pervaded the address touched the Southern heart, and especially the kind references to General Robert E. Lee were gratefully appreciated. Many of the Southern papers copied copious extracts, and expressed admiration for the Federal chaplain who, when the Northern press was breathing out denunciation and demanding the execution of the leaders and the confiscation of Southern land, had the courage and the magnanimity to say that no thorns should be planted where the olive had taken root. This oration is published in this volume, and although at the time it was severely criticised, the spirit which it breathed of mercy to the conquered has become the sentiment of the whole Nation.

While in Raleigh I met Chief-Justice Chase, President Andrew Johnson, Secretary Seward, and John W. Forney, of Washington, then editor of the Philadelphia *Press*. The President came to Raleigh to participate in the services of the dedication of a monument to his father, a humble man, who lost his life in rescuing a fellow-laborer from drowning. I conversed with him, and found him simple and occasionally brusque in his manners, but always the true specimen of a patriotic American. He was full of indignation at England, and, referring to the Fenian invasion of Canada, said, in words not very religious, but very fierce: ". . . I gave them five days, after I heard of their contemplated movement, and if they had had a leader worth anything, they might have marched on and captured Toronto."

En route to Chapel Hill, Commencement-day at the university, Mr. Seward got out of his carriage and walked a mile. He was very communicative, speaking of the

war and the reconstruction of the South. He was in thorough accord with General W. T. Sherman, and praised him for his liberal terms to General Joseph E. Johnston, when he received the surrender of the Confederate general's army. I made reference to the assassination of Lincoln and his own narrow escape from death. "Yes, that wound hurts me yet. What madmen and fools those unfortunate wretches were to murder the good, gentle, and kind-hearted Lincoln! Why, I have seen him rush away and hide himself when his signature was asked for an execution of a soldier, or for any heavy punishment upon the Rebels in arms, or upon their Northern sympathizers. Yes, Chaplain, the good Lincoln shall always remain the chief glory of our country, distinguished by benevolence of the highest order, and his treatment of this unpatriotic people rose to a lofty magnanimity which has never been approached."

I remained in this State until the regiment was ordered to Arizona. My family were living in Ohio, and, although the temptations to remain in the regular army were many—a life position and a two-thirds salary for life after being retired—I determined to resign. Remonstrances came from many, one from Bishop Janes, saying that, as the Methodists had only a few chaplains in the army, I ought to remain. So also thought Bishop Simpson; but I could not endure the monotony of army life. I wanted to be more active, and longed for the great work of preaching. I presented my resignation. General Sherman, who was never extravagant in his praise of army chaplains, begged me to remain, to wait a few years, and I could be retired; that my services to the Government demanded recognition. But my mind was made up, and I insisted upon an absolute resignation. The general was

then acting Secretary of War, and he gave me a year's leave; not a leave of absence proper, but an order to return home, and remain there upon waiting orders. This gave me full pay. I was, notwithstanding all my protests, appointed chaplain of the 10th Cavalry; but this, too, I declined. I was allowed a full year's salary.

I was next appointed to Wooster, in 1870, one of the largest Churches in the Conference. It was a difficult Church, and required patience and practical knowledge. The old members were very conservative, and opposed to any innovations. They believed a two years' pastorate was long enough. There were many able men at the Wooster bar at this time, who frequently dropped into the church, and whose presence stimulated the preacher to study and activity. I often met John McSweeney, a lawyer of wide reputation, and whose bar triumphs are known throughout the length and breadth of the land. To secure his services in any case was a sure evidence of winning the case. As to his oratorical ability, he was compared to such men as John Van Buren, Thomas Corwin, and others. Wendell Phillips once said to me that he had heard the best speakers in Boston, and for art, logic, and effective appeals to a jury, McSweeney, whom he had heard in Ohio, was their equal, and was surpassed by none of them. His mantle fell upon his gifted son. There were, also, Dowell, Jeffries, McClure, the Givens—two brothers who entered the army, and won renown as brave soldiers. Critchfield was regarded as McSweeney's rival, and if verdicts of juries are a proof of a lawyer's ability, then he was among the most successful. Judge Martin Welker was also a resident of Wooster. He was a valued and respected member of Congress. I might also refer to Eshelman, the able editor; the Mullins, the Carrs, the

Kaukes, Judge Parsons, the Firestones, Fricks, Bissels, and Smysers.

This reference to my Wooster friends would be incomplete did it not refer with gratitude to the kindness shown us throughout our residence there by the estimable and accomplished family of Mr. J. B. Powers.

While I was here I renewed the old acquaintanceship of other years with my friend, D. Q. Liggett. He was a successful business man, a liberal benefactor to every good cause. He afterwards built a new church, largely at his own expense. B. Barrett was another of the same Church, who was also a good citizen, an enterprising business man, and an honor to the community. Dr. M. K. Hard was for years a prominent physician, and also a preacher of the gospel, filling many pulpits with rare ability. Dr. Gann came there after my first pastorate, and united with the new Church. It was not long until, by constant application in his profession, he rose to be among the first physicians in the city. He it was who ministered to Mr. McSweeney in his last illness, and he tells an anecdote that illustrates the lawyer's knowledge of Methodist hymns. He used to tell me he grew fat upon ten of these hymns. Dr. Gann was visiting him, and, as there were many sick, he said, "My conscience reproaches me, Mr. McSweeney, for visiting you so often." The dying man quickly responded, "Let not conscience bid you linger."

It was while I was pastor of the Wooster Methodist Episcopal Church that the colored orator, Frederick Douglass, lectured upon San Domingo. For an evening he was my guest, and of the many incidents which he told me of his history, I recall this thrilling one. He said: "Mr. Pepper, you lecture upon Ireland. I have read the

lecture entitled, 'Ireland—Liberty Springs from her Martyrs' Blood.' In it you speak of my reception in Cork and Dublin, and in Belfast; but here is something that has never been published. When I was a slave, sixteen years of age, I had never seen a ship, and I told my mistress that I would like to go to Baltimore and see one. She gave me permission, and I walked the sixteen miles, and went down to the harbor, where I saw the object that had always excited my curiosity. Two Irishmen were unloading heavy timbers, and I helped them. When I was leaving, one of them said to me, 'Are you a slave, sir?' 'Yes,' I replied. The other whispered to me, 'Why do you not run away? God never made a man to be a slave.' Every step I walked that night I could hear the words: 'Why do you not run away? God never made a man to be a slave.' I dreamed them during the night. You know the result. I did run away; and when I get to heaven I will search for those two Irishmen, take them to my Savior, and say, 'Here are the men who first told me that God never made a man to be a slave.' "

After remaining in Wooster two years, I was assigned to Galion in the fall of 1872. While at Wooster, the entire family at home—the two oldest boys were away—suffered from a severe attack of small-pox. The parsonage at Wooster was situated in a part of the town called the "Five Points," on account of the character, or non-character, of the residents, and in imitation of the famous "Five Points" of New York. A traveling showman brought the disease into the neighborhood, and in all that portion of the town not one house escaped the pest. In my own family there were five sufferers. One of my sons, who was sent away from the house, on the nature of the disease which had attacked the other children

becoming known, wandered the streets in the daytime, and at night slept in the churchyard, so great was the panic. At last a humane hotel-keeper opened his doors to him; but as his charity lost him every other guest, my son would not remain, and returned to the churchyard, when a kindly Christian family—already referred to—that of Mr. James B. Powers, took him in, and kept him until the danger was past, and it was safe for him to return home. I myself and four children had the disease, and, as it was impossible to procure nurses for several weeks, my noble wife struggled along alone under a burden that would have crushed a less brave and courageous nature. But our lives were all spared.

When I went to Galion, I had barely recovered from the terrible disease. The members of the new charge received me with every demonstration of affection. During the year an extensive revival broke out in the Church, and hundreds were added to the membership of the Methodist Church. The revival continued for sixteen weeks. All ages were reached, and the effect was marvelous. I had preached for four weeks, without any marked sign of a revival, when a Mr. Crim, a banker of the city, rose for prayers—I think more out of sympathy with me than any deep religious conviction. The following evening there were fifty-seven came to the altar; and this was the beginning of a glorious work, which never was surpassed in all my ministry. There were many remarkable cases of conversion. One man, who was so degraded as to be shunned by all classes, and who, because he never looked in the Bible, had his week's wages hidden there by his wife,—this man came to the altar, was converted, and became an honest and trustworthy man. A young hardware merchant, named Frank Case, universally respected

for his social qualities, was among the converts. He startled an audience one Sunday afternoon in the hall by declaring, "If anybody says I have n't got religion, I will shoot him on the spot." This was an extraordinary utterance, but it was simply his way of expressing his idea that he was a changed man. His subsequent life proved it, and he died joyfully.

During the progress of the meeting, the Rev. W. M. Punshon, the famous Wesleyan orator, dropped in. I recognized him; so also did one of the members, and whispered to me to invite him to preach. That was precisely what I would not do. It was in the afternoon. There were three daily meetings. I knew that Mr. Punshon was not, perhaps, in the revival mood, as he was on a lecturing tour. I preached, and according to custom, invited mourners forward. A number came and professed conversion. I turned the meeting into a general class, giving all an opportunity to speak. Then I concluded it was the proper time to call upon Mr. Punshon, which I did, saying, "I perceive the Rev. Mr. Punshon is here, and the Church would be glad to hear from him." He did not know that any one had recognized him; but got up, and, in a stammering way at first, spoke. He gradually warmed up, and spoke gratefully of the delight and satisfaction he had experienced in the services.

There were many stirring incidents connected with that revival, and there were many excellent people who were moved to a more blessed experience. I recall a few: The Spaldings, the Cronewelts, Ducks, Pagues, Stewarts, Carharts, Camps, Crims, Wensells, Hackedorns, the Gills, Davises, Camps, Hayeses, Jameses, Reeces, Pritchards. John Whitworth was the presiding elder, a worthy gentleman, who was always abounding in good work. Then

there were the Smiths and others, who were always active in Church work. Milford Lewis, a young steward, was a stanch Methodist, a splendid worker, and always stood by the pastor.

I had in this Church an eccentric but benevolent sort of a man. He was emphatically a peculiar individual. During the sermon he would write his opinions of the preacher in the hymn-book, and show his disapprobation in many ways. One day I said to him, "Brother ——, I missed you from church yesterday." "Well, I did not miss much," he replied, with unnecessary candor. Being an Irishman by birth, I naturally referred occasionally to Ireland, whereupon the eccentric brother confided with his pencil to his hymn-book, "The preacher believes that Jesus Christ and the twelve apostles were Irishmen." In my absence, once, the Episcopal clergyman preached. The sermon annoyed the erratic brother, and he preferred charges against me for introducing a strange form of worship. In the Quarterly Conference he asked, "By what authority have you introduced a foreign religious service into our Church?" I replied, "By my own, the highest Methodist authority in this city." He was, notwithstanding his oddities, a good man, and a most liberal one to the Church. A. M. Stewart took an advanced position during the revival, and has ever since been loyal and useful. His beautiful home is the resting-place of bishops.

Hon. J. C. Covert, of the city of Cleveland, and a well-known newspaper man, was then in charge of the local paper of the town. I remember he was present at my first sermon there, and wrote a most favorable criticism.

After three years' service as pastor in Galion, my next appointment, in 1875, was Mt. Vernon, where I had preached my first sermons in the United States. Mt.

Vernon is a handsome old town, the streets pleasantly shaded with grand old trees; the people are noted for their intelligence and hospitality.

In Mt. Vernon I retain many sweet memories of dear friends in the Methodist, as well as in all the Churches. The Delanos and Morgans, of national reputation, were frequent visitors to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Joseph C. Devin, a member of the Ohio Legislature, an upright citizen, and an honored member of society, used to drop in occasionally. I was present at his wedding, which was a brilliant affair. Colonel W. C. Cooper, afterwards a member of Congress, and one of the first lawyers of the State, came in at times. The Curtises, the Harpers, the Hamiltons, the Sproules, the Stauffers, the Coles, the Johnstones, the Sandersons, the Sturgesses, the Mitchells, lived here. Here lived, also, Samuel Lynch, a retired preacher, whose daughter married the now famous Admiral Miller. Reverend Thompson was the Episcopal rector, a pure and lofty-minded man. Reverend Newton preached in one of the Presbyterian Churches. His face was a benediction. Rev. Mr. Thrapp was the Protestant Methodist pastor, every inch a gentleman, and as a preacher he ranked high; a patriot who loved his country, served her faithfully in the war, loved all mankind. To do good is the business of his life; it is also the first and last joy of his heart, ever ready with his voice and pen to vindicate the innocent. He has filled the leading pulpits in his denomination. All efforts, when a young man, to keep him in the rear were failures, and, like the sun, which may be clouded for a time, but ultimately shines out in glory, he could not be extinguished.

The last session of the North Ohio Conference I attended was in Mount Vernon, one of my old charges, and

my reception, after several years absence, was cordial in the extreme. Bishop Hurst presided with dignity and grace over the sittings. The name of Bishop Hurst is identified with the most complete exposition of theology since the days of Richard Watson. In his earliest youth he was a close student of the German School; accurate scholar; and, to crown all, he had a cultivated eloquence, which frequently outshone the brilliancy of the masters of speech. In all his published and spoken discourses there is not a slovenly sentence, nor a broken metaphor. Whilst the tutored ear listens to him with admiration, the *ignobile vulgus* still find a something in his words, which showed he is a man of the people.

I lectured before the Conference upon Sherman's March to the Sea. The Rev. W. C. Endly, a clear, nervous, and able preacher, was pastor. His atmosphere is revivals and church-building. I met many old companions: Kellam, Ball, Kneale, Badgely, Barnes, Close, Farrah, Gard, Graham, Hagerman, Hanawalt, Disney, Dunbar, Barron, Barker, Baker, Edwards, Gallinmore, Jewett, Keyes, Roberts, McCaskey, Jones, Martindale, Van Camp, J. P. Mills and B. J. Mills, Painter, Palmer, Mather, Ruff, Struggles, Thompson, Torbett, Upp, Waggoner, Kelser, Clark, Richards, Lawrence, Reece, Booth, Smith, Pollock, Castle, McCullough, Russell, Long, Chase, Patterson, Bush, Place, Wolfe, Knapp, Hastings, Dawson, Wilson, Gay, Winter, Mead, Grosse.

My last charge in Cleveland was at Woodland Hills Avenue. The congregation had been scattered by factions. There was nothing left but the church without a door, and a few determined spirits, who had not joined in chanting the *requiescat in pace.* I record their names as among the most godly and enthusiastic Methodists I

ever met. They were all English and Gladstonian Liberals, who hailed John Bright as their chief. They were Wimper, Price, the venerable Mr. James and his devoted wife, Orgell, Richards, Henderson, Horton; the Thomas family, a host in themselves; Griffiths, Gage. I gave a lecture to put the church in order. A revival followed, and over seventy new members were added. I have a warm place in my heart for these whole-souled Wesleyans. Their class-meetings were like a prairie on fire. One of the highest compliments I ever received was from one of them. "Brother Pepper," at the close of my term said he, "you do not put out all your sails—sails at once," referring to the common practice of preachers giving their best sermons at first. I shall ever remember with feelings of deepest pleasure my connection with this Church. It is now pacified, harmonious, and flourishing. It seems that I was ordained to be a settler of Church difficulties. Scovill Avenue was split almost in two. Many of the best paying members thought there was no necessity for the Church. Those who remained worked strenuously with honor and fidelity. Instead of affairs being complicated and unsatisfactory, the Church is prosperous. The Brecksville Charge had only forty members; but every one counted. They paid the largest salary, and, in proportion to membership, paid the largest subscriptions to the benevolent institutions of any Church in the Conference. They were all Yankees; intelligent and enterprising, a lecture-patronizing community. The place is so healthy, it is said that nobody ever dies there except of great old age. I used to visit Mrs. Boyd, almost a hundred years old. She kissed the hand of Lafayette, and was very proud of it. She told me that the great Frenchman took back with him to France a barrel of American

earth to be buried in. Rev. George Greene resided here. So did Rev. Brush, both valuable helpers. There were also Fathers Newland, Reinhardt, Garietty, Foster. Brother Kuss and his amiable wife were always to the front in every good work; but the chief financial worker was a gifted woman, Mrs. Dillow; and Mrs. Butler, president of the Ladies' Society, was a valuable helper.

Chapter VII.

VOYAGE ABROAD—IRELAND AND ITALY VISITED.

FROM Mount Vernon I was sent, in 1878, to Bellevue, a pleasant town, partly situated in two counties—Huron and Sandusky—and one of the prettiest places in Northern Ohio. The Church and community possessed many men whose names were known all over the country—the Higbees, the Boyers, the Harknesses, the Bradys, the Woods, the Woodwards, the Places, the Bakers, the Millers. Two of the official members of my Church had been members of the Legislature.

Towards the close of my third year here, with my wife, I revisited Ireland, neither of us having seen the dear old land for over twenty-five years. We sailed from New York on the 30th of May, 1881, and after a pleasant voyage of ten days arrived in Liverpool. Thence we immediately departed for Ireland. As we approached the scenes of our youth and childhood, and recognized the spots remembered so well, the quarter of a century of change seemed blotted out, and we were once more care-free, laughing children. We agreed that I should call first upon my wife's mother, while she remained outside in the jaunting-car. "Can you give me a glass of water?" I asked, as the old lady appeared at the door in answer to my knock. "O yes," she replied, "would you not rather have a glass of milk?" I did not make myself known, but asked her a number of questions. "Have you any relations in America?" "Yes, indeed, sir; I have a daughter there." "What is her name? Perhaps I may have met

her." "Pepper is her name, and her husband is a Methodist preacher." "I heard him preach two weeks ago, and saw his wife, a beautiful fair-haired woman. They have six children." "It is the very same, sir; and here are their pictures." The conversation now became very exciting, as she begged me for news of her daughter, whom I had seen so recently. My wife could wait outside no longer, and rushing in, embraced her mother, exclaiming, "Mother, it is I, your daughter Christine!" After some minutes of intense feeling, my aged mother-in-law turned toward me, and said, "It is George; I recognize him now."

I remained here for a week, and then, leaving Mrs. Pepper with her mother, proceeded to the Continent, visiting London, Paris, Milan, Rome, Florence, and Venice. This was my first visit to Southern Europe.

In London I stopped long enough to hear Bright, Gladstone, the Irish orators in Parliament, and some of the great preachers. I was impressed with Spurgeon.

My first sight of the Alps is a memory that never can be forgotten. I recalled the saying of Portia, in the play, when Bassanio had chosen the right casket, and also the fair maiden, "How all the other passions fleet to air." There was no room for any other emotion but that of wonder and awe. Never have I seen mountains so grand, meadows so green, lakes so clear and beautiful, air so genial and so soft! And never did I hear music to equal that which I heard in the silence and solitude—music calling us back, with tears in our clouded eyes, to flowers that had faded, and the haunts of summer birds whose songs are hushed forever! Crossing the Alps is the event of a lifetime; it is a memory for all time!

At last I was in Italy, and the apostrophe of Robert Browning came to me, "O woman country!" I was in

Italy; the ambition of a lifetime was realized,—Italy, where minds of the loftiest nature have derived stimulants to brave great enterprises, victorious actions, and from the grandest heights have received inspiration that has carried them over fields of flame! Italy, whose statesmen have decided the fate of armies, scepters, and empires! Italy, whose renowned martyrs, especially Savonarola, rose in a dark and troubled night as the day-stars of Italian regeneration! Italy, whose patient industry clothes the land with richness, fertility, and beauty!

The scenery of Italy is unsurpassed. Her matchless lakes, Como and Maggiore, which for a thousand years have been celebrated in song and oratory, are probably the most charming sheets of water ever seen by mortal eye.

Pen can not paint nor heart conceive the splendor of a summer in this favored land. Upon one side, masses of rich crimson clouds recline upon beds of brilliant purple; on the opposite side of the sky, a proscenium of colors, gold and crimson, are moving to and fro, while splendid arches, like heaven's own rainbow, seem to encircle earth and sky. It is nature singing its hymn of praise to the Creator.

There is not a spot in Italy that is not vital with patriotic memories and desperate gallantry. It was said of a patriot soldier of Greece that, after the battle of Marathon, a fevered uneasiness appeared in his countenance. He seldom slept and rarely spoke, and when asked why, after such a glorious victory, he was not contented, he replied, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." And surely the trophies of Italy, which flash on us from her thousand fields and encircle travelers with the light of liberty—trophies reared on the Alps, trophies reared

SAVONAROLA.

at Rome, trophies reared on the banks of the Po, trophies reared on the classic soil of Sicily—surely these splendid trophies will rise up from the depths of memory. Italy is composed of a family of beautiful sister cities. Milan, the city of industry, commerce, and music, crowns her head with the wreath of victory of her "cinque giornati"—her five days' glorious war for liberty. Venice, fair and beautiful as a dream in a maiden's breast, is called the ideal. Genoa is the superb city of palaces. Florence is the city of the beautiful, city of flowers, and the flower of cities, and the city that contains the treasures of Italian art. Rome is holy ground to two-thirds of the Christian world. Rome, impressive, immortal Rome! What a tide of memories rush upon the brain and heart as the traveler beholds Rome for the first time! There is not only grandeur in the sight, but in the thought of the great sight! He feels as if ennobled by the destiny which has brought him hither to meditate amidst scenes so renowned and holy. Rome, seated upon her seven hills as of yore, stretches away before me! The city whose history involves the annals of our race! The great mother of heroes—exalted by the loftiest achievements of valor and piety! No other city has ever been the theater of such events. Who can behold it for the first time without emotion? The statesman, the philosopher, the Protestant, the Catholic, the Jew, and the Gentile,—all alike regard it with the deepest interest. It is the devout Christian who says, with Byron, "Rome, my country, city of the soul."

The eye is bewildered with the vast variety of objects to be seen in Rome. The Coliseum is an enormous building, erected by Vespasian to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, and to gratify the pride and cruelty of the people. What vastness! what strength! what walls,

that have resisted the fury of the elements and of time for eighteen hundred years! The Triumphal Arch of Titus has one long arch which is very beautiful. Two only of its eight marble columns are perfect. On one side, Titus is seated on his car of triumph; on the other are the spoils of the Temple, copied from the originals, the seven-branched candlestick, the table of the shewbread, which were all transported to Rome.

To return to the Coliseum, the grandest of all ruins. It is the glory of Rome. Great and beautiful even in decay, it stands in lonely grandeur, speaking to the heart in a voice so touching, awakening feelings so powerful, so unutterable, so melancholy! In one small portion the extensive elevation is preserved entire. It rises in lofty grandeur, arch over arch, simple, noble, harmonious! Within, the hand of violence and time is more apparent and impressive; the marble seats are broken, the sloping walls and arches that supported them are shattered. The mind loses itself in contemplating the great arena. The very galleries were so numbered that every Roman citizen knew his seat. There were frequently eighty-seven thousand persons present. The maids and matrons came twice a day to see the gladiatorial games. So terrible was the butchery that an aqueduct was built to supply the water necessary to cleanse the arena after these bloody exhibitions. It is long before we awaken from the solemn majesty, the painful associations arising, when we remember that here thousands of Christians met a fearful death, and that thousands looked on with admiration. Blessed forever be the pure spirits of these martyrs, whose blood sanctifies this monument of imperial greatness, and invests it with a holier grandeur than its other loftier pretensions! The victor

and the vanquished, the master and the slave, the tyrant and his victim, are all forgotten! But above shines the same unclouded sky, the same gentle breezes whisper through the great ruins, the same glamour lights up all objects with its radiance!

Then there is St. Peter's. How magnificent is the approach to it! That grandest of colonnades, the noble piazza, the ancient obelisk, brought from Egypt two thousand years ago, the sparkling fountains! The façade of St. Peter's has been criticised, but I was disarmed. I felt like approaching it upon my bended knees. The colossal genius of Michael Angelo towers exultingly to the skies in that majestic dome, which seems built for eternity. There the spectator, whose mind has become expanded while pacing those glorious aisles, has no difficulty in comprehending that in St. Peter's the founders designed the temple of the Christian world. This was the ambition which laid its foundation-stone, and which has actuated every succeeding pontiff in adorning it.

When returning from this first visit to Europe—it was during the time when President Garfield was nearing death—I was called upon to perform a funeral ceremony at sea. A passenger died, and the captain called upon me to take charge of the melancholy ceremony. He was a very kind-hearted captain. The passenger had left a large family in Ireland. The captain suggested that I give a lecture for the benefit of the widow and children; and he also suggested the subject of the lecture, "America," as so many were going there. I agreed, upon condition that the English flag should be taken down and the Stars and Stripes be placed at the masthead. He was very willing, and the arrangements were made. Patriotic songs were sung, and I began my lecture. When

I was about half-way through, the pilot came on board, announcing that "Garfield was still living." The lecture was speedily brought to a close, and the audience cheered and shouted. An incident occurred at the commencement. Some British officers started "God save the Queen." It was too much for a full-blooded Yankee from Hartford, who went off, indignantly exclaiming, "God d-mn the Queen! I have been in England for six months, and I have heard nothing but 'God save the Queen.' "

Chapter VIII.

PASTORAL RELATIONS RESUMED—APPOINTMENT AS CONSUL TO MILAN.

UPON my return to the United States in the fall of 1881, I was appointed to Sandusky, a pleasant and attractive city upon the historic shore of Lake Erie. The Church here for years had worshiped in the basement; but before the year was up, the large room was finished. The first sermon I preached was upon the evening before the funeral of President Garfield. The hearts of the people were with the dead man, and some of that community could not understand his death in such a cowardly and cruel manner, and were disposed to question strongly a belief in a wise Providence.

From Sandusky I was returned to Wooster in 1882, and became pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, a very gem in architecture. This church was largely built by Mr. D. Q. Liggett, of whom I have already spoken—a generous merchant, whose heart was ever touched by any worthy person's tale of woe. The reception tendered me was enthusiastic and hearty. The famous lawyer, Mr. John McSweeney, recited there, in his own inimitable style, the "Burial of Moses." I spent three years at this charge. It was here, from the Wooster University, that three of my children graduated. The youngest, Carrie, now with the angels, received one of the honors, that of *belles-lettres*, and was, I believe, the first girl student to be thus distinguished since the establishment of the institution. She delivered her address in

German, which was highly praised by many of the eminent educators present. The day of her graduation was a lovely one, and I can see her now, as she came bounding over the campus, and, as she overtook me, asking: "How did I do? Could you hear me? Did I speak loud enough?" Ah yes! loud enough, clear enough to be forever impressed upon my memory!

While attending the university here my children formed many warm attachments among the students. Among others whose friendship they valued highly were Mr. Alvin Findlay, now editor of the *Iron Trade Review* in Cleveland, and the Messrs. Fred and Walter Mullins, the one now a prominent attorney, and the other a successful business man.

The Conference which met in Galion, after three years in Wooster, transferred me, in 1885, to Ashland. This Church had a membership of three hundred, and in former years was among the strongest Churches in the Conference. My family had decided to move to Cleveland, my wife having become weary of the constant moving which a ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church necessitates, and was desirous of settling down in a permanent home. I told this to the elder, that I could not have my family with me; but nevertheless it was decided that I should go to Ashland. The result proved the wisdom of the appointment. The first year a revival of great magnitude was started, and hundreds were induced to begin a new life. After the revival, steps were taken to erect a new church, and one was built that is probably not excelled by any in the Conference. The official members, out of respect for my services in the revival and for building the edifice, presented me with a beautiful stained-glass window, which bears this inscription: "This window

is dedicated by the pastor, Rev. G. W. Pepper, to Ireland's benefactors and martyrs—Parnell, Emmet, Gladstone."

The reason I placed those distinguished names upon that window were, first, I admired the men and I loved their principles; then I knew it would be noticed in the Wesleyan papers in England, which at that time were very hostile to anything like justice to Ireland. Now these same journals are its most ardent supporters, and this inscription would show them that in the United States there were no such prejudices as existed in the old land. I recall the names of Judge Jones, the Goods, the Stubbs, the Jamesons, the Hoyts, the Blacks, the Krebs, Ames, Kunkles, McNeeles, the Waggoners, Sprengles, the Cowans, the Shinns, Deshongs, Browns, the Moores, the Fritzingers, Whitings, Cralls, the Grosscups, the Fords and Christofels, the Brubakers and Shearers.

Among the good and patriotic women of Ashland stands the name of Mrs. Mary Freer. She has always been a liberal and generous benefactor to all the Churches and charities of the city. The beautiful soldier's monument which adorns the town is her gift. Her husband, Jonas Freer, a very industrious man, amassed a large fortune. He was a devoted Union man during the war, and his widow shared in his patriotic sentiments. When President Hayes dedicated the monument, he was her guest. When the new Methodist Episcopal church was built, under my auspices, she gave largely. Mrs. Freer is a Methodist, and very liberal. Her able lawyer, R. M. Campbell, tells many good things of her—her benevolences to the poor and the orphan. The editors of the Ashland papers, especially the Hon. George Hildebrand, a member of the Church, rendered valuable help in the

building of the magnificent new church. Mr. Ilger, as president of the Social, rendered good service.

I remained in Ashland for four years—years as pleasant and delightful as I ever passed. Then, preferring to live in Cleveland, I was favored by the Conference with an appointment at Doylestown. Here, as in many other charges, I found an old debt hanging over the church. In company with Mr. Hoffman, I proceeded to raise this amount, and the debt was soon liquidated. It was while I was stationed at Doylestown, in the winter of 1889-90, that I made a visit to Washington, to see a son and daughter—Charles M., who was in charge of the Chicago *Tribune* Bureau—and Carrie, who was the correspondent for a syndicate of papers, a very responsible position for one so young and inexperienced. She said to me one morning, "Father, let us go and see Mr. Blaine." I declined, upon the ground that I did not want any office, and a call upon him would naturally give a wrong impression. But she insisted, saying that Mr. Blaine had frequently asked why I did not come to see him, and, to gratify her, I accompanied her. The room was full of office-seekers, and I was ashamed to find myself there; so I quickly retreated. The next morning my daughter made another appeal to me, and I mustered up courage enough to visit the State Department again. I knocked, and the door was opened by a messenger, who inquired if I was a diplomat, and what I wanted. I replied that I was not a diplomat, and my object was merely to call upon Mr. Blaine. He refused to permit me to enter, saying that none but diplomats were received that day. But Mr. Blaine had heard me give my name, and called out to know if it was Dr. Pepper, of Ohio, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, instantly begged

me to come right in. Then followed a deluge of questions: "Why have you not been to see me before? Where do you want to go?" etc. I replied that I wanted nothing, that I had simply called for the sake of past friendship, and to gratify my daughter, who had told me that Mr. Blaine had inquired kindly about me, saying that he was under obligations to me. "That is true," he replied. "Where do you want to go?" I told him that I did not come as an office-seeker, and if I had, courtesy demanded that I should first see Senator Sherman. "No! no!" he said; "I know you, the President knows you; so to which country do you prefer to go?" I was taken completely by surprise; but having always had a longing for Italy, I replied that I would like to go there. "Well," he replied, "there are two or three fine appointments open there yet. When are you going to leave the city?" "To-morrow," I answered. "Wait until next Tuesday. I am going to New York to-morrow to attend the Pan-American banquet. Come back next Tuesday, and I will have your appointment ready."

I was astonished; for I knew there had been a regiment of ex-governors and ex-representatives, wearing their sleeves off, and they could not even get a hearing from the Secretary. I returned on the day specified, and Mr. Blaine showed me the appointment list, indicating with red ink, Milan, Florence, Naples—any one of which I could have. Mr. Blaine suggested Milan as being the best, being the commercial and musical center of Italy; that the district contained the beautiful lakes of Como and Maggiore, where I could spend the summers, going back and forth every morning and evening.

I accepted the offer of Milan, thanking the Secretary most cordially. Soon afterwards the President confirmed

the nomination. It was announced in all the papers the next day, and the old politicians were startled, not expecting it, and not knowing I was a candidate, any more than I did myself when I went to Washington. My daughter was overjoyed, as she was anxious to spend a year or two in the poet's land, perfecting herself in Italian literature. But alas! in three short months before any definite arrangements had been completed for her journey, she had finished her studies on earth forever.

I left for my post of duty early in the spring of 1890, and never regretted, during my four years stay there, that I had chosen this advanced, intellectual, and progressive city for my residence abroad. Milan is a large and ancient city. It has been twice destroyed, once by Attila and once by Frederick Barbarossa. It was here that, in the fifth century, Constantine issued the decree making Christianity the religion of the Roman Empire. As early as the twelfth century it possessed a population of three hundred thousand, which has now become nearly half a million. It has always been distinguished for its manufactures in silk and jewelry. There is there at present a firm for the making of watches that has been in existence for five hundred years. The famous Bishop Ambrose had his seat in this city in the fourth century. There is an ecclesiastical incident told of him that shows his kindness of heart. It was said that Monica, the mother of Augustine, came to him in tears, weeping for her wayward son. The good Ambrose encouraged her, saying, "The child of so many tears can never perish," and Augustine became one of the brightest saints in the Church.

Milan possesses many grand palaces and the second cathedral in the world. The Duomo, as it is called, in

CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.

its gorgeous exterior, is unsurpassed; in the richness of its materials, in the profusion and beauty of its decorations, it is superior to St Peter's. It is Gothic in architecture, built of white marble, which looks, from a distance, like a mountain of snow. Its nave and double aisles are supported by fifty-two clustered columns and fifty half-columns; and on the exterior, its roof is encircled by a triple row of pinnacles or spires, each about sixty feet in height, and crowned by statues as large as life. Its walls and buttresses are crusted with a profusion of tracery. Upon the outside there are three thousand four hundred statues, which give the sacred edifice a most graceful and beautiful appearance. The pinnacles are one hundred and twenty in number. The interior contains four thousand statues, representing prophets, angels, martyrs, and saints. The cathedral is the wonder of wonders to tourists from all parts of the world. The German Emperor, when he first beheld it, exclaimed, "A mountain of gold converted into a mountain of marble." An Italian peasant being once asked his opinion of it, his quick reply was, "It is worth a whole day in July," referring to good weather in the growth of his crops. It is very ancient, having been begun in 1389 by Visconti, one of the old nobles of Italy, who made his vast wealth by piracy. He built it as an atonement for his sins. He had, in addition to his crimes upon the seas, poisoned a host of his relatives, and he supposed that by devoting his wealth to religious purposes he might cancel his crimes.

A hundred years is a long time, but here is a church six hundred years old. The inside is vast and rich, and is mixed with a variety of styles, the Greek and the Gothic predominating. This is very common among the cathe-

drals in Italy, arising, doubtless, from the tastes of the various architects who have been employed.

Milan possesses, like the other cities of Italy, many schools of science and of painting, and galleries of art, where collections of paintings by the great masters are kept, and where an annual exhibition of paintings takes place. In this city is perhaps the most famous picture in the world, the celebrated fresco painting of Leonardo da Vinci. He was a native of Milan, and the Milanese are justly proud of him. The fresco of the Last Supper is much damaged by time and the brutal treatment it received from Napoleon's soldiers, who camped in the refectory. The greater and more expressive part of the faces may be well discerned; that of the Divine Savior is such a personification of his magnetic character that it is impossible to look at it without the most profound reverence and emotion. Judas is easily recognizable, but the most expressive face among all the apostles is Thomas, as he lifts up his finger and asks, "Lord, is it I?"

Milan has always been celebrated for its patriotism. There is a fine monument recently dedicated to the memories of the dead heroes who, a few years ago, drove out the Austrians—when six hundred men and women drove out of the city sixteen thousand Austrians. The gallant and patriotic people realized that liberty was more to them than the golden vision of the poet, more than the dream of the visionary, more than the schemes of the politician or the statesman. The very women fought like heroines, and many of their names are inscribed upon this monument. The love of liberty burns brightly in the hearts of these people. It needs but the breath of independence to shine forth in all its ancient luster.

HEAD OF CHRIST, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The stately theater, La Scala, is one of the attractions of the city. It was here that Patti, Albani, Emma Abbott, received their musical training.

The Lombard Capital is finely located. Guarded upon one side by the Alps, and upon the other by the blue mountains of the Apennines, here is the great plain of Lombardy, level as a floor, covered with luxuriant fields, mulberry groves, and vineyards. It is the principal seat of manufacture, five million dollars worth of silk passing through the American consulate to New York.

The leading characteristics of the people are their push, their activity, their industry, and their enterprise. There are twelve or more daily papers,—the *Secolo*, published by Sonzogno, and *L'Italia del Popolo*, published by Dario Papa, being the leading republican newspapers in Italy. The Milanese are tall and handsome; the women of the cultivated classes are strikingly beautiful, and as they roll past daily in their gorgeous carriages, they look as if they possessed the very gold of nature. And the women of the peasant classes also have beautiful faces, sweet and Madonna-like, especially when young.

There are several fine Protestant churches, among the oldest being the Waldensian. What a throng of recollections that name calls up! The memories of the brave thousands who perished rather than surrender their dearest religious convictions, is one of the historical facts that can never be forgotten. Milton, in his noble ode, refers to these heroic confessors of the faith:

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!
> . . . Their martyred blood and ashes sow
> O'er all the' Italian fields, where still doth sway
> The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
> A hundred fold."

The Methodists are growing in Italy. Everywhere we see evidences of Methodist growth and Methodist prosperity. The Epworth League is making itself felt and appreciated; the old-fashioned Methodist revivals are in full operation. At one of their services I witnessed a touching incident. At the close of a revival sermon, a child of seven or eight years, with tearful emotion, left his father and mother in the pew, and stepping out into the aisle—the church was crowded—knelt down and said, "Preghiamo," ("Let us pray"), and uttered a simple childish prayer. The effect was thrillingly impressive, and the audience was profoundly moved. Bishop Joyce came about this time, and his sermon made a deep impression. He preached the old imperishable gospel, and he communicated to the people the pentecostal flame with which he himself was burning. One Italian Methodist said to me the next day, "I felt as if I had wings." Dr. Joyce is not, as a preacher, what one of his Irish countrymen said of another, "Like green timber in a stove, all smoke and no fire."

I observed, while there, that Italian Methodism needs several changes. Bishop J. M. Walden, when in Italy, made a thorough investigation. He is not an optimist about the progress of the Methodist Church in any European country. He is a wise and thoughtful observer, taking time to make inquiries. He carries John Wesley's sermons in his pocket, and reads them in his travels. He visits the schools, and makes notes of all that particularly attracts his attention.

One of the greatest needs of Methodism in Europe is a native bishop who can speak the modern languages. There is a commodious Methodist edifice, dedicated in Rome a few years ago, near the War Department, and

METHODIST CHURCH IN ROME.

in full view of the king's palace. It is one of the most audacious enterprises of American Methodism. It is grandly located on the road between old and new Rome. It is to be the headquarters for all the Methodist work in Italy. It will contain a college, a theological seminary, a Deaconess Home, a printing-house. The Rev. Mr. Reeder, a minister of the North Ohio Conference, a Christian gentleman well known for his missionary labors, gave to this institution the generous sum of fifteen thousand dollars. Already over one hundred thousand dollars have been raised, and it will require much more to complete the work.

One of the most gratifying results of the preaching of these Italian Methodists is the utter absence of controversial attacks upon the religion of the great mass of the Italians. One would hear more from a roving secretary before an Annual Conference in America in five minutes, about the Pope, than he would hear in Italy in ten years from Methodist preachers. While such frothy declamations may delight the groundlings, it never succeeds in reaching those who should be benefited by the gospel of Christ. These foolish talkers, when denouncing fancied dangers, are usually silent upon the great sins which threaten our Protestant Churches. When I hear these declamatory orations, I am always reminded of the young English curate who asked Bishop Horsley's advice as to how to preach without notes. The bishop advised him to memorize his sermons. "But suppose I forget," replied the curate. "Then," said the bishop, "abuse the 'Yankees,' and when your memory fails a second or third time, abuse the Irish, the Pope, and the Jews."

I remember an old Californian who was desirous of visiting the Italian Methodist church while I was in Milan.

A portion of his family went to the cathedral to hear the music, but he insisted upon going to his own Church. The minister preached a sermon of rare power, the singing was full of the old Methodist fire, and the worship was very fervent. The Californian was much interested. He did not understand a word of Italian; but the thorough earnestness of the worshipers touched his heart, and he became intensely excited. The collectors came with their boxes. The custom was for the congregation to sing when the collection was being taken up. So when the collector presented the box to him, he put both his hands into his pockets, and drew out several ten-franc pieces. The singing still continued, and he also continued drawing out the ten-franc notes, much to the collector's confusion.

The absolute need of a native bishop was forced upon my attention in a rather unpleasant manner. The present plan of American bishops visiting the foreign Conferences is expensive, faulty, and useless. A native-born bishop, speaking the language, and in thorough sympathy with the people in their political and intellectual aspirations, would be far more efficient. During my residence in Milan, I saw an illustration of this, in the case of Bishop J. H. Vincent, who was appointed by his colleagues to preside over the Italian Conference at Rome. He was advertised to preach at Milan on a certain date, and was represented as being known in two hemispheres as a scholar, an author, and a speaker of rare eloquence. The press had been notified of his engagement, and expectation was on the *qui vive* to hear this famous American explain the peculiarities of the Methodist Church, of which most of the Italians know nothing. I, too, shared in this public feeling, and was anxious to hear the gifted divine,

irrespective of the pride I felt in having a countryman, chartered and commissioned by his Episcopal brethren, placed in such a conspicuous position. Rooms had been taken at the most prominent hotel, and two presiding elders were in constant waiting for days to render honors to the distinguished visitor.

A large crowd, including many eminent Italians, was present that beautiful Sunday morning to hear the distinguished American. Unfortunately for the cause of Methodism, Bishop Vincent failed to appear. No notification that he was not coming was sent, and no explanation of his absence was received. It was afterwards learned that he was sojourning placidly at Lake Lucerne, the attractions of the place proving too great to be abandoned for so trivial a thing as this engagement to preach.

Among the Italian friends who were present were Mr. Dario Papa and his American wife, an accomplished and kind-hearted lady. Dario Papa was the editor of *L'Italia del Popolo*, the leading republican paper of Italy. He made it a tremendous power in the interests of the operatives. In a few years he won an eminence, a fame, and a name which few have succeeding in reaching. He loved Italy, and the grand outbursts of indignation against the oppressors of his native land, the fond anxiety with which he portrayed her beauty and her heroism, the sad and mournful murmurs with which he dwelt on her misfortunes and her sufferings, are a part of the history of Italy. Wherever the Italian heart shall weep or burn at the thought of his country's wrongs, the writings of Dario Papa will give new inspiration and power. He died a few years ago. His devoted wife returned to the United States, where she has enriched the *North American Review*, and other magazines, with her able articles.

Chapter IX.

INCIDENTS OF CONSULAR LIFE—DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

THERE is no department of the foreign service of the United States so misunderstood and unappreciated as the consular system. It has been criticised by every tyro, and by every tourist who fancied himself overlooked or slighted; by every member of Congress who is ambitious to win a reputation for economy with his constituents. Frequently some mugwump, suddenly seized with a fit of civil service, overhauls all our consular establishments, and substitutes literary foppery for practical sense. He harps, like another Paganini, on one string, or, like the cuckoo, sings but one refrain.

The United States consul has many trials to endure and many sacrifices to incur. Out of his slender salary he is expected to entertain lavishly and to contribute to every Church and charitable institution. If a distinguished American, an Ex-President, or general, or statesman, takes a journey around the world, as did General Grant a few years ago, and happens to visit the city where a consul is located, that consul is expected to give an elaborate and costly banquet, where the leading social aristocrats, merchants, and manufacturers are invited to meet him.

It is not necessary here to give the history of consuls—to go back to Rome, or cite the illustrious example of Napoleon, the first consul honored by the title. In the United States the system of sending consuls abroad com-

menced immediately after the Revolution, when they were appointed without salaries. In 1856 a law was passed grading consulships into seven classes. The class without a fixed salary was allowed to engage in mercantile pursuits; consuls with salaries fixed by the Department of State were to be exclusively employed in Government business. The salaries range from one thousand to four thousand dollars per year, being supplemented by what is called notarial fees. In some cities, especially in London, Paris, Milan, and Berlin, these fees increase the regular salary one-third, oftener more. If an American desires to execute a deed, make a will, sign a contract, or anything of that nature, it is called notarial, and the consul is remunerated as a lawyer for his official services.

The duties of a consul are arduous, difficult, and frequently complicated. The common idea that a consul has nothing to do is very erroneous. It is his duty to see that the treaties between his country and the one to which he is appointed are faithfully carried out; that Americans arrested or defrauded are given a fair trial. In cities where ships anchor, he is expected to watch the movements of vessels, and to assist, with funds supplied by the Government, distressed sailors. It is his duty to sign the certificates of all invoices, and to testify that the goods invoiced correspond to those manufactured. He must sign three invoices—one to be given to the shipper; one forwarded to the collector of the port of New York, Boston, San Francisco, or wherever the goods are to be delivered; one is retained in the office. Then he must make reports every three months, every six months, every year, to the State and Treasury Departments. He keeps a record of all the invoices and notarials he receives, and sends this record to the Treasury Department, which

must be sworn to before a magistrate. He may be as pure as Washington, as honest as Aristides, but his simple word is not enough. He makes similar reports to the consul-general. If there is a single error—if a *t* is not crossed, an envelope not properly sealed—the report is often returned for correction. To inexperienced consuls, who have no clerks, but do all the work themselves, this is very embarrassing. There are many other duties devolving upon the consul. He is frequently called upon by the Department for reports upon banks, roads, streets, methods of packing goods, commerce, railroads, beggars, crimes, etc. If an American dies in his district, it is his business to visit the hotel or house and get all the facts, take an account of his effects, the nature of the disease, the disposal of the body, and then send on name and date to the Department.

The consul rents his office in a conspicuous part of the city, and is solely responsible for the rent and all the office expenses, although he is allowed a sum equal to one-fifth of his salary for the rent by the Government, nothing for servants and fuel, and only a small amount for clerk hire. Unless a consul sweeps out and takes care of his own office, a servant is a necessity. In many of the consulates, where the salary is small, the consul can not afford this, and so the servant hire is put down in the expenses sent to the Government as "stationery" or "stamps."

The appointment of an American consul rests with the President, and he is allowed thirty days and a month's salary in advance. His appointment must be satisfactory to the Government to which he is assigned, else there is no exequatur given him. An exequatur is a permission to exercise the functions of his office. If the new ap-

pointee has ever said anything against the king, emperor, or queen, the fact is reported by the ambassador, a copy of the speech is forwarded, and the consul might as well remain at home; for his services will not be needed elsewhere.

The office hours in all the salaried consulates are from ten to four. The consul has few privileges. If he is absent under sixty days, the vice-consul is entitled to half the salary; and if over sixty days, he gets all of it. The qualifications for a consul by European Governments are thorough and extensive. In England, the applicant is put through a searching examination. He must be able to speak and write English and French, and have a practical knowledge of all the common branches; he must serve an apprenticeship in the London office. It is the same in France; he must commence under twenty-five, and must be a graduate of one of the numerous schools and colleges of that country. In Italy, Germany, and Belgium, similar laws prevail. Hitherto the qualifications in the United States have not been so sweeping and exacting as those of the nations mentioned. An appointment by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, has been all that was required. There is a growing demand for men whose attainments will compare favorably with the consuls of other Governments. The consul should have, if not a comprehensive knowledge of the laws which govern nations—the Jewish law, the Christian code, the Roman law—by all means a knowledge of the laws of his own land. A knowledge of the language is absolutely essential. An American appointed to a continental consulate, and attempting to transact business without even a smattering of the language, is like the Methodist preacher who became an Episcopalian and desired ordi-

nation. The bishop asked him, "Have you read any books of ours upon the Church?" "No," was the reply, "but I am going to write one." The candidate should have a conversational knowledge of all the modern languages—French, German, Spanish, and Italian.

Yet, despite all the poor salaries and lack of scientific and classical attainments, our consuls rank high. An eminent Frenchman, in an address delivered to his countrymen some time ago at Paris, said: "American consuls are shrewd, well-educated men, placed where they can do the most good, and they are required not only to look after the interests of their compatriots, but also to make themselves masters of every detail respecting the commerce of the countries in which they are placed, and to report to headquarters as to what articles can with advantage be imported to their country. Their reports are generally comprehensive and complete, and are read with avidity by merchants, manufacturers, and workmen."

The duties prescribed by the consular regulations do not embrace one-hundredth part of the unwritten things devolving upon an American consul in any of the large manufacturing cities of Europe. He is asked to arbitrate in questions requiring the finesse of a finished politician or a learned lawyer. He must possess the wisdom of a Solomon and the wealth of a Rothschild to advise wisely and aid all those who come to him for help and advice. His visitors are not all of that worthy class of citizens that makes one glad to acknowledge them as countrymen. A Swiss, a Russian, a German, a Spaniard, if he has lived a month or a day in America, as soon as he is in trouble, seeks the American consulate, and demands assistance on the score of being an American citizen. The consul may be one of the most pacific and peace-loving of men.

and yet his footsteps will be dogged in the daytime by persistent beggars who threaten to shoot themselves in his pathway if he does not give them money, and his sleeping hours be haunted by the specter Remorse because he did not give his last suit of clothes to the suave and gentlemanly youth who asked for it. The postman brings him mysterious billets-doux which, on being opened, are found to contain a challenge to mortal combat from the Spaniard to whom he refused to lend one hundred dollars the day before; and when he is not asked to take the part of principal in a duel, he may be requested to act as second to a young prince who has had a quarrel with one of his countrymen. He receives letters from American women requesting him to rent for them a Roman villa near Milan; or to buy, "for a lady in Kentucky," a donkey with a white spot on its nose; or for a gentleman in Boston a complete suit of Roman armor—breastplate, helmet, and sword. Requests of this kind are always unaccompanied with funds, and the consul is asked to make the purchases at his own expense, and the money will be refunded if the commission has been satisfactorily executed. I did this once, but never a second time. Experience is a stern teacher.

Those who attempt to obtain money from the consul under false pretenses are many. There came to me one morning a well-educated woman, of handsome presence, finely dressed, and a brilliant conversationalist. She said she had lately been married, and her husband was the United States commercial agent at one of the East Indian ports. He was taking his vacation, had been taken ill at the hotel, and, as the illness had greatly increased their expenses, she would like me to cash a draft for her, as it would take so long before they could get the money

from home. I was obliged to refuse. The woman begged and pleaded with tears, but it was no use. She then went to a bank in the city, and succeeded in getting the money. A few weeks later, the bank officials were anxiously inquiring at the office if anything was known of the party. They had sent the draft on to Washington for collection, and found that the man was an all-around rascal, and had long ago overdrawn his bank account. He had been the United States agent at B——y; but wine, women, and cards had proved his ruin. The woman with him was not his wife. The bank was out just five hundred dollars.

For several successive days a genial gentleman dropped into the office, and highly entertained the vice-consul and myself with thrilling accounts of his travels. At the end of a few days he desired just a small loan, one hundred dollars, as he was suffering a little financial embarrassment, and it would be some time before he could get his money from home. The loan was refused, and as the gentleman took his departure he murmured words the opposite of a religious character, and the atmosphere about him was deeply tinged with a cerulean hue. Before coming to Milan he had spent some time at Monte Carlo, which probably accounted for his financial difficulty.

One evening, about nine o'clock, two distracted young women appeared at the consulate. The sights of the city had proved too seductive, they had lingered longer than they had intended, their money was all gone, and the landlord had set their trunk in the hall. They had a ticket to Paris; but that was a two days' journey—no money, cruel landlord, tears—would the consul lend them ——? The consul did, and a week later received a post-office order from Paris for the amount loaned.

My faith in human nature went up a point. Then came a suave gentleman, who owned vast pine-forests in Maine. His greeting was effusive. "Ah, my dear sir, I am so happy to meet you! I am a great traveler, and the first thing I always do when I arrive in a city is to hunt up the consul. I know that a Government official can not receive presents; but your wife is not under restrictions of that kind, and I want to make her a present of a fine broche shawl. O, you must not say no. I have a number of beautiful things I am bringing home from India, and I will feel really offended if you do not let me give your wife a shawl. My things are not here, but they will be in a few days, when I will bring it around. And, by the way, can you not dine with me at my hotel to-night—you and your excellent vice-consul?" I declined; but the vice-consul nibbled at the bait, and a week later was presented by the hotel proprietor with a bill for board for the gentleman from Maine, who was traveling around the country with broche shawls to give away as presents. He had slipped away in the night-time, leaving nothing behind but a trunk full of patent medicine, doubtless oil from the pine-forests of Maine. The vice-consul was obliged to settle the bill, as his acceptance of the dinner invitation and publicly appearing in the man's company made him responsible for his debts. Such is the law in Italy.

An Italian sent in a request for an American wife, saying that the American girls made better housekeepers than the Italian girls. In cases of this kind a consul will do well to steer clear of the filmy meshes of the little god of love, or he may find a tearful American girl, after a brief honeymoon, seeking to be sent back to her friends.

"Yes, I am the King of Strength, and I have called

upon you to see if you will aid me in recovering twenty-five dollars, of which the manager of the theater ——— has robbed me. You see, he paid me in paper money, and I will have to have it changed into gold before I leave the country, and will thereby lose twenty-five dollars."

The King of Strength could scarcely get through the door, being about as broad as he was long. "I want you to recommend me to a good smart lawyer, who can take up the case and carry it through for me."

"Have you any signed contract to the effect that you were to be paid in gold?" I asked.

"There is a contract, but it is not stated in what medium the money is to be paid."

"Then I am afraid the smartest lawyer in the country could not help you. Nothing goes here that is not down in black and white."

"Well, I have learned a lesson then, and I will know in future how to arrange a contract with a foreign theatrical manager. Won't you come over to the theater to-night? I can show you some feats of strength that will certainly amaze you. I can bend a bar of iron double, and straighten it out again. There is a complimentary ticket; bring your family and come around."

One morning a woman presented herself at the office who was evidently not in her right mind. She told a rambling story about a visit to Genoa. She had met on the steamer, coming over, an Italian family, with whom she engaged to board for a while. But after arriving at the house, she found there was only one sleeping-room for the whole family and herself; so she decided to go to a hotel. It was late at night, and every hotel refused to take her, because she was alone, and she was obliged to go to the depot and stay there all night. This part

of her story was afterward corroborated. She desired the consul to send a telegram for her to her brother in New York. She said that her brother was dead, but he would get the telegram anyway. She then dictated a wild and incoherent message that would have taken a month's salary to send, but I did not send it. A servant was sent with her to a quiet boarding-place, and nothing more was heard of her for several days. Then she came in one morning, saying she had received an answer from her brother, and she desired to pay for the telegram—that was quietly resting in my waste-basket. I said it did n't matter about the money, and for her not to worry about it. But she insisted, and as she was becoming nervous and hysterical, I said I guessed a franc would cover the amount. She paid me this sum, and I surprised the next beggar I met by dropping it into his hand. This woman traveled all over France and Italy, and why her relations or friends permitted it will always remain a mystery. Five minutes' conversation with her would reveal to the most obtuse that she was mentally unbalanced.

These are a few of the different varieties of callers at a consular office. There are some who, when their demands for money are refused, threaten dire things to the consul. They will write at once to the Department at Washington, and have him removed; or they will write to the American papers, and have him exposed; or they will publish his misdeeds to the ends of the earth. The misdeeds are supposed to be the misappropriation of munificent funds confided by the Government to his keeping for the benefit of his impecunious countrymen abroad.

Italians often come to him for assistance in recovering lost relatives,—lost either in America or elsewhere.

One little dark-eyed woman sought my office, and begged me to see if the United States would not indemnify her for the loss of her husband. He had sailed for America or Australia—she did not know which—and as he had never returned, she thought the United States ought to make good his loss. Another Italian woman had been told that the United States Government would settle her claim of one hundred and fifty dollars against a missing boarder—the son of a Philadelphia clergyman. Why Philadelphia, and why clergyman, I can not say; but the majority of missing boarders, leaving unpaid bills behind them, are represented as sons of Philadelphia clergymen.

A man from Cincinnati posted a notice in one of the principal hotels in Milan to the effect that a certain barber in that city had died, and left a fortune of a million dollars. Immediately my office was besieged by an army of relatives, all anxious to establish their relationship, and secure a slice of the fortune. Communication was opened with the authorities at Cincinnati, when it was learned that the barber had died and left several children for the city to support!

I wish to say here, though it has no relation to what has preceded, that I never found more faithful and devoted servants than in Italy. When we decided to return to America, we immediately told the servants, in order that they might have an opportunity to find situations elsewhere. One maid, Ernesta, was successful in finding a place at once, and she was to go to it as soon as we left. But the days and weeks passed, and still we were detained. Her new employer became impatient, and told her she must come at once, or she could not have the situation. Ernesta then told us that if we were sure that we would remain a month longer, she would give up the

DRIVE BETWEEN MILAN AND MONZA.

situation and remain with us. But we did not know. As the Government was delaying the appointment of a new consul, it might be a month, and it might be only a week. We advised her to go at once to the new situation, much as we would miss her, and with tears she left us. A week later, at her usual hour, ten o'clock, she walked in, and resumed her duties. On questioning her, she told us she had worked faithfully for her new padrona a week, and then had gone to her and said, "Well, are you satisfied with me?" "Yes." "And with my work?" "Yes, entirely satisfied." "Then let me go back to my padrone Americane, and stay until they go to America, and then I will come and stay with you as long as you want me to." The Italian woman hesitated; she did not like to lose the new servant that gave such satisfaction. "You had better let me go," said Ernesta, shrewdly, "and then I will come back to you; if you do not, I will go any way, and I will not come back at all." So she came and staid with us until our departure, some three or four months later, when she still found the other situation open to her. Only an Italian peasant woman, and yet the last we saw of her little, old, wrinkled face, the tears were streaming down it as she left the depot as our train was speeding away from Milan.

There is one class of United States officials who have never been appreciated according to their deserts; I mean the vice-consul. These unknown and unrewarded men have rendered valuable services to their countrymen. They speak all the modern languages of Europe, and have a practical knowledge of the commercial and other affairs which interest the countries they represent. Mr. Blaine said to me, when I received my appointment to Milan, "You will find there a tried, true, and faithful vice-consul

in Mr. Anthony Richman." I found Mr. Blaine's words true, and many an American can also testify to the same; for they have received from him helpful words and wise counsel. Milan is the great musical city of the world. The very air is charged with music, and hither come annually hundreds of inexperienced American girls. These girls always found in Anthony Richman a true friend and benefactor when they needed help and comfort. It was said of him that he "would walk his feet off for an American," and I found this to be almost literally true. Somewhere in one of our Western cities lives a clergyman. He was spending his honeymoon in Italy, when his beautiful bride was seized with a fatal illness. He could not understand a word of the language, and the hotel people were seized with a panic. The bride died, and could not be buried without a permit from the Government at Rome. In his trouble and despair, the clergyman came to the consulate, and flung himself upon the floor. Mr. Richman procured the necessary papers, and the wife of three months was buried in the beautiful cemetery at Milan. I know not if the memory of that clergyman sometimes travels back to Italy, and visits a lonely grave; but I do know that as long as Anthony Richman lived, he and his wife went annually and placed a bouquet of flowers on the grave of the young American buried so far from home and friends.

He died at the close of my term, and it became my melancholy privilege to deliver his funeral oration. As I recounted the lovable traits of his character—his honesty; his charity, a hand open as the day to the appeal of the suffering; his integrity, a more honorable man never held position under our Government; his patriotism,—the audience responded in the Italian fashion, "Bravo!

bravo!' He stood by me in the two darkest hours of my life, and his memory will be forever dear to me.

He had been in the office at Milan nearly twenty years, and was thoroughly conversant with all the details connected with the consular business, and his place was hard to supply.

American consuls in the faithful discharge of their duties often incur great risks to their positions, and occasionally to their lives. If their reports criticise the action of the exporters and manufacturers, complaint is made to the Government, and their removal is demanded. Again, if their reports refer adversely to the teachers and professors of music, painting, or sculpture, they take their chances of being stabbed or shot down in the streets. There have been several cases where consuls, after their removal from office, have been sued for damages, because of their honest reports to the Department. I had seen, during my residence in Milan, so many American girls deceived and driven to the verge of despair by the high expectations which they were led to entertain of immediate success in music, that I felt it my duty to write a statement to the authorities at Washington, telling the facts as to the expense of board, tuition, and of certain Italian customs of which American girls, and of course their parents, know nothing. The report was deemed of such importance that the State Department gave it immediately to the press. It was widely circulated in the United States, and copied into all the leading papers of Europe. Labouchere, the brilliant and caustic editor of *Truth*, reported it. I will append a synopsis of it here: "Rev. G. W. Pepper, United States consul at Milan, has made an interesting report upon the difficulties encountered by American musical students. He says: 'The great majority

of young students who come to finish off their musical education return to their homes disgusted. The selection of a teacher is one of the most difficult problems which confront the new arrival. Now that the two famous teachers, San Giovanni and Lamperti, are dead, there are about one hundred and fifty others, more or less cultivated. Young women who are wrongly allowed to come alone to this country are met by another difficulty—a social etiquette which forbids them taking a lesson unless a third party is present, and which condemns their appearing alone in public. This custom is gradually giving way to more advanced and liberal ideas, but the violation of it has recently placed several American women in most annoying positions.

" 'The price of lessons is, on an average, twenty dollars a month, the rent of a piano fifty cents per month, board $30, lessons in the Italian language forty cents per hour.

" 'But however well equipped and however strong the energy of the young people, they are not prepared for the difficulties which await them. After the year or two regarded as sufficient to prepare them for their profession, they soon find that without a year's more study the time and money spent are utterly lost. At this point a few, being refused further help from home, or realizing that their talents do not justify them in making any further effort, abandon the profession, and return to their homes. In three years, however, out of a hundred who have come to Milan to have their voices tested, only one, to my knowledge, received an honest verdict from the master to the effect that her voice did not justify her in commencing lessons. Unfortunately the majority of them are led to believe that they are destined to a brilliant and suc-

cessful career. They remain from month to month, from year to year, continuing their lessons and waiting for engagements. There is not so much villainy and falseness on the part of the impresarios and agents as we are led to believe by disappointed singers. But many of them are deceitful in their dealings.

" 'There have been three cases brought to my attention where the cupidity of the master in wishing to keep his pupils for a long time, in order to receive their money, caused the unsettling of their reason.

" 'Wrong ideas with regard to the cheapness of living in Italy is also another reason for their failure. No one can live here for less than sixty dollars per month, including lessons, and yet the majority come with an income much less. Many hope to enter the Royal Conservatory, where tuition is very low; but very few are the Americans who succeed in doing so, as the conditions for entering are very severe. No one over twenty years of age is accepted, and she must have a thorough knowledge of Italian. Out of a hundred American singers now residing in Milan, not one has succeeded in entering this year. The majority of the American students are from New York, Ohio, and California. The quality of their voices in purity and range is said to surpass those of other nations; but the fact is apparent that not more than five per cent of them attain great success on the stage.' "

It would be impossible to describe the consternation that followed the republication of this report in the Milanese and Italian papers. The teachers, agents, and publishers of music-books, the hotel and boarding-house keepers, all people dependent on travelers for sustenance, at once joined in a shout of execration; the report of the consul was a conspiracy against the good character of

Milan! It looked alarmingly threatening for me, and I was warned to be prepared for some sudden attack upon myself or the consulate. However, the Milanese newspapers came to my help. The *Secolo*, the most widely-read paper in Italy, said, "The consul may have exaggerated, but it is unfortunately too true what he has said." The *Corriere della Sera*, in a vigorous editorial said: "The consul has not told half the facts; there ought to be a public institution for the relief of American students." The *Italia del Popolo*, "The consul has only told the brutal truth." A few days afterwards, Professor Fontana, in a lecture before a literary audience, read the report and indorsed it most heartily, asking, "Where is the Italian consul who would have the courage of this American consul to look after and defend his poor country-women?" Copies of the papers containing notices of and comments on the report were sent to the Department of State and filed.

While in Milan it was often my privilege to meet men and women famous in the different arts and professions. It was thus that I met Miss Ada Rehan, the foremost actress in America to-day. She had just finished her London engagements, and had come to Italy for a rest. She has the witchery and winning truthfulness of Helen Fawcett; her voice is rich, strong, and musical. I conversed with her there, and afterwards in Cleveland, and in answer to my questions in regard to voices and elocution, she did not hesitate to give her opinion. Speaking of Beecher, she said he was the "most perfect elocutionist she ever heard in the pulpit; that there was not his equal in his day; he was master of the art of oratory. Tennyson's voice was so magnificent that to hear him

read some of his own matchless poems was like listening to Forrest and Macready read the masterpieces of Shakespeare; there was so much beauty in the ever-varying expressions that his reading was like a memory that never could be forgotten." She then referred to the pope's marvelous voice. It was "so sweet, so full, so pure, so sincere; its lowest tones could be distinctly heard, but when he raised his voice thousands had no trouble in hearing him." Gladstone's voice had a "soft and brilliant power, which thrilled on the ear delightfully, endowed with that rotundity and full body of melody that gave such distinct and mellow grandeur to the voices of Chatham, Chalmers, and Grattan." Miss Rehan was accompanied by her manager, Mr. Augustin Daly, the successsful and popular playwright of the United States, who is entitled to the thanks ot the patrons of the drama for his efforts to refine and elevate the stage.

When Lord Dufferin was the British Ambassador to Italy, I had the pleasure of meeting him. He received me promptly, saying, "I am always glad to see an American." He gave me many reminiscences of his sojourns in India, Constantinople, Canada, and Rome. In all of these countries he represented the English Government. Lord Dufferin impressed me as a man of most magnificent genius in all departments of diplomacy and of literature. He was moved when I told him that the simple ballad of his illustrious mother, "I am bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true," was read and treasured in the backwoods of America. Lord Dufferin, with the blood of the Sheridans in his veins, has upheld in the world's proudest capitals the character of his ancestors for ability and power. He has, within the last few years, become in-

timately related to our country by the marriage of his son to one of America's beautiful heiresses—Miss Davis, of New York.

I have celebrated our glorious Independence-day under many varied circumstances; but perhaps the most agreeable was the one I spent upon Lake Como, the guest of Dr. Terry, an American, who had lived twenty years in Italy, and who never failed to commemorate, in the most approved fashion, all of the national holidays of his native land. The scenery on both sides of the historic lake was delightful; the thick foliage of the trees appeared to expand its wings upon the perfumed Italian air, and the lovely tints were bestowed by a bounteous Providence; the waters were a deep rich blue, and the sky was covered with clouds of purest whiteness, that appeared like large swans that had fallen asleep, and in their dreams were floating above us. The Stars and Stripes were floating over the waters, and under a flowering mulberry-tree the dinner was eaten, the speeches were made, and the toasts drank.

The memories of the day filled the heart with joy and thanksgiving. I thought of the friends far away, of the living and the dead. The bloom of youth has passed away since first I celebrated this glorious day; but let me indulge the hope that even though many misfortunes may come to the land I love, I have still a legacy to leave, rich in its hope, sacred in its duties, and grand in its Constitution—love for the land of Washington and Lincoln.

THE KING OF ITALY.

THE first time I saw the King of Italy was when visiting Monza, one of his summer resorts, in company with

THE ROYAL VILLA AT MILAN.

my daughter. It was at the time of his visit there; for he usually spends the most of his summers in this historic and charming spot. At the palace gate I saw a strikingly handsome man on horseback. I asked if the palace was open to visitors that day, and if so, could we enter? I thought, perhaps, I was addressing one of the king's officers, dressed in citizen's clothes. He responded, "Certainly; everything is free, perfectly free." It began to dawn upon my mind that he bore a resemblance to Humbert, and that, after all, this might be the king. And, sure enough, it was the Italian sovereign upon whom I was gazing with my republican eyes. I ventured to ask if His Majesty was there and could be seen. The words came calmly from his lips, "O yes; I am the king." It seemed impossible. There were no immense crowds, no liveried servants, no soldiers with their glittering sabers. I told him we were from America, where Italy had hosts of admirers, and where there were many of his subjects, now American citizens, and that they were industrious, frugal, and in a few years acquired a competency. "O yes; America is a grand country; you are a great people, that have shown yourselves worthy of political rights. You are intelligent, patriotic, and moral. You have thrown the gates wide open, and the world beholds your Republic as a self-governed Nation by a Congress which is free, full, and fair representatives of the people's wishes." Reference was made to Lincoln, and the moving interest taken by the Italians in his assassination. Cavour's dying words were remembered. When the report reached the ears of the expiring statesman, he faintly gasped out these words, "O, these Americans; they were my ideals, and now they have murdered their benefactor!"

"Yes," said the king, "grande uomo, grande uomo"—a great man, a great man—"such as no other country in the world can show." The king, again referring to the United States, called it "the land of exhaustless wealth and prosperity, and that such a land, possessing the immortal names of Washington and Lincoln and Grant, had the purest and grandest destiny ever vouchsafed to mankind."

The personal appearance of Humbert is very attractive. He was in his fiftieth year when I met him. His tower-like forehead is furrowed with many cares and anxieties, making him look much older than he really is. His step, however, is elastic, and his voice sounds clear and round as a bell. He is not tall, but of medium height, with a broad chest and a robust, healthy frame. He possesses the eye of a hawk, and every lineament of his countenance shows calm determination. There is one of his eyes which has a peculiar eccentricity. It never moves, but seems immovably fixed. It was caused by the fright which Passanante gave him when he attempted his assassination. He is a splendid horseman, and as a rider has no equal. He keeps three hundred horses in his stables at Rome. He is a soldier, having received his first baptism of blood in the Crimean War. Many anecdotes are told of him by the Italians. It is said that he was traveling somewhere in Italy, where he was unknown as he supposed. He bought some oranges from a peddler, who charged him an enormous price. "Why," said Humbert, "oranges must be scarce in this part of Italy." "No," said the peddler, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "but kings are scarce, your Majesty."

The Italians tell with pride of the liberality of their

king in sending five thousand francs to the Waldenses when they commemorated their three-hundredth anniversary. This was a brave act, when it is remembered that the House of Savoy have reddened the valleys with their blood.

His welcome to the Evangelical Alliance showed that his religious belief knew no shore. When the queen tried to dissuade him from going to the cholera-stricken city of Naples, where hundreds died of the scourge, he answered, "My life is my people's; my place is by their side, especially in times of danger." Again he testified his devotion to democracy when he proudly declared, in a speech of great power: "As long as my country can be served by my remaining its king, I remain on the throne; but the moment when it will be better without me, I retire to private life." These are grand words and grandly spoken; but it is nobler to be chief of a Republic, elected by the ballots of a free people. Purple and tiara fade in the luster of that simple dignity. The man who wears it need not envy czar nor king. He has a nobler mission than any ruler of mankind on earth. It is true that he does not sit in a chair of gold and crimson cloth; but he is enthroned in the hearts of millions.

I saw the Queen of Italy some fifteen years ago, as she rode amid the thrilling acclamations of enthusiastic thousands along the banks of that glorious river where the noble Brutus struck Cæsar down. I thought, then, that she was the most beautiful sovereign in Europe. She is fairly tall, her profile well proportioned, her hair a chestnut brown, and her eyes a resplendent blue. She is not only the most beautiful Queen, but she is the best educated. She converses in all the modern languages; is well

read in Shakespeare, in Ruskin, and in Schiller. But her loving devotion to the King is the brightest jewel in her crown. She thinks more of that symbol ring, by which her royal husband endowed her with his love and made her sacred, than all her royal dignities.

Chapter X.

DOMESTIC SORROWS—A PERSONAL CHAPTER.

ALTHOUGH death had, at times, hovered near me and mine, yet for more than thirty years it had spared us. The last one dear to me to pass away into her eternal rest had been my mother, in my young boyhood. But I had not been a month in my new position in the Italian consulate, whither I went first to pave the way for other members of my family to join me, when the news was flashed over that my youngest born was dead. Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky the blow struck and felled me to the earth.

It would best comport with the wishes of my dear Carrie to let her passage to the tomb be mourned by silent tears and regrets. I had seen her happy school-days expand into the noble fullness of a graceful young woman—quick, genial, and accomplished by intercourse with the good and pure, looked upon by all who knew her with admiration. Her conversation charmed the intellect by its freshness and wisdom. What a pity that a nature so rich, and which, like some rare perfume, exhaled itself with such lavish generosity, should exhaust itself so soon! Even now, years after she has left us, my lips tremble as I speak her name, and my heart sinks within me as I weave this garland for her memory. When mature age wraps around itself the mantle of mortality, we look with the same sensation as we behold a sunset succeeding the hours of closing day; the grain is fully ripe, and we wonder not that reapers begin their task. But when death

snaps the golden thread of life's young morning, we bow our heads, and our souls are torn with anguish. Bright was the dawn of my dear girl's life, and brilliant the opening promise; but it may be just as well. The Power that clothed it with celestial light decreed that it should have its noonday in the skies. Better that the clouds of evening should not succeed so beautiful a morning.

The summer bloom is coming, but the flowers will not bud and blossom for her. The golden fields of autumn will come too, but the golden fruit will not ripen for her. The dews of spring will come and go, but she never again will make joy and gladness in our home. Though young in years, she had forged her way to the foremost ranks in her profession, and was regarded with the highest esteem by those with whom her work brought her in contact, and those who read her brilliant letters. The President, senators, and distinguished journalists sent sincerest condolences, and Wallace Bruce, the poet, wrote, "I read it with dimmed eyes." Sympathy is sweet to those who mourn; but only One can bring peace to the wounded heart. We, too, can sing the noble dirge of Marmion:

> "Now is the lovely column broke,
> The beacon's light is quenched in smóke;
> The trumpet's silver sound is still,
> The warder silent on the hill."

My second daughter joned me in Italy, and we traveled for a few months, and sought by constant motion to stifle the pain that was gnawing at our hearts. But each new scene, each beautiful object, reminded us the more of our sorrow; for we thought continually how Carrie would have admired it all—how she would have loved to wander through the art galleries, to peer into the old

books in the libraries, to sail about upon the beautiful waters, to see all the quaint and curious things we were seeing! We returned to America in the fall of 1890, and a few weeks later I again departed for Italy, accompanied by my wife and oldest daughter. But death, which had spared us so long, again, ere another year had passed, paused at our hearthstone long enough to waft away, with his cruel breath, another one from out the circle. When first she came to dwell at my fireside, she was in the first flush of her youthful beauty. I had seen her expand and grow from timid bud to the blooming flower. I had seen her when the first joy of motherhood glorified her countenance. For nearly forty years we had walked together, and when she left me all seemed blank and the world a void. One brief month of illness and pain, and then she joined our youngest born in the skies. Almost her last words were: "I see Carrie! I will soon be with her."

It was during this time of trouble that we learned to know the value of true, disinterested friendship. Mrs. Dario Papa, an American girl who had married an Italian editor, with unselfish devotion and the tenderest affection, was with us during all the sad hours, giving material aid and cheerful encouragement to the well and tenderest sympathy to the sick.

The funeral services in Milan were conducted with the utmost simplicity. The Americans visiting the city were present. The singing was led by a Presbyterian gentleman from Ohio, and the hymns were strikingly appropriate—"Nearer, my God, to thee," "Rock of Ages," and "God be with you till we meet again," having been favorites of my wife. The sermon was delivered by Professor Braccioforti, author of the standard Italian dic-

tionary, from the text, "In my Father's house are many mansions." The discourse was a picture of the blessedness of the saints, and the language was beautiful. The sermon was comforting and inspiring.

After repeated efforts, permission was granted by the Italian Government, the German, the Swiss, and the Belgian, to take the beloved dead through their territories. We were met in New York by two sons, and the melancholy journey was resumed.

Dr. Dimmick delivered a touching and appropriate address in Cleveland. He was assisted by an old clergyman, Rev. Oliver Burgess, who had kind words to say, and who referred to a similar service in the same house for the dear daughter.

In one month from the time she had died in Italy we placed the mortal remains of my dear wife to rest in Lakeview Cemetery, by the side of the daughter who had preceded her by only a year and two months.

After a four years' stay in Europe with my two remaining daughters, I arrived in the United States, January 1, 1894, and proceeded immediately to Cleveland. I again took up my work in the ministry, and have served within the last four years the Woodland Hills Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Scovill Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, of this city, and the Brecksville Methodist Episcopal Church, which I was obliged to give up on account of continued ill-health.

My first serious sickness occurred in September, 1897, after returning from Nashville, Tennessee, where I delivered one of the Centennial addresses. Dr. Durstine, a kind and able physician of the Old School, being summoned, helped me; but thinking I would be benefited by the electrical baths of a sanitarium, and the constant medi-

cal attendance one can receive there, he advised me to go to the sanitarium at Dansville, N. Y. I was there only one week, when the senior physician, Dr. Jackson, kindly but frankly told me my heart was seriously affected, and that I should return home as soon as possible—the treatment of the sanitarium would not benefit my case any. Dr. Durstine had been able to do more for me at home, as had also Dr. Sawyer, a skillful and successful physician. I returned home immediately, accompanied by my daughter, who had come in answer to a telegram. The family in the meantime had resolved to try the New School, and Dr. H. F. Biggar, being one of the most eminent in his profession in the city, was asked to visit me. He made an examination, but only said, "The heart is weak, but it can be strengthened."

In a few weeks I was out on the streets; but an indiscreet compliance with lecture committees in the East threw me back into a worse condition, and it was at this point in my illness that Dr. Biggar advised me to try the waters of Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania. I followed this counsel, and spent several weeks there at the Riverside Hotel. I found it a delightful place, and the mineral waters were very healthful and beneficial. It was here that I first met the genial Colonel William Edwards, of Cleveland, a great sportsman, and a patriotic and kind-hearted gentleman. He and his amiable wife were the charm of all the social gatherings there. His subsequent death was a great loss to this community, of which he was an honored citizen.

DR. H. F. BIGGAR.

I like not the indifference that fails to recognize and acknowledge the benefits received from the unceasing de-

votion and accomplished skill of a faithful and conscientious physician. I shall always remember with delight the good offices of Dr. Biggar. I have come to think of him as the modern prototype of the beloved Physician described by the evangelist. Many have been the delightful hours of intellectual companionship passed in his society, when the storehouses of art and literature, and the traveled experiences of a cultured observer, have been unreservedly opened up. In such companionship the recollections of a sick-room cease to be a chronicle of pain and distress. They become a bright leaf in the dark pages of sorrow.

Dr. Biggar is of Scottish origin, his ancestors having been inhabitants of Biggar, a quaint old Scotch town. Nature has been no niggard to him. He possesses a stalwart frame, clear broad temples, a massive head, and an athletic figure. His manners are benevolent, reserved, and dignified. As a surgeon he brings all the industry and all the resources of a well-trained and vigorous intellect to the discharge of his duties. In his operations he is eminently successful. While stern as a bit of Mount Sinai in the actual treatment, he is kind as a woman in his methods. The old lines must be familiar to him:

> "Use men kindly, they rebel;
> But be rough as nutmeg-grater,
> And the rogues obey you well."

Although born under the Queen of England's flag, he is an American in its broadest and grandest signification. It is the beauty of republican character, as of republican institutions, to be harmonious, well-balanced, simple, just. He has traveled extensively, and has mingled with the most eminent of his profession and of all professions. The luxury of the great

European capitals seems to have only confirmed the republican simplicity of his habits and manners. They are severe, almost to asceticism. Either from principle or the natural inclination of his character, he is a total abstainer. The doctor is a pleasant speaker. Recently I read one of his addresses before a Medical Association. It was a tender and beautiful speech, a poetic prose gem. Signal must be his abilities to have gathered around him such a constellation of honors in his profession. A really great man, without pomposity, upright and just. I remember to have seen, in a conspicuous place in Florence, an elevated column surmounted by a figure of Justice with the scales. I also remember a citizen passing by it, and, seeing a stranger gazing at it, remarked to him that "Justice was so high in Florence that no man could reach it." Dr. Biggar is not only just, but he is generous, and the poor man never appeals to him in vain. He owes much of his brilliant success, not only to his knowledge, but to his sympathies. Dr. Alexander discusses the question whether sympathy and science can have anything in common; whether the advance of science must necessarily be the destruction of poetry, and that the tender expression on the face of medical science is sympathy. Medical science can point year after year to books, not only bulkier, but better; to instruments infinitely more subtle and delicate; to operations which a quarter of a century ago would have seemed incredible; to hospitals improved beyond conception; to fruits such as Bacon, the Isaiah of science, never saw in his most inspired moments. But the ideal physician gains his accumulated stores of knowledge by the beauty and tenderness of sympathy. The best portion of that knowledge was never gained by the hope of golden fees. It was won by sym-

pathy with suffering, and the sympathy was created by the mind of Christ.

To these personal chapters I append others in connection with the incidents of my life, lectures, and addresses, prominent personages whom I have known, and some leading events in national history.

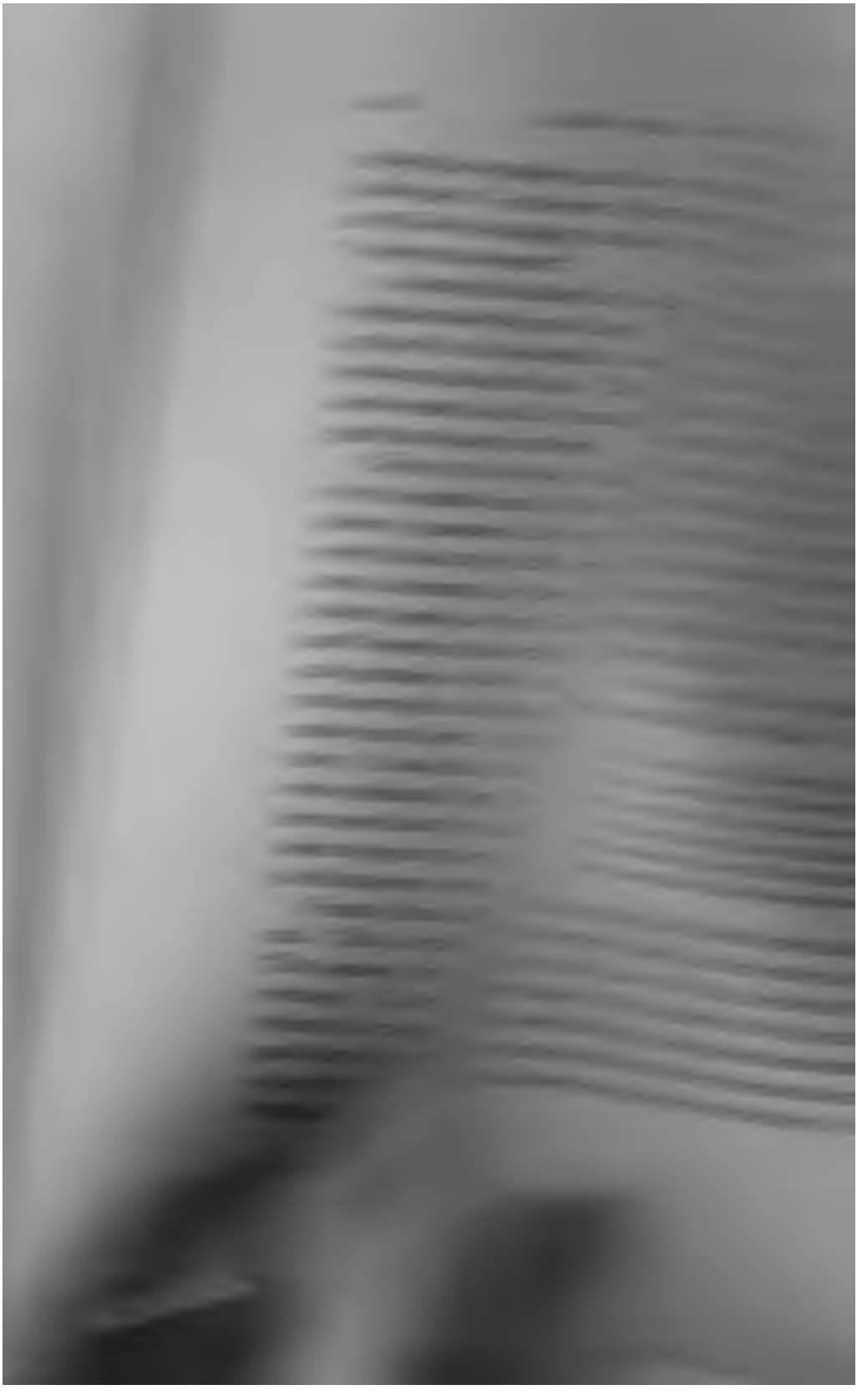
I have five children living; one, dearest Carrie—to whom I have already referred—passed to a better world a few years ago—a most gifted girl. George Wesley, my oldest son, has been in the railway mail service for twenty years, and is now the superintendent of the Ninth Division of the Railway Mail Service, extending from New York to Chicago. He has retained this position through all changes of administration. Samuel Arthur, my second son, has lived in Montana for years, and has been by turns a mine-owner and rancher. He is now in the Klondike. Charles Meagher, my third son, is a newspaper man. During the recent Spanish-American War he represented leading New York, Chicago, and Washington papers, in Cuba. My daughters, Lena Lindsay and Mary Sifton, have been devoted to literary pursuits. They have traveled extensively, and speak the German, the French, and Italian languages. Lena has for several years written descriptive letters for the press, and is now the writer of the foreign article for a leading Chicago newspaper, and has in preparation a novel on Italian life. Mary has principally been engaged in the work of translating; was one of the original translators of the "Jesuit Relations," a colossal work, published in sixty volumes.

Chapter XI.

TRAVELS IN THE ORIENT—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOLY LAND.

FOR many years I had contemplated a visit to the Orient, and, in fulfillment of this design, I sailed from Brindisi in December, 1893, for Cairo. A Mediterranean steamer at this season is the rendezvous of all nationalities—some traveling for pleasure, and some for profit; some on wedding tours, and some in the grief of widowhood; some bounding along upon the road of life in all the freshness and hopefulness of youth, and some walking with slower footsteps toward the brink of eternity! The sedate Englishman, the lively Italian, the pushing American, the witty Frenchman,—all are represented upon these steamers. Lady Beresford, wife of the famous English-Irish general who bombarded Alexandria, was one of our passengers, a woman of great beauty and conversational power. I thought she was an American, and told her so. "No, sir, I am Irish; and that is the next best thing to being an American."

The captain gave his solemn word that the Mediterranean would be gentle and kind; but how soon all our pleasant prospects were dispelled! The second day this fascinating, lovely, historic sea became very rude, smashing everything on the dining-table. Out of seventy passengers, I think only four were able to appear in the dining-room the second day. I had had an old notion that I would hail a sail upon the Mediterranean with transports of enthusiasm; that I would look with rapture on its ever-



brated annually. Everywhere are veiled women, and it is here that is seen the first evidence of woman's awful degradation. What can be expected from a system that teaches, as Mohammed does in the Koran, "Woman was made out of the crooked rib of Adam, which would break if you tried to bend it; and if left alone, it would always remain crooked." And again he says, "I stood at the gate of paradise. Most of the inhabitants were the poor. And I stood at the gate of hell, and lo! most of its inhabitants were women!" Everywhere, in Mohammedan lands, the eye is pained by the degraded state of woman. She is only valued by the husband for her sex. At Constantinople, as I looked at the sultan going to the mosque alone in his carriage, I shocked a devout Mussulman by asking him, "Where is the sultan's wife, and why does she not accompany him to his devotions?" A look of indignation was my answer, and I thought I could hear the words, "Christian dog!"

Cairo is a city at once Oriental and modern. It is large, covering almost four square miles, and the houses in the new quarters are elegant and expensive. The common observation is frequently quoted:

> "He who hath not seen Cairo,
> Hath not seen the world."

It is full of picturesque sights, the beauty and variety of which must be seen to be appreciated. Here the majestic Nile, with its wealth of profane and Biblical associations, stretches in grandeur for hundreds of miles. The air is so fresh—even in December—so sweet, so divinely agreeable, as to produce an indescribable effect upon the feelings. The most interesting view is from the citadel; a magnificent panorama is unfolded. To the east we see

Heliopolis, where Joseph obtained his wife, and Moses was trained, and Abraham sojourned, and near it the tombs of the Mamelukes; to the south, the ancient quarries of Mokatten; and in the north, the green fields of the Delta.

From Cairo to the Pyramids is nine miles, through the richest and most fertile soil of Egypt. We pass over the rich plain of Goshen, the country which Joseph gave to his father. Everywhere are to be seen the graces and grandeurs of nature—thrilling memories of Cleopatra's going forth in all her splendor to her unhappy marriage; of Cambyses, the Persian tyrant, who slew the last of the Pharaohs; of Alexander the Great, rescuing the land from the Persians; of Roman legions, Carthaginian phalanxes. It was upon these sacred plains that the triumphant song was sung: "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea."

It was this sublime victory that inspired the muse of Moore to write his splendid poem:

> "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea—
> Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!
> Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
> His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave.
> How vain was their boast! The Lord hath but spoken,
> And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave."

Yonder, in the purple distance, stands, in unique grandeur, the great Pyramid, unchangeable in a world of change. It was built by Cheops, the third king of the fourth dynasty. Higher than St. Peter's, grander than the Parthenon, the king employed one hundred thousand men in making the road from the quarries, and four hundred thousand men twenty years in building it. It calls

AN ORIENTAL WOMAN.

up emotions of wonder and awe. All other pyramids are dwarfed in its colossal presence. I saw all of them clearly and distinctly; no mist or cloud overwreathed their lofty summits, bathed in sunshine and suffused with light. My expectations were more than realized. It was not so much the lofty height nor the enormous sides of the great Pyramid, as the exquisite symmetry which fascinated and absorbed my mind and heart. Now we see the ancient gray of the rock, and then spots flecked with green. All visitors are expected to climb up to the top or creep into the interior. I looked at the Pyramid with strange feelings of uncertainty; and the Pyramid looked sympathetically at me, and I reached the conclusion that both of us were too old for the exercise. The interior, however, is equally hazardous. I tried to make the exploration. The first passage was only three feet high, and after several efforts at crawling and dodging, I succeeded in seeing the chambers of the king and queen—rooms five thousand years old. The darkest night I ever saw was daylight in comparison to the concentrated night of this mighty tomb of the dead.

The sheik, or chief of the tribe, for a fee, furnishes three guides. Their attentions are graduated according to the expectation of their fees. They always speak hopefully, repeating the words frequently, "Big man—satisfied—big fee." "You are quite satisfied—quite well—then all right." Afterwards they sing a rough chorus like this, "Aby naby—big man. Aby naby—big pay." I was glad to bid an eternal farewell to these guides and to the royal chambers, and greet once more the light.

Cairo has all the liveliness of Paris, all the beauty of Cleveland, and all the Orientalism of the East. The air is soft and balmy; there is no such thing as frost. Then the

Hotel Shepard, where every evening at dinner one sees the reunion of all nations, from New York to Jerusalem; of all conditions, dukes, generals, statesmen; British officers going to and returning from India. Here are the sedate English, the vivacious French, the witty Italians, the thoughtful Germans, the solemn and stately Turks, the keen Armenians, the accomplished Greeks, and the earnest Americans. There are no places of honor at the table. All are equal.

The poet Lamartine, writing of the Holy Land sixty years ago, speaks of buying an arsenal of pistols, sabers, and other weapons to defend himself against the Greek pirates that infested the Archipelago Sea. In these peaceful days it seems hard to understand that such should be the condition then; for in visiting Palestine now there is no risk.

Lord Bacon has laid it down as one of his maxims that the best thing for persons contemplating an extensive journey to new or old countries is, "first, to read; and then to travel, to satisfy yourself of the truth of what you have read." With the most profound respect for Bacon, I believe he is mistaken, and that the very opposite course is the wisest, most beneficial. And hence, in my recent trip through Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Turkey, I read no books, took no guides, but trusted myself solely to first-class guides and dragomans, who had an established reputation for their general knowledge and experience in their profession. The Orient is full of dragomans. It is said that in England when a man fails in everything else, he becomes a wine merchant; in the United States, an insurance agent; in Egypt, he becomes a dragoman.

Out of the seventy millions of our American popula-

tion, only about five thousand have ever visited Palestime; of all those who go to Europe, less than five per cent get as far away as Rome, less than two per cent to Athens, and less than one-fourth of one per cent to Judea. I do not know a more striking example of the power of moral association to elevate and perpetuate the fame and interest of a country, naturally insignificant, than that of Palestine. How little interest is awakened in the souls of moralists, scholars, by the name of Russia, whose domains are boundless! Politicians may speculate about its future relations and predict its renown; but it has no stirring memories, nothing in intellectual achievement, nothing in moral grandeur. How different is Palestine, a country scarcely noticed in the colossal empire of Russia, and yet the very name fires the hearts of Christendom!

I was accompanied thither by an English clergyman, a rare and cultivated gentleman of very High Church persuasion. I was sorely perplexed by his efforts to carry out the customs of his country; he must spend an hour at meals, so much time in arranging his toilet; in every church the same crossings, bowings, and genuflexions.

For the sight of Jerusalem and its holy places, great multitudes make sacrifices, endure hardships, and spend the hard earnings of years. As soon as they come to understand the blessed mysteries of their religion, they long for a pilgrimage, and their hearts burn with enthusiasm to tread in the footsteps of patriarchs; to see with their own eyes the spots memorable, in Bible history, by the words and deeds of the prophets of the Old and the apostles of the New Testament.

There are others, again, who visit Palestine because of its scenery. There is a nobility in its mountains, a loveliness in its valleys, a divine beauty in its lakes, a

fragrance in its flowers, a grandeur in its rivers, and an azure in its skies which even surpass those which bend over the faded splendors of Italy. And the plain of Sharon, fifteen miles long, bounded by the blue waters of the Mediterranean on one side, and by the hill country of Judea on the other! And who can describe the emotions of the devout Christian as he looks upon the rose of Sharon?

There are many devout people who visit the Holy Land because of its sacred associations. There is not a breeze that blows which does not waft some words of Christ; there is not a flower which blooms but seems to be nurtured with his blood; and every spot is hallowed with his presence. As the morning star appears in the heavens, the Christian remembers that over Bethlehem was fulfilled the prophecy, "There shall come a star out of Judah." If he beholds the waters of a lake, in his imagination he sees the divine form of his Master walking upon it. A clergyman of the English Church recently died in Milan; before leaving home to visit Palestine, he said, "I want to see Jerusalem below, before I see Jerusalem above."

The approach to Jerusalem produces emotions of the profoundest reverence by its very antiquity. Modern Jerusalem possesses but little of the ancient city, the houses being new and modern in style. Still, the hoary hills are there, and the natural landscapes. The waters of the Jordan, over whose sacred waves a Divine Voice was heard, still flow calmly on; the cedars of Lebanon yet wave their branches to and fro; the heights of Tabor are still crested with beauty; the fountains, the brooks, the olives and vines, are still there, haunted by memories which are dear to Christendom. Bethlehem, Nazareth,

Gethsemane, and Calvary gladden the eye, recalling other times.

The departed glories of Jerusalem rise in one long procession. What a variety of history! At one time its inhabitants were hunted and oppressed by persecution; at another time they were placed upon the top of prosperity. In the midst of all the varied emotions which I felt, I could not but remember the prophecy that all their magnificence should be destroyed, and that their beautiful house, where their fathers worshiped, should be desolated.

Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Delivered," describes the emotions, not only of the Crusaders, but of all true Christians, as they behold, in the distance, Jerusalem:

"With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound,
And their winged footsteps scarcely print the ground.
When new, the sun ascends the eternal way,
And strikes the dusty field with warmer ray.
Behold! Jerusalem in prospect lies!
Behold! Jerusalem salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
All hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim!"

"At first, transported with the pleasing sight,
Each Christian bosom glowed with full delight;
But deep contrition soon their joys opprest,
And holy sorrow saddened every breast.
Scarce dare their eyes the city walls survey,
Where, clothed in flesh, their dear Redeemer lay;
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord inclose,
And where triumphant from the grave he rose."

The Dome of the Rock is a building with eight sides, twenty yards in length. The outside is richly ornamented with colored marbles, and the inside has also been made magnificent with mosaics. The rock, which occupies the whole center of the building, is environed by a balustrade

of painted wood; every one can see it, and the light which streams through the stained-glass windows increases the grandeur of the noble sanctuary. The rock, in its native simplicity, makes a deeper impression than if it were decorated with gold and silver lamps. It is fifty feet in diameter, and over it is suspended a canopy of colored silks. To this rock gorgeous edifices owe their existence; to the Mohammedan it is the second sacred place on earth, Mecca being the first. It rises ten feet above the marble floor, and is called the "stone of prophecy." When the prophets were compelled to fly for their lives to foreign lands, this rock tried to follow them; but Gabriel seized it. The Mohammedans have also a tradition that it was from this stone that their prophet ascended to heaven on his famous donkey, Alborak, after that patient beast had secured a place in Paradise. They say that the print of the prophet's feet are seen yet upon the rock, and that it attempted to follow him, and would have succeeded but for the timely interference of the archangel Gabriel.

The Jews have also a tradition that it was upon this rock the ark rested, and consequently the holy symbols. Explorers have endeavored to wrest more secrets from the past by raising this stone. The Mohammedans are opposed to it. The reason assigned is, that the rock covered the well of the evil spirit; and if the bad spirit should get out, disastrous results would follow. The Dome of the Rock became the model for the Churches known as those of the Order of Templars.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is the most prominent sacred edifice in Jerusalem. The legend of the Empress Helena's vision in the fourth century, when she discovered the site of the crucifixion, is well known. The ground fronting the church is used as a market-place,

THE HOLY SEPULCHER, JERUSALEM.

where Christian Syrians, with their lower extremities incased in a common garment, half-pantaloon and half-petticoat; Jews, with their heads shaven, and wild-looking Bedouins,—all ply their vocation. One would think that to the Jews and the Christians there was too much solemnity in the surroundings to check the hot commercial transactions which pain the eye to behold. Near here rose the temple in its glory; and if these money-changers would only walk about this church, mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, surely there would be enough in the storied walls, in structures that once were effulgent with Deity, to remind these traffickers that other thoughts than those of merchandise should occupy their minds.

Bethlehem! the house of bread. We think of Naomi, and the modern wives and mothers stand upon the hillside in their plain white clothes. We think of Ruth, as we see the cornfields, making the heart of Boaz soft with her tender and thrilling story. We think, as we watch the shepherds, of David, herding his flocks and making the valleys ring with his songs. We travel over the same fields where the shepherds were watching their flocks when they heard the music of angels, saying, "Glory to God in the highest;" and the wise men, as they saw the new and brilliant star in the heavens, the precursor of the Messiah's reign.

As Bethlehem was the commencement of our Lord's life, so Bethany, a beautiful village nestled among the hills behind Mount Olivet, undoubtedly witnessed his closing days. It was here that Martha and Mary and Lazarus lived. Recent explorers have discovered the spot where the ascension took place. In our continued journey we pause, and take luncheon at the Inn of the Good Samaritan. This whole region is adapted to be the ren-

dezvous of robbers, and close to it is Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. We have now a magnificent view of the Jordan and the mountains of Moab; the Mount of Temptation is visited; Jericho is reached, but nothing remains of its former grandeur but a few stones.

After a good night's rest, next morning, bright and early, I started for the Jordan, passing Gilgal. The country is most delightful, and the scenery is beautiful. The Dead Sea being the farthest away, it is the first visited. I bathed in it, and marveled at the intense stillness; there was not a bird that hummed, not a living thing about. The waters were salty and sticky, having twenty-four per cent of salt alkali in their composition. I walked over places supposed to be the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah. Contrary to my expectation, I found the sea to be a deep blue. The first view of the Jordan is disappointing, although on coming nearer I saw that the river was well wooded, banks alternating with rocks; still, I think Naaman's view was correct. The water was like pea-soup, deliciously warm and soft. An Englishman, who traveled with me to the Jordan, and who suffered much from the jolting over the rocky, stony way, said, "If our dear Lord had known how much I would suffer in this trip, he would have chosen another spot more convenient than the Jordan in which to be baptized."

Among the most delightful of the countries I visited was Greece. The civilized world will ever take an interest in the land of heroism and song, and in the ancient grandeur and glory of Athens. I was there during the excitement of the downfall of the Tricoupis ministry.

The Greeks are among the most patriotic people in the East; their schools, their seminaries, and their universities are continually teaching the young the story of

Marathon. Wealthy Greeks, in other countries, donate immense sums to keep alive the old form of Greece. Magnificent buildings are erected by their generosity. Railroads are extending all over the land, the public roads are improved, telegraphs are in constant operation, and activity is prevalent all over the little archipelago.

Education is universal; not only are schools of every grade numerous, but the parents and children are eager to make the best of their opportunities. Travelers will see, at the corner of every street, boys who are reciting their "Iliad" and their "Odyssey" aloud, who have mastered their mathematics and astronomy. The fact is, that education is free to everybody; all schools, including the universities, throw open their doors, and give a hearty welcome to all who desire to enter. The University of Athens has within its walls about three thousand students, the most of them being as poor as a newspaper correspondent. There are no fees required, and living is cheap. My guide, a stalwart, strapping fellow, was a graduate; many of the waiters at the hotels and the laborers are students. Every year the university graduates six hundred doctors. There is a growing opinion among Greek statesmen that education in this university is too cheap, and when I was there, there was much discussion in regard to the matter.

But what of modern Athens? It was a charming day. The skies were cloudless and the air was sweet when I caught my first glimpse of this city of Minerva. Its location—how grandly beautiful! If an angel were sent out to locate a city he could not light upon a more delightful spot than that of this capital of Greece. It is everywhere clothed with classic recollections; every inch of ground is vital with beautiful and patriotic memories. I do not

believe that so small a portion of God's earth is so rich in art, scenery, and patriotic deeds as Athens. Arriving at Piræus from Palestine in the morning, I took the train to the city, and all along the route—it is only five miles—picturesque and historical places were pointed out.

The first things that arrest the eye are the names and characters of the streets. In other cities the traveler can make out the names by the similarity of the Italian or French words to the English. Here it is different; for the names are Greek, printed in Greek characters. The streets usually bear the names of some of the great heroes of Greece; such as, Themistocles, Alcibiades, Hermes. There is one street called after Lord Byron, the benefactor and champion of Greece. Hermes Street probably has the finest church, the Agra Triada. The street Constitution is very fine. It possesses the two finest hotels—the Grande Bretagne and the Angleterre, fronting the royal palace—a palace only in name, having no elements of grandeur. The handsomest street is the Rue des Phillenes. Here the Greeks are daily and nightly promenading. It is the street which constantly brings up the recollections of the mighty past. Frequently the stranger, as he walks about the streets, is presented, as an evidence of Athenian hospitality, with a roasted chestnut.

The peculiar dress of the modern Athenian is very attractive, and is called the Fuestenella, being a picturesque resemblance to the kilt of the Scottish Highlanders. It consists of a red cap with a purple tassel, a short jacket, a sash around the waist, and a petticoat of white goods coming down to the knees. This costume is pre-eminent for its colors, all except green, and its gracefulness. Everywhere through Athens there is a quietness which contrasts strangely with the boisterousness and activity

of European cities. No one is in a hurry. In London, New York, Paris, Milan, and Brussels, one can scarcely walk the streets, so crowded are they, policemen being stationed at every corner to assist people in crossing. It is not so in Athens. It is like a quiet college-town far from railroads and busy commercial life.

The approach to Constantinople is the most interesting and picturesque in the world. The Archipelago is itself one of the most suggestive sheets of water ever sailed over. There is Rhodes, distinguished for liberty, learning, and patriotism. There is Patmos, where the beloved disciple John spent his exile, and to whom the heavens were so marvelously opened. There is Lesbos, which surpassed Athens in culture. Then there are the nine isles of which Byron has sung so nobly:

> "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
> Where burning Sappho loved and sang;
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,
> Where Phœbus rose and Delos sprang."

I have said that the approach to this city was picturesque and enchanting, but the location of Constantinople is the grandest in Europe. St. Petersburg, with its noble river; Stockholm, on its many islands; Venice, the bride of the sea—can not rival the city of the ancient Cæsars. To see Rome and die is mere gratuitous advice, when the other Rome, the charming city of Constantine, remains to be visited. There is hardly a scene in the wide world so replete with natural beauty, so rich in storied recollections, as that inclosed betwixt the Bosphorus and

> "The dark blue water,
> That swiftly glides and gently swells
> Between the winding Dardanelles."

Upon the Church of St. Sophia wealth and beauty have been lavished, and even Solomon's Temple was not superior to St. Sophia. There is no end to the stories told of it. It is built on the lines of a square, from the center of which rises the great dome, supported by four great arches. Surrounding the interior of this stupendous skeleton are seven half skeletons or domes. Over all comes the sunlight in great shafts of varying color through the gorgeous stained-glass windows. Into the mortar of the bricks was thrown a vast quantity of musk, and to-day, six hundred years after it was put there, there lingers an odor of musk. There are no stairways to the different stories, but broad inclines. One of the windows is called that of "the cooling wind," as there is always a pleasant breeze comes through it. A spot in the wall is pointed out to the visitor, and the following legend told him: The bishop was one day celebrating worship, when the Turks burst in. He turned to flee, the solid wall opened and inclosed him before the eyes of the maddened Turks. In a fury at being thus deprived of their prey, they dug into the wall, but could not find him. It is believed that, after the fall of the Turkish Empire, the bishop will come forth.

St. Sophia is large enough to hold three thousand people. It is recorded that, when the capital was taken, one hundred thousand took refuge there, only to be murdered. At the sight of the wealth and splendor, the mob became wild, and then the carnage began. But the church will yet overshadow the mosque.

As I made the tour of the walls, my guide told me the following story of an old convent included in one of the views: During the siege of 1453, a monk was frying fish for his supper, when a brother monk rushed in, shouting

that a breach had been made in the walls, and that the Turks were already in the city. The monk declared that it could not be true; he would not believe it unless the fish jumped out of the frying-pan; whereupon the fish jumped to one side, assuming its original color. It is safe to assume that the monk then believed this miraculous evidence.

I found one of the greatest attractions of Constantinople to be the bazaars. They are now, as they were in the time of the Arabian Nights, a series of unpaved streets, roofed in at the top. The wares are of every variety. The shoemaker and the harnessmaker are there; so also the sellers of cloth and silks, and of every article needed under the sun. The most curious is the bazaar where second-hand articles are sold by peripatetic salesmen. The shops are little more than small cupboards, with room enough for the merchant to sit in. The merchant begins by asking a big price. When a customer appears, the seller begins his opening speech. He covers his wares with the golden embroidery of Oriental praises, and as he talks he gracefully waves the object back and forth before the supposed-to-be dazzled eyes of the desired purchaser. He lifts his undulating periods, upholds and poises them well till they have gathered their weight and their strength, and then hurls them forward. The expectant buyer listens to the speech with deep and serious attention; but when it is over, his turn arrives. He elaborately endeavors to show why he should not buy the goods at twenty times their value. Bystanders, attracted to the debate, take part in it as outsiders. The seller is heard in reply, and coming down with his price, furnishes the materials for a new debate.

On seeing the Turks for the first time, the European is

struck, but not astonished; for his imagination has been prepared for contrasts. The Turk is ferocious, and constantly animated with a religious hatred against everything which is not Mohammedan, regarding the foreigner always with contempt. He is inhospitable and proud, and treats others with arrogance. He is base and cringing towards those above him, and subtle towards those who do not fear him; insolent when one regards him with awe. He is obstinate, and his ignorance shuts his eyes against the light. More credulous than can be supposed, he is at the same time suspicious by instinct. He is fanatical in his religion, and punishes a Greek with death if he lifts his hand; and the same penalty is dealt to a Christian who attempts to convert a Mohammedan. If an Armenian happens to be overtaken by a shower, he must return to his home for shelter; for no Turk will permit him to enter his dwelling. It is the stupid ferocity of the Turk which makes him courageous. He goes to the combat with resolution, and defends himself to the last extremity, expecting to receive a crown for his apparent bravery. In commercial transactions, he rarely breaks his word, and is magnificent in his presents. Like the rest of the Asiatics, he is unacquainted with that refined and delicate love which constitutes the happiness of civilized life. He is constantly under the influence of jealousy. Many only look upon their wives as slaves to their caprices, and seldom experience those endearments of conjugal love which render the wife a comforter in distress. How, indeed, can a woman conceive a profound attachment for her husband when she knows there are others under the same roof possessing the same title?

The character of the Jew is everywhere apparent; but in each country a different variety is found, and the Jews

of Turkey are not the least interesting. The English species we know well; the shabbily-dressed gentleman, with rings and breastpin, with bushy black whiskers, and a mouthful of glittering black teeth. Then there is the flaxen-haired Jew, generally poor and shiftless, serving over the cheap tables of a bazaar. The German Jew is intellectually superior to the others. He is more of the type which Rembrandt loved to paint—small, with dark, dry features.

The researches of the Jew are often as laborious as those of the professors of other nations, his logic as sound, his critical eye as acute, his imagination as brilliant. As a philosopher, he adds another system to the universe; as a theologian, gives a deeper meaning to the teaching of John and Paul. The Jew of Eastern Europe is physically the finest of his race. The bearded old Hebrew who comes from Poland, with a wallet at his back, is often chosen as a model by admiring artists, to pose as Abraham or Eli or Moses. The Jews of Constantinople are mostly relics of the tribe which fled from the fires of the Inquisition in Western Europe, and their thick Semitic Spanish blood is still herded in the close alleys where they exist—outcasts lower than the lowest, and beings on whom the meanest Armenians may inflict the blows he has received from his Turkish master. They are a quiet race, slender and stooping, with something weak and idiotic in their countenances. Occasionally there is one whose features might have been intelligent, if a brighter future had ever allowed any noble or intelligent thoughts to awaken the dormant mind, or the sun of hope had ever broken through the close mist woven by the contempt and poverty which must encircle the journey of his life. Though they are what they are, one can still imagine that in the schools of

Cordova and Toledo their forefathers were great in philosophy and medicine; that they were the physicians of emperors, and even gave many a bishop to the Church that persecuted them. However, the descendants are poor and miserable, earning a scanty meal by selling their petty wares. And there they stand, at the entrance of Bosporus, whispering confidentially to each tourist, and offering their services with that mysterious and secret air which characterizes the race. Crowds of peddlers of all kinds are to be seen everywhere. The cry of "Milko! milko! bono milko, Jonny!" is everywhere to be heard. The milk is carried in bottles, and sold by glassfuls to the thirsty travelers. I heard a boy, in reply to a soldier asking, "Joe, have you got anything good in that bottle?" "Nix bono, wateree," was the answer. This sort of talk goes on all day. The Turks never drink. They are the soberest of people, and kind to animals. The children and male Turks are a handsome race; the women are not so. Their beauties come from Circassia. These are seen to the greatest advantage by making a visit to the Sweet Waters, where are a profusion of beautiful faces, all like sisters.

The tourist is dazzled by the view of Constantinople, with the sea covered with its caiques skimming over the surface, its sun-illumined domes of mosques and sharp gilt pillars of minarets, its burnished columns rising majestically! As I was gazing on some of these objects of interest, the Sultan passed on his way to his prayers. He was followed by an immense retinue. His horses were mounted with trappings of silver and gold, and the harness was richly ornamented with diamonds and pearls. As he sat in his carriage, I looked at him closely. His features were pale and regular, and his large black eyes were busily engaged in scanning the crowds of people as he passed

THE FOUNTAIN OF SWEET WATERS, ASIA.

along. Shouts of joy announced his arrival at the mosque. What figures on all the warmth and depravity breathe around one as one watches the Sultan on his way to prayers!—the Persian in his coat of many colors, the Arabian in his flowing robes, the African with his war-club, and the swarthy Ethiopian in his purple buskins! Who could forget this picturesque confusion?

The country around Constantinople is beautiful, but with an air of desolation which arises from the negligence of man, and not from the parsimony of nature. Wherever the valleys are watered by natural streams, they are beautiful with the moist and vivid green of Ireland. There is nothing of the gorgeous East, however, in this temperate climate. One interesting spot I visited was called the Sweet Waters of Asia. Formerly this spot was sacred to women, who escaped weekly from the monotony of the harem to eat sweetmeats, and envy each other their diamonds, afar from the profane gaze of men. They still resort to it, as in former times, in gilded carriages; but their privacy is invaded by a crowd of adventurous strangers, who pass up and down, admiring the alabaster complexions of the fair-skinned Circassians. The poor prisoners seem not at all indignant at the presence of the intruders. They wear the thinnest veils, and appear to detest their uncouth and sable guardians. However, all intercourse, except that of looks, is impossible, and the tourists return home with the new idea that there is something lacking in Turkish civilization.

An amusing scene took place at Sweet Waters of Asia. A gallant English gentleman was determined to address a few words to some fair Mohammedan, and asked a friend to write him down some complimentary phrases in the Turkish tongue; such as, "You are pretty," "I love

you," etc. Armed with this document, he visited the grove waters, and selecting the prettiest face, leaned in at the carriage window, and proceeded to favor the lady with the contents of the paper. A shriek went up from the eunuchs, as they rushed out and attempted to drag him away. The officer drew his sword and fled in dismay. The lady enjoyed the scene, and seemed much pleased at the discomfiture of her guards.

Scutari, on Asiatic ground, finds the Turk more at home. Here the race live almost untouched by Christianity. They are here ever ready to gaze on all foreigners with curiosity. Men step to their doors and scowl, while spiteful old women urge the little children to cry, "*Giava*," a Turkish word of contempt. Scutari is directly opposite Constantinople. Its beauties in ancient times were more numerous than they are now. Then it was called Chrysopolis, City of God. No one would think of calling it so now; for it is dirty and unsightly. Close by is Chalcedon! How degenerate from the days when Eutychus's heresy was condemned! Bishops must have been plentiful in those days, when there was one for every city. Nature has given it the advantages of a cloudless sky and magnificent scenery. The clustering and sunlit islands of the Sea of Marmora; the deep blue Bosporus, rippled only by the strong and never-ceasing current which rushes down its center; the old seraglio, with its cypresses and plane-trees; the great city stretching away, with the seven towers just visible; St. Sophia,—all form an indescribably beautiful landscape. Some of the largest steamers in the world have lately been drawn close under the tent-crowned heights, and this gives some idea of the magnificent harbor. The steamers look like little smacks that have taken shelter under the cliffs.

Chapter XII.

OTHER COUNTRIES AND CITIES VISITED—LONDON—PARIS.

I SHALL never forget my emotions when I saw the vast city of London, the growth of centuries, where men have been dying for generations, and where the battle and the plague have striven to see which should make the direst havoc of human life; where the great dead have thronged and the mighty living were thronging; and there was I, not knowing a solitary human being among four millions like myself. And even here, over the dust of those slain by the plague and the mightier host slain by time, the wild, reckless laugh is heard, commerce is boisterously pushing its wealth; the beautiful lady and the gallant beau are driving their steeds; the golden-embroidered livery of servants is flashing in the sunset! O, there is something painfully sad on entering such a city! Where are the men who figured so earnestly years ago—the kings, the orators, the poets? And where are such men as Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, Johnson? What confusion is here! What evolutions of streets! What piles of bricks, mortar, and stone! What a wilderness of men! What a hell of thoughts and actions, and I among them all, only a four-millionth part! How utterly insignificant we are!

Think of its size! We are apt to talk loosely of this immense city, and yet we are bewildered at the endlessness, and the startling contrasts of wealth and poverty. It is the elephant among cities, covering one hundred and

twenty square miles. On this space is concentrated a population equaling that of the States of Illinois and Wisconsin, or that of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and St. Louis. It is still growing! Between 1861-71, 150,000 new buildings were erected. "A city?" says a French writer. "No; it is a province, covered with houses." Five times more populous than New York, four times more populous than St. Petersburg, twice as populous as Constantinople, two-thirds larger than Paris—the mind fails to understand, the brain recoils from the mighty sum. The kings of Wurtemberg, of Saxony, and Hanover, do not possess as many subjects as sleep in London. When the sun flashed a light on a dark place, there were not so many people in all England as in London. Every eight minutes of every day a soul goes out to the eternal world; and this marvel of mystery and death is more than neutralized by the greater mystery of life, for every five minutes of every day a child is born. If it were possible for the population of London to be stretched out in a line, the line would be six hundred and seventy miles long; and at the space of three miles an hour, it would be nine days before the last of the long procession swept by.

Think of its wealth! London is to the modern world what Rome was to the ancient in regard to wealth. But Rome in its palmiest days was poor by comparison. Take up your position in Regent Park, and you will see more wealth in one day than all Paris. The four million souls which compose the city need not do a day's more work. They have capital enough invested in stocks to support the whole population—to purchase them food, clothing, and to pay all their taxes. The leisure class are numerous. London is the headquarters of the landed aristocracy of the three kingdoms, that are receiving rents

aggregating one thousand million dollars. Here is concentrated the banking wealth of England; here is held the bonds representing the national debt; here is owned the majority of bonds of Great Britain and the colonies; here is the grand depot of the tea; here is the focus of the shipping trade.

Think of its historic spots! There is the Tower. It is located on the left bank of the Thames, near the immense docks. Whether it was built by Cæsar, by Constantine, by William Rufus, is unknown. Kings fled to it for safety. Wallace poured out his blood here. For three hundred years kings, from Henry VIII to Richard II, were crowned within these walls. It was the scene of magnificence and splendor. Here languished and died princes. Religion, in the person of Lord Cobham, suffered when the fire was kindled beneath him. Jane Shore, the famous, was a prisoner, and so was Sir Thomas More, within these bastions. For a while there was rest; but the gates began to grate, and Ann Boleyn, on the 19th of May, 1537, was executed; then followed another unhappy wife, Catherine Howard. We might follow the gloomy history of the Tower through the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth; but the stories of the bloody cruelties are too well known to need repetition here.

Westminster Hall stands diagonally across from the Abbey, and forms the vestibule to both Houses of Parliament. It was built four hundred years ago, and has been the scene of many brilliant festivities. What colors have shone, what gold and silver have sparkled here! What shouts have rung along the roof under Norman and Tudor! Here Henry II served his son; here took place the espousals of Henry III and Eleanor. But it is as a place of justice especially that American memories

cluster around it. Here was tried Strafford, in 1745; here, above all others, was the memorable trial of Warren Hastings, who, for eleven years, had been governor of India. The trial commenced the 13th of February, 1788. Rank and fashion crowded the seats. Burke spoke for four days. Ladies fainted, and even Hastings said, "For four days I thought I was guilty." Burke was followed by Sheridan, in a speech of unsurpassed eloquence, attaining the summit of oratory. Hastings was acquitted.

All nations have their characteristics, and so have the English, which distinguish them from all others. The English are a strong race—strong physically, strong mentally, strong morally. The blood of six or eight races was required to make them illustrious. Thomas Corwin said that Webster had burst suddenly into such eloquence in Congress that he became faint, and was obliged to lean up against a pillar for support. The sentence which overcame him was this: "The morning drum-beat, traveling with the sun, and keeping time with the stars, circled the earth with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England."

The English are governed by the great law of duty. Other nations are impelled by the love of glory, by a renowned past, by pride of conquest; but everywhere that the Englishman goes it is at the call of duty. It is this that has carried England's flag to the ends of the earth, that has adorned English womanhood with grace and beauty. Nelson, on the eve of the Battle of Trafalgar, when he flung out the Union Jack with the inscription upon it, "England to-morrow expects every man to do his duty," touched the keynote of English character.

The English are a polite people, although I know that the very opposite idea is entertained by Americans,

and also that they are surly and positively rude and repellent in their manners. I have traveled extensively in England, where I have asked thousands of questions, and invariably I have received civil answers. I remember one day, while visiting Dr. Parker's church, I asked an Englishman near me the address of Gladstone, whom I was exceedingly anxious to see. Without a moment's hesitation he accompanied me out of the church, and walked with me for nearly two miles, until we came to Downing Street, when he pointed out the house, and then left me.

Loyalty to the queen, extravagant eulogies upon royalty, are the tests of admission into what is called the best society; hence, in all their churches, their theaters, their public meetings, "God save the Queen" is the most popular song sung. Sixteen thousand paid ministers of the Established Church, all the Dissenting preachers, all the Roman Catholic priests, all the Jewish rabbis throughout England, and wherever the English flag floats, pray for Her Majesty's royal soul. "God save the Queen" is a very flexible and comprehensive prayer. It means not only the present and eternal happiness of the queen, but it includes the continuation and preservation of English laws, customs, and government, for all time to come. When the landlord says, "God save the Queen," it means, "May my rents be paid promptly;" when the archbishop of Canterbury says it, it means to him, "My $80,000 salary;" when all the members of the royal family repeat it, it means that all the royal allowances, including the queen's $2,000,000 annually, be cheerfully paid; when the eighteen brewers who were recently elected pray, "God save the Queen," it means, "May our breweries always be prosperous and profitable!"

The English are very thrifty and industrious. Noth-

ing goes to waste in England, in which respect they resemble the French. The working classes secure the greatest results out of the most limited means, being very frugal and saving. The mercantile community always have an eye to business. They might be compared to the French widow who had a flattering inscription engraved on her husband's monument, followed by the announcement that "His disconsolate widow still keeps the shop, No. 16 Rue St. Denis."

The English are a handsome race. The blood of several generations shows in the robust, healthy bodies of the men and the rosy complexions of the women, in the healthy, outdoor exercise of all classes. The children are very respectful to their parents, and it is seldom that a child contradicts anything they say. The English girls have beautiful faces, and it is not to be wondered that Pope Gregory, a thousand years ago, said, when he beheld a lot of English girls, "They are not *Angles*, they are angels."

The English are reserved at first to strangers; but when they are fully satisfied that the stranger who is introduced is not an impostor, and is worthy their esteem, there is nothing they leave undone to make him feel at home. An Italian gentleman of my acquaintance told me that he resolved to seek his fortune in France or England. He took with him a large number of recommendations. Stopping first at Paris, he called on a leading merchant, and presented one of his letters. The Frenchman was all courtesy, all smiles. "O yes; thank you for your visit. We will do all we possibly can for you." More smiles, more courtesy, more bows, and the Italian took his departure, confident of an immediate position. Day after day passed, and he called often, always to be met

with the same suave politeness and promises; but no situation. He then went to London, and presented his letters to a manufacturer. The Englishman read the communications carefully and slowly, and then said coldly: "Really, sir, I do not think we can do anything for you, as our establishment here is full; but if you will remain in the city a few days, and then call again, perhaps we may be able to help you." The Italian remained, and found, when he visited the manufacturer, who greeted him warmly, though not demonstratively, that he had made a place for him in their establishment at Manchester, a position which he held for many years. I might say here, while referring to French politeness, that a writer of old, while speaking of the relations between the French and the Indians, said that while a Frenchman was bowing and offering a chair to a man, the Indians could finish three councils.

The English have always been noted for their courage. The common impression that John Bull is a cold-blooded animal, calculating, and a bragging coward, who can eat and drink and bluster, and even fight occasionally, but that at the critical moment his courage fails, and he is a poltroon, is very far from the truth. Whatever may be the faults of Englishmen, they are not cowards. They are brave in battle. They have conquered, not only the hardy tribes of the north, but the dusky multitudes of the south. Their rule has not always been just or generous to the conquered, and in the presence of the magnificent victories achieved by the English soldiers, it may be truthfully said, in the words of the poet:

"No matter how blazoned in story
The fame of the victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
That treads on the hearts of the free."

I visited—in company with General McAddras, a distinguished French general, who had married an American lady—Versailles, and walked through its galleries, salons, and chambers, which appeared as if there were no end to them—filled with paintings, sculptures, mosaics, marble, and gilding. I enjoyed a hasty visit to that most exquisite spot, the Little Trianon, where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI used to play at farming, and convert the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honor into dairymaids, before the Revolution swept all before it. I lingered with admiration in its beautiful walks and gardens. I watched for hours the grand display of the fountains. It is utterly impossible to convey any idea of the effect of so many magnificent and beautifuly-formed fountains, throwing their waters high into the air in every direction. The crowning sight was, however, at the grand basin of Neptune, where at least 200,000 people had assembled to see what certainly is a *chef d'œuvre* of fountains. The drive from Paris to Versailles is exceedingly interesting and lovely. Every spot of ground is vital with some historical event. My good friend, the general, pointed out many rich palaces. In Versailles, the day I visited it, there was an anniversary celebration of one of the great French generals of the Revolution, Hoche—a beautiful custom of this people, who annually repair to the tombs of their illustrious dead, and strew them with flowers. Many speeches were made, and the United States was gracefully remembered; and I was kindly requested to say a few words upon Lincoln. Loud and continued acclamations greeted the tribute to the martyr President.

The evening before, I had a strange and delightful experience. It was the first night I had been in Paris, and when I was walking along the crowded boulevard,

jostled by the throngs, without a friendly recognition, I heard a voice calling, "Pepper, come and see your friends!" My curiosity was excited, when I discovered the speaker to be James Redpath, the early friend of bleeding Kansas, the biographer of John Brown, and the founder of the Lyceum that bears his name. He introduced me to Mr. P. Egan, who was banished from his country, and for whose capture the British Government had offered a reward. Mr. Egan was very kind in showing me the wonders of the city. I stopped with him at the same hotel, and had many opportunities of witnessing his daily movements; and a more disinterested gentleman I never met. He afterwards represented our Government in Chili, rendering brilliant services. I have heard Dr. Drees, a Methodist missionary, speak highly of his liberality and kindness to Protestant missionaries.

St. Cloud is chiefly remarkable for its grand woods, commanding views of Paris, and for its artificial cascades, a splendid piece of art in water. The palace always having been a favorite, has been duly cared for. St. Germain possesses a far different interest. Its partially ruined and dismantled palace is associated with French history for centuries. Its noble and extensive forest is faced by a noble and extensive greensward terrace, two miles in length, and which overlooks the valley of the Seine. I had an excellent dinner in the room where Louis XIV was born.

Nothing in all the world can surpass the beauty and grandeur of the French Capital. It is the grandest embodiment of the French mind, and the most modern type of the ancient cities, of which fancy dreams, in the past. To speak of it is to speak of marvels of architecture, grand churches, spacious and costly galleries of art, wide and ornamental streets, attractive and splendid cafés. The

River Seine, which runs through Paris, is one continual line of beauty. This city has no rival. We may contrast, but not compare it, with the cities of the Orient or of Europe. London is grand, but not beautiful; Constantinople is picturesque, but has little architectural splendor; Paris has all these. I have seen Venice, unrivaled for situation and immortalized by Byron; Florence, with its broad and finished streets and its old palaces; I have seen London, distinguished for its vast industries,—but Paris surpasses them all.

The boulevards, commenced by King Louis XIV, are grand. Two thousand vehicles, with their rush of wheels, their whirl of life, pass over them every day. Then there are the famous resorts—St. Honoré, where Marie Antoinette won all hearts; the Palais Royal, where wealth and fashion hold their revelry; the Place de la Concorde; the tomb of Napoleon, above the door of which one reads, "I desire that my ashes may rest upon the banks of the Seine, among the people that I have loved so well;" the Church of Notre Dame, which has in turn consecrated and deified so many sovereigns, baptized and consecrated so many revolutions; which has opened its sacred portals to so many usurpers; whose high altar has showered so many blessings indiscriminately upon the hereditary monarch and the democratic leveler, upon the heir of kings and the elect of the people; a sanctuary famous for its great preachers and great events. Perhaps the most gorgeous event which has transpired there in recent years was the marriage of the late Napoleon. Beneath its vast dome, twenty thousand spectators beheld a pageant never surpassed. The thoughtful observer thinks of many brilliant ceremonies that have taken place of the

TOMB OF NAPOLEON, AT THE INVALIDES.

same nature; of the beautiful Josephine, who stood before Napoleon I, in robes of unrivaled splendor, sparkling with jewels, wearing an ancient coronet, her lovely face radiant with smiles, and her black eyes lustrous with tears of joy.

I thought, as I surveyed the church, of many a *figlia dolorosa* who had knelt for a blessing at the foot of the altar; of the beautiful Marie Antoinette, and her tragic fate, recalling the eloquent eulogy of Burke; of the Duchess of Orleans, flying from the maddened populace, with the infant heir of the French monarchy in her arms. I thought of the bishops in their mitered robes, holding the silver canopy over the head of the august bride of Napoleon III. Some future Burke, depicting the horrors of another Revolution, may extort tears from the most callous in recording the agonies of that heart whose joyous pulsations stirred the diamonds that glittered on the breast of the Spanish beauty, the lovely Eugenie! When I saw her afterwards in Milan, the loveliness, which shone like the hues of the morning on her bridal-day, had vanished in the darkness and desolation that had broken her heart, and thrown a pall of sorrow over her once handsome face.

It was in this cathedral that Bossuet and Massillon preached those wonderful sermons which will live forever; and that Père Hyacinthe thrilled thousands by his fearless utterance, "I will not enter Notre Dame in chains," when the Church attempted to prevent the expression of his advanced sentiments. I heard this famous divine. He is unquestionably a great preacher; but it is gross caricature to elevate him to the position of the Saurins and the Bourdaloues. He is bold, vigorous, dashing, discursive, sometimes rising into animated declamation. His peroration, the day I heard him, was decidedly beautiful. It was studied with elaboration, worked into the memory,

and delivered with thrilling effect. The French love eloquence, and Père Hyacinthe at that time was the most accomplished master of speech in Paris. He has all the physical gifts of the orator—a massive chest of immense breadth, a voice of great compass, and thrilling in its tones; his gestures are perfect, his arms moving with the incessant motion of the windmill, but as graceful and harmonious as the sails of a ship.

Paris is full of such historic and memorable churches and places. All Frenchmen are proud of their marvelous capital. Voltaire, in a letter to the King of France, says: "In ten years you might make Paris the marvel of the world. Such an undertaking would confer glory on the nation, and immortality on the council of the city. It would encourage all arts, attract strangers from the extremities of Europe." It has been the darling ambition of all French rulers to make Paris the most beautiful city in the world. It is built on a level plain, twenty-one miles in circumference, and contains a population of over two millions. The splendid River Seine, flowing through the center, is spanned by thirty-five bridges. The great National Library, the Bibliothèque Impériale, has more than a million and a half of books. The pavements of the streets are so smooth that the rattle of carriages is not heard; this, however, is dangerous to pedestrians, an average of seven thousand persons being injured annually, and five hundred killed.

French cooking is regarded as the best in the world. A good dinner is easily obtained for twenty-five cents.

I quickly recognized the fact that the average Frenchman is much shorter than the American. This is especially noticeable in the French soldier; but it is almost impossible to describe a Frenchman. His head is particularly

difficult—the description of one is not applicable to all. There are heads of various sizes, and beards of all shapes and colors, mustaches of every possible quality and quantity, and hair sometimes flowing like a mane or bristling like the quills of a porcupine, or cut as close as scissors can accomplish. French women are not so showily dressed as is the general opinion. They are usually neatly and prettily clothed. Whether seen in the theater, or in the church, or upon the boulevards, they appear fascinating, light-footed, and light-hearted. The French people are always polite. Ask one of them the way from one direction to another, or any little act of courtesy, and he will immediately forget himself in his efforts to render the desired service.

I was everywhere struck in Paris with the great display of artistic works. Besides the elegant buildings that have been described, the statuary in the public gardens, and the paintings which so profusely adorn the churches and galleries, Paris is full of print-shops; portraits of public men and women are seen in all quarters. The French are, emphatically, an artistic people. They have a strong love of poetry, eloquence, architecture.

Like the generality of Americans, I was impressed with the large number of soldiers in France; every fourth man I met was a soldier. The French soldier differs from the German, English, or even American soldier, in the friendly and social relations to the people. It is not uncommon to see a soldier and a citizen walking arm in arm together, discussing grave questions. Barracks are seen everywhere; soldiers are stationed at the end of every street. France, with all its art, its love of the beautiful, its aspirations after liberty, its high regard for man, has by far too large a military element. But beneath that military tinsel

exists an ardent faith in the power of ideas, and a pure and unquenchable love of freedom. In this may be seen a power that will carry France to prosperity and continued greatness.

I have great admiration for the French people—for the eight million peasant proprietors who follow their horses to the field, and plow up their own land. They are sober, thrifty, and industrious. In all my travels in that country, I never saw a drunkard. The benevolent wish of a French King seems to be a realized condition. He hoped the time would come when every French peasant would have a chicken in his pot.

In some parts of the country a custom exists where half a dozen or a dozen families—they are not large—spend the evenings together. The papers are read, and the leading events of the times are discussed. By this practice sociability is cultivated and thrift is promoted. The one fire serves a score of persons.

There is much in France that we dearly love. To Americans the name of France stirs the proudest recollections of the patriotic heart. It is doubtful whether our Revolutionary fathers could have succeeded had not Lafayette helped them. There is much in common between the French and American Revolutions; they both fell like thunder-peals upon the ears of tyrants. A new element was called into operation, powerful and extensively diffused as the electric fluids in the kingdoms of nature, and destined to work and spread with restless activity. The people of France had been ground to earth, and they rose with a heroic grandeur and swept feudalism from their country forever. The French people are gay, lively, vivacious—the predominating trait is glory. Hence one reads on all their great monuments, "Dedicated to all the

glories of France." There is method in the Frenchman's suicide madness; he makes every preparation. I was told of a man who, before killing himself, sent a card to his friends: "Come and dine with me at four; I will blow my brains out at six." If this volatile and brilliant people have their vices, they have also their splendid virtues, possessing many of the noblest traits which adorn humanity. They are patriotic—they love France. If they had not been patriotic they would not have fought seven bloody revolutions, and drenched their sunny soil in gore to establish a republic—the only fit form of government under which an intelligent man ought to live.

There is nothing that strikes one with more surprise than the air of self-satisfied vanity with which a Parisian regards his shop. It is the first object of the whole family whose property it is. All the resources of coquetry, all the artistic taste they possess, are lavished upon its adornment. The wife looks upon it as her temple, where, as presiding goddess, she sits enthroned; for behind every counter is placed a luxurious couch, covered with choicest stuffs in the most glowing colors. Here she is found with all the unconstrained ease of a lady at home in her drawing-room, chatting with a neighbor or working at her embroidery frame, during the pauses in the busy day. The children watch with envy lest a neighbor should eclipse their shop in neatness, and the graceful propriety with which the tempting wares are exposed for sale. From remote streets the proprietors of the distant quartiers crowd every evening to the boulevards to ascertain what novelties are to be seen in the great stores, known all over the world as the originators of fashion. Then, everything new or remarkable is copied all over Paris within twenty-four hours after it is exposed to view. The air of happy

gayety which pervades these stores, the graceful politeness, their obligingness, are remarkable; and yet there is no servility. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in their demeanor is that entire self-respect which they will maintain at any cost. An amusing instance is told of an Englishman. He entered a store or shop with his hat on, approached the spot where the owner of the establishment stood talking with his wife, who was comfortably seated at her work. He asked, in that careless, insolent tone, so characteristic of English and American travelers, the direct road to Rue de la Paix. "I shall tell monsieur when he has the kindness to remove his hat; he has not observed that madame is present." Who could paint the amazed look, the suppressed rage, as he retreated, muttering curses. He was evidently new to Paris, and took as a personal insult this expression of the general sentiment of the nation; nor the quiet contempt of the Frenchman, as he turned to resume his conversation with his wife, remarking, "*Que ces Anglais sont bêtes.*"

There are not many fine stores in Paris; the Bon Marché is the most attractive. It has the largest kitchen in the world. It provides food for all its employees, of which there are 400. The smallest kettle used holds 75 quarts; the largest, 375. There are 50 frying-pans, each of which is capable of holding 300 cutlets at a time; 8,000 eggs are used every morning, and 750 quarts of coffee daily. There are 60 cooks, and 100 boys are employed in the kitchen.

The first thing that engages the attention of vistors to Paris is the many splendid public buildings with which it abounds. The freedom and access to these, with all their treasures of art, furnishes a most agreeable contrast to the surly and avaricious spirit exhibited in England and

Italy. Before the visitor can enter St. Paul's, in London, he must pay a fee to the verger; and before he is through, the expense will be nearly a dollar. At the Pantheon, in Paris, which occupies a similar position as St. Paul's in London, one can ascend to the top of the dome, and have a magnificent view of the whole city without paying a cent. All the grand and historic churches are open daily. They abound, as in all Roman Catholic countries, in side chapels, dedicated to the Virgin Mary and to the saints; and in each of them the shrines are decorated with various paintings, and works of art in gold and silver. In many of them the stained-glass windows are of the most gorgeous description, especially in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, every window of which was completely filled with the most beautiful colored glass. In addition to the riches displayed in the chapels and the works of art, pictorial and sculptured, they are adorned with a profusion of polished marble of various colors. Nowhere is there any evidence of the fee system.

The civic buildings are equally accessible. I passed through the whole of the splendid suite of apartments in the Hotel de Ville, the scene of many memorable events; the noble galleries and rooms in the palace of the Louvre, which contain the largest and costliest pictures in the world; the *Jardin des Plantes*, which contains immense conservatories; and museums, in which the rarest treasures of science are stored, including the whole of the works of Cuvier,—without any charge of admittance. The public buildings of Paris far exceed in magnitude and in splendor all those that I have ever seen in other countries.

Whether from policy or ostentation, the past rulers of France have gratified the passion of the people for such things, and taught them to identify themselves with the

public monuments and institutions of the nation. Perhaps much of this has arisen from the social and out-door habits of the French. They are eminently a gregarious race. Home, in the American sense, seems unknown to them. They sleep in their dormitories, but no more. The café and the restaurant supply them with all their meals. Out of this again arises that universal politeness which is so marked a feature of French national character. Accustomed to associate so much in public, all classes insensibly acquire the habit of making themselves agreeable, and hence those easy, self-possessed manners which can only be acquired by such intercourse.

Bohemia occupies a small space upon the map, and must occupy a correspondingly small space within the covers of this book; for, not being acquainted with the Bohemian language, I could not gather as much information about the customs and people, in my hasty trip through the country, as I would have liked. The population is mixed, consisting of Italians, Tyrolese, Illyrians, Hungarians, and Poles. I lingered the longest about Prague, remembering it was the home of John Huss, the reformer.

Vienna, or Wien as the natives call it, delighted me. It is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and contains the finest architecture I have seen anywhere. The streets are wide, smoothly paved, and cleanly kept. The Ringstrasse was formerly occupied by the fortifications of the inner town; but during Franz Josef's reign these have been removed, and there now extends about the city one of the most beautiful streets in the world. The Rathhaus, Parliament buildings, two monstrous monumental museums, picture-galleries, imperial palace, and many

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the marble hands, would put health into a weak body or bring peace to a wounded heart. It was in this church that thanks were rendered up to Heaven for the victory of Sobieski over the Turks. His personal prowess was superb, and he is the most commanding figure in Polish history. He contributed the soldier's part to sustain the grandeur and the glory of his noble Poland, a country which in all ages had made many struggles for freedom.

Chapter XIII.

A VISIT TO THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU IN 1890.

FOR years I had read of the Passion Play, and had longed to visit the very spot, and witness with my own eyes and hear with my own ears the rendition of this most sacred of all the dramatic representations of Christ.

I had been interrogating tourists who stopped from time to time at my hotel in Milan, and who had already attended one of the bi-weekly representations of the play, regarding their opinion of it. There was but one reply, "Grand, inspiring, alone worth a trip across the Atlantic." As my daughter and I were then contemplating a brief visit to the United States, we decided to take a steamer at Antwerp, going thither by way of Munich, whence we could easily reach the scene of the play within a few hours. We started from Milan, one day, about the middle of August; thence going to Venice, which we reached after a five hours' ride. The route from Venice to Frankfort-on-the-Main lay through the Tyrolese Alps, whose chalk-like and rocky summits looked hot and repellent under the burning August sun. There was only a short stop at Frankfort, where there is one of the finest railway stations I saw in Europe. We descended from the cars at Munich with a sigh of relief; for the blazing sun beating down upon the low, sandy soil for hours before we had reached the city had been reflected through the windows

of our little, crowded compartment, and had made us long for the cool seclusion of a German *gasthaus*.

We started for Ammergau that evening, a pleasant California lady, who, by some mischance, had failed to meet her friends, asking to share our compartment with us. Ammergau was reached about midnight. We had thought we would be obliged to remain there until morning; but seeing a rickety stage-coach about to depart for somewhere, we found upon inquiry that its destination was Oberammergau, the little village nestled down among the Bavarian Alps, and some three miles away. The coach was dark, and we had not the least idea who our fellow-travelers were. Occasional bits of conversation, however, revealed to us that we had with us Herr High-priest Ananias, one of the chief actors in the play; a Russian lady, who spoke English with an enviable correctness; several of the villagers, who had been to Munich laying in a stock of supplies for the unlooked-for rush of visitors; one or two army officers, and a priest. There was an old German householder, also, lying back in the farthest corner. After jolting along for a while, the passengers became drowsy, and the desultory conversation ceased altogether. It was at this juncture that the German, politely apologizing to the "Damen," struck a match to light his pipe. The sight that this revealed aroused the sleepy passengers to full consciousness. The old priest, fat and well-preserved, was snoring rhythmically, with his head resting gently on the California lady's shoulder. It was a revelation to her, also, and she gave it a push to the other side. The tired head rolled around aimlessly for a while, and at last fell back contentedly into its first position. All laughed aloud at this point, the lady herself

OBER-AMMERGAU.

joining in; but it was not until she moved to the other side of the coach that the priest awoke.

We reached Oberammergau about one o'clock in the morning. As we were set down in the little square of the village, a flood of moonlight broke out from among the clouds, and lighted up the whole place with a silvery sheen, showing the red-roofed houses, with their walls painted over quaintly with Biblical representations, and making it seem as if we had been dropped down suddenly into some toy city.

The inhabitants of the place are wood-carvers, and pass away their simple lives in this occupation from generation to generation. The Miracle Play is given by them every ten years, in fulfillment of a vow made over two centuries ago, in return for their deliverance from a plague which was devastating the surrounding country. Seven hundred of the fifteen hundred inhabitants pass nine months of every tenth year in rehearsing their parts; for although there are only five hundred actors, two hundred more are drilled for substitutes. The performances are given twice a week, for the three summer months, in an immense amphitheater, capable of holding thousands of people. For two centuries the play was given regularly, without attracting the attention of travelers; but in the year 1850, Dean Milman, of London, and in 1860, Dean Stanley, of the same city, visited the play, and wrote such glowing accounts of this marvelous performance in the Bavarian highlands that since then visitors from all parts of the world flock there by thousands. In 1870 the Jewish musical critic, Aronson, made a critical study of the play, and pronounced the musical features of it to be unsurpassed. In the same year it was visited by Edwin Booth,

who said that he had never known what acting was until he beheld it here in its perfection. The people show rare artistic cultivation, combined with perfect simplicity. They have a profound knowledge of the Scriptures, showing a wonderful familiarity with every act of our Lord's life. They have no master in the art of acting except the parish priest.

We thought for a while that we might be obliged to pass the rest of the night here on the village square, as I had made no arrangements before leaving Milan for lodgings and tickets, which are supposed to be arranged for weeks in advance. However, the good Bavarian, Ananias, took pity on us, found lodgings with a friend for my daughter and the California lady, and took me to his own home, where he was obliged to give me his bed, as the house was crowded.

I was sleeping soundly when the great cannon boomed at five o'clock the next morning, announcing the hour of prayer for the villagers. I had scarcely dropped to sleep again when a band passed through the town, calling the people to some other act of devotion. I finally gave it up altogether, arose, dressed, and went to seek my daughter and her companion, and find some hospitable board where we might get breakfast. As I had not seen where my friend had taken them the night before, and as there were thousands of strangers in the village, it was no easy task to find two answering exactly to their description. Finally, after climbing to the top of an outside staircase, and pushing open the door which I found there, I came upon the objects of my quest, sleeping peacefully on the top of a high German bed, which they had evidently had to reach by means of a chair; for there was one standing near by. It was then almost eight

o'clock, the time for the play to begin, and we did not even have our entrance tickets. I had been hearing stories from complacent tourists, who had their tickets, about people who had been obliged to remain over from one representation to the other, a space of two or three days, all because they had not procured tickets several days in advance. It did not add to my peace of mind to realize that the ladies had yet to make their toilets before we could even go to seek the burgomeister, who alone was said to have the power of disbursing tickets. By a happy coincidence, the visit to this mighty potentate of the village was dispensed with. My kind friend, the High-priest Ananias, again came to my rescue. Some of his expected guests, for whom he had reserved tickets, had not come, and their tickets were at our disposal. Thus armed, and after getting a cup of coffee and a roll at the *gasthaus*, we made our way to the amphitheater, whither crowds were already hastening in response to the beating of a drum. The booming of a cannon announces the beginning of the play. It continues from eight until twelve, and recommences at one, continuing until four. Our seats proved to be under cover, upon which we congratulated ourselves a few hours later, when the rain began to come down gently, and the people on the lower seats, which occupy at least one-half the amphitheater, were obliged to sit under dripping umbrellas, or leave the place altogether, as many of them did. The immense stage also is nearly all uncovered, and it was curious to observe with what stolid indifference and apparent absorption in their parts the players continued the representation, with the rain beating down in their faces and dripping from their clothes.

I shall ever bear in memory the magnificent panorama

which spread out before our gaze, as we sat there listening to these simple peasants chanting the chorus which precedes every act. Immediately in front of us a sea of heads, people from all parts of the world; a little beyond, the crude stage; and in the near background a succession of rolling hills, whose green rivaled the emerald; cattle grazing peacefully here and there, and a solitary peasant, scythe in hand, mowing fresh grass for his herds, seemingly oblivious of the absorbing drama that was taking place down below.

I will not describe the play in detail; it has already been done so often. The chief character was taken this time, as in 1870 and 1880, by Joseph Meyer, a pale-faced, spiritual-looking man, who copies, in so far as he is able, in personal appearance and dress, the accepted portraits of our Lord. He went through his part with an intense earnestness, which reconciled the observer, if such a thing be possible, to the assumption of this sacred character by any human creature. Each act is preceded by a chant from the choir, who file in in green mantles and golden crowns, and shadow forth in their sweet but generally sad strains the tragic events which are about to take place. There are also interspersed many tableaus, representing prominent events recorded in the Old Testament.

The First Act is Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. He weeps over Jerusalem's desolation, and bewails the fate of her children: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children." This is rendered with exquisite pathos, and the refrain "Jerusalem" rings in your ears, now rising in tones of anguished warning, now dying in a wail of despair. There was a sacred

JOSEPH MEYER, AS CHRIST.

hush, fraught with profound reverence, through this, as well as through nearly all the other acts.

Act II represents Christ at Bethany. After the turmoil and excitement of the city he retires to the peaceful quiet of the homes of Mary and Martha.

Act V is a celebration of the Last Supper. This is an exact representation of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, and is one of the most faithful and most impressive ones of the play.

Act VII represents Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, where the majestic sufferer bows beneath the great olives, and pours out his soul in agony. An angel is sent with a golden censer to comfort him.

In Act IX, Christ is brought before Caiaphas. Here he is found guilty. The disciples, so bold and confident, now resort to cowardly flight. All forsook him and fled.

Act X shows the despair of Judas. The betrayer does not seem the hardened criminal that the pictures represent him, but a man of the world. He appears now to be full of remorse. When he looks into the innocent face of Christ, he flings the bag upon the ground, exclaiming, "He was such a good man!"

Act XI, Christ before Pilate, is a thrilling one. Pilate, after a thorough examination, exclaims, "I find no fault in this just man!" then sends him away to Herod, who delivers him to the brutal soldiers. Never can the spectator forget the lofty scorn and the deep loathing with which Pilate looks upon the enemies of Christ.

Act XV was greeted by sobs and cries of absolute pain from all over the amphitheater. It represented Christ bearing his cross. Nothing can be more heart-rending than the Holy Man taking up his cross, and bear-

ing it upon his shoulders, the blood streaming from every part of his sacred body, until Simon appears and relieves him of the terrible burden.

In Act XVI, the Crucifixion, the climax is reached! All nature harmonizes with the dark deed. The heavens assume a somber color; soon the whole sky is black! The two thieves are placed on their crosses, and Christ in the midst towers above all others,—Jesus in the midst! Has he not always been there!—there in eternity, before he made the journey of a God from the splendors of a throne to earth; and is he not now the Lamb slain in the midst of the throne? O my soul, I can hear the heavy strokes of the hammer as they drive the nails into those feet which never wearied in errands of mercy, and those hands which were stretched out over Jerusalem's lost opportunities! I watched him there, and though I had read the great French and Italian preachers' sermons upon the Passion, nothing moved me like this! Theirs was acting, but this was the real scene. "O Lamb of God, was ever pain, was ever love like this?" What a marvelous change in the physical appearance of the Divine Victim! The face that was white and lifelike, now black! The neck, which had been white and smooth, now showed the veins swollen and blue! Edmund Burke, in that most perfect of his eloquent descriptions, describes Marie Antoinette as having her whole being changed by suffering. She enters the prison with hair like a raven; a single night makes it white as snow. A more wonderful and heart-rending change took place in this Christ figure upon the cross before the very eyes of the spectators. Cries of horror and pity broke from their lips, and [illegible] emotion for a few seconds that [illegible] panic would ensue.

The succeeding act, the Descent from the Cross, is an exact copy of Rubens's celebrated picture in Antwerp. The executioners, with indecent haste, rush forward; but Nicodemus shows an order from Pilate, giving him full authority to take charge of the body. Two ladders are placed, one in front, one in the rear of the cross. The crown of thorns is removed and given to a servant. The nails are then extracted, and the dead Christ is taken down and laid upon the ground, where he is covered with a clean white linen cloth, and the blood is washed from the hands, from the temples, and from the feet. Now he is buried amid the sweet budding foliage of spring. The funeral was unostentatious. Behold the place where they laid him! Rich odors are shed there. Behold it in your tears, ye who sorrow for loved ones! The third day the good women come to anoint the body, and their ears are anointed with the most fragrant tidings that ever fell from heaven to earth: "He is not here, he is risen!" The gloom gives place to joy! The performers now put on white garments, and as the limestone rocks of Judea crack and explode with the glory of the risen Christ, all exclaim, "The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen!" There is not a line of departure from the Gospel narrative. The clear and thrilling tones of the Christus is heard, "I am the Resurrection and the Life!" O Jesus, I have often gazed on thee in admiration, but never so much as when thou didst declare thyself by the sublime title, "I am the Resurrection and the Life!" demonstrating thy divinity over death and the grave. I felt myself involuntarily repeating the hymn of Watts:

> "Say, Live forever, wondrous King,
> Born to redeem and strong to save!
> Then ask the monster, Where 's thy sting!
> And, Where 's thy victory, boasting Grave!"

I have never heard anything to approach the dramatic power of these performers. Says the good priest, Father Daiserberg, of Oberammergau: "It is not our aim to shine in the art of acting; that would be ridiculous in country folk. But it must be the earnest desire of each one to represent worthily this Holy Mystery. As the apostles taught men by their holy conversation, so must we endeavor, if our work is to be blessed to the hearts of men, to show by our Christlike conduct the salutary effect produced upon our souls."

That is it! It is more than acting! It is devotion in its most spiritualized and sublimated form!

The succeeding acts—The Burial of Christ, The Resurrection and Christ's Ascension, making twenty in all—although grand in conception and almost perfect in execution, were received with strange apathy. The people had spent their emotion in the supreme Act of the Crucifixion.

Few words were exchanged that evening in the beautiful drive back to Ammergau, with the enchanting green of the mountains before our eyes, and the noise of the waterfalls soft and soothing in our ears. The great tragedy which had just passed before us was a real one, and it was long ere we could throw off the magic influence, and think of the actors therein as simple Bavarian peasants, who were giving this Miracle Play in fulfillment of a pious vow.

Chapter XIV.

CAMPAIGN EXPERIENCES—MEN KNOWN IN POLITICAL LIFE AND OTHER BYWAYS.

AS a minister of the gospel I have always claimed the right to tell my sentiments upon the questions in which the righteousness and the prosperity of the Republic are profoundly interested. Every four years I have made campaign speeches to the electors, assuring them that they would stand immeasurably higher as Christians if they took some interest in the political affairs of this country. Their lips ought not to be padlocked wherever and whenever bribery and corruption are to be exposed, the great cause of Temperance to be vindicated, and the stability and prosperity of the Republic are to be promoted.

I spoke these sentiments in 1861, when our majestic eagle wavered in his flight, and the stars upon our banner began to lose their luster. I spoke them again when Grant was triumphantly chosen as the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. I spoke in all the subsequent Presidential elections, except one during which I was absent from the country. And I also believe that hereafter more ministers will take time from their pulpits to spend in this way; not dragging partisan politics into their pulpits, which I never did, but preaching upon the lines laid down by the prophet, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Those words of Byron's are true and noble:

> "Freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Is it possible that when a patriotic government or a municipality is doing its best to promote morality and decent administration of affairs, that ministers of the gospel can be silent? Are they too much absorbed in the contemplation of the heavens, that they have no time to take some interest in the welfare of the millions upon the earth? A story is told of a scholar who, when the whole Nation was startled by the fall of Fort Sumter, said to his friends, "What do I care? I must finish my grammar." I have heard the utterances of certain bishops, boasting that they "never had voted." Such men should never preach the gospel to me. They are not indoctrinated with the principles of the Bible upon their duties in civil life. I maintain that we have not been doing our duty in regard to politics and civil government. You may tell me, indeed, that ministers of the gospel should not be politicians. I have no politics aside from Christianity. I can say with the Covenanters, "My politics is my Bible."

A national campaign is one of the trials of democracy. It has been questioned whether seventy millions could peacefully carry out their respective political creeds without the Nation suffering serious disaster. But the calmness, the decorum, and the readiness with which the defeated parties accept the results, demonstrate the sagacity of our system. There are many popular fallacies about elections. Among them a common one is, that all the speakers and managers are supplied with money to buy votes. "Money!" cries the bankrupt, while he listens to the harangue. "Help us to pay off our indebtedness." "Money!" cries the beggar, who believes that a political campaign is a pyramid of wealth. "Money!" demands the idler, while he buries his hands in his empty pockets; and the mechanic out of work takes up the dismal chorus.

When I was speaking at a town in Southern Illinois, during the campaign of 1896, a Democratic wag reported in advance that I had a valise full of silver, which Mr. Hanna gave me to pay off all mortgages. When I arrived at the depot, there were hundreds of colored people waiting my arrival. One powerful fellow seized my satchel, exclaiming: "It is true! There is so much money here that I can not lift it up." For hours I was pestered with appeals, and I was confidentially informed that the applicants would never tell how much they got.

There is no fallacy more common than that all the active campaigners are office-seekers. This may be true of a few, but not of the great majority. The usual class of office-seekers are not the men selected for their abilities, or from the hard-working men who carry elections. For the most part, they are party hacks, who help to elect senators and congressmen, who form a company or a clique. The life of a man of this class, as has been truthfully said, must be a life of drudgery. He dares not declare his independent opinion on any question. He dares not answer a plain question plainly, lest his answer should be remembered.

Another very common fallacy, the constant reiteration of speakers of all parties, is, that if the opposite party succeeds the country is ruined; that all the prosperity and morality will disappear if the opposite candidate is elected; that the platform of his party was made in heaven; that America is on the brink of a deadly gulf. The Republic, the foundations of which have been laid on the heights that overlook the Bay of Charleston, laid deep on the banks of the Potomac, laid firmly in the wooded hills of Vermont—the Republic, these opposing

orators tell us, if Free Trade or Protection succeeds, will split from base to battlement.

The most noted clergyman in the United States tells how, when he was a boy, he went to hear a famous political orator, who, pointing his index finger at him, thundered out, "If Mr. Harrison is elected, that boy will grow no taller." He went home crying, and told his father not to vote for Harrison. Twenty years after, the boy, grown up, heard the same political orator declare the same thing if Lincoln were elected.

These political campaigns are educational factors, and leave a softening, humanizing influence behind them. There is always a patient investigation and a desire to ascertain the facts. Upon all such contests as those of 1844 and 1861 the American looks back with pride. He remembers the rush of noble words and the bright play of Henry Clay's speech. Bryce, the Irish author of the "American Commonwealth," the best book ever written by a foreigner on American institutions, says: "The American is keen and shrewd. His passion seldom obscures his reason. He keeps his head during these excitements, when a German or a Frenchman would lose his." The political election, in which two men are pitted against one another in a four months' campaign for the great prize, stirs the blood like any other trial of strength and speed.

The campaign every four years teaches the responsibilities that are offered to the young men of the land. In no other country is there such an opportunity. The American people do not ask, "What was your father?" but, "Who are you?" Thomas Jefferson's test is the thing, after all, for a candidate: "Is he honest? Is he capable?" Let the young man, the intelligent, adventurous,

and gallant, take heart! Lord Morpeth, after visiting our schools, was asked what he thought of them. His answer was, "Every boy who spoke expects to be President of the United States."

The campaign inculcates the value of enthusiasm. The incidents and picturesque surrounding of the crowds form a copious theme to excite earnestness. The orators become aroused when they quote extracts from other candidates' speeches—extracts that will supersede Demosthenes against Æschines, Rienzi against the nobles, Pitt retorting on Walpole, and Webster in reply to Hayne. Charles James Fox declared that a man without enthusiasm never succeeds. The great transactions of history, the fight at Marathon, the death of Cæsar, the sublime episodes of the Swiss crags, the storm which hurled the thrones of the Bourbons into destruction, the eternal ring of the bell at Philadelphia proclaiming the rights of man throughout the world, were not accomplished without enthusiasm.

The campaign inspires candidates with the necessity of having spotless records. As soon as a man is nominated, every obscure paper in the country begins the everlasting search for his history. The challenge is sent forth, the trumpet is sounded, and the bitter and humiliating events of the man's life are gone over. The candidate is the public property of the Nation. The day of his nomination it might be written over his door, as over the churches in Paris, "La propriété nationale." ("The national property.") Everything is noted and exaggerated. Should he take a trip, it is telegraphed. If a Hoosier comes along and slaps him on the back, he must submit. A skulking shadow everywhere pursues him. If his child upbraid him or his wife abscond, the spies are ready to

publish it to the world. Expostulate with these burglars as they tear the roof off his house, and they answer: "It is all right! He is a public man, and a candidate for office, and the people want to hear all about him." This was especially the case with James G. Blaine. He was followed to Europe, his steps were dogged everywhere. His dentist in Milan told me that when the great statesman came to his office, a spy was just behind him, and even the office was invaded and questions asked about Blaine's health and teeth.

Again, a political campaign is a spectacle of grandeur. It is really a great thing when seventy millions of people are interested. As our admirer, Bryce, puts it: "The scene of immensity, and the belief that the same thoughts and purposes are animating millions of other people in sympathy with himself, lifts a man out of himself, and sends him into transports of eagerness and zeal."

The first campaign in which I took part was for the election of Grant, in 1868. I was then a chaplain in the regular army. The speech was delivered in the Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. I afterwards addressed the people of North Carolina, visiting every county in the State.

The next campaign in which I took an active part was a memorable one, the contest for the election of James G. Blaine, in 1884. The reason for my interest in Mr. Blaine arose from an incident which took place in Ireland a few years before. I was visiting the home of my childhood, and, in response to old friends, delivered an address upon America and Americans at Pepper's Cross-roads. During the delivery of the lecture, I compared America's Presidents with the English Kings, American Queens with those of England.

The next day two policemen came to my mother-in-

law's house, asking if Rev. George W. Pepper was there. My wife responded, "Yes," with a touch of indignation. They requested that I should take a walk with them to the nearest station, Gilford. I knew what that meant, eighteen months' imprisonment, without a trial; for the Curfew Law was then in force. I remonstrated, but in vain, until I pulled out my passport, which I flaunted in their faces, saying, "If you arrest me, I will cable James G. Blaine, the Secretary of State, whose name is there, and in forty-eight hours he will hold your British Ambassador responsible!" Quickly they changed their actions, and cravenly apologized. Blaine's name carried terror as well as influence with it. I said then to my wife, "If Blaine is ever a candidate for the Presidency I will take the stump for him."

The next year I delivered the Fourth of July speech in Mansfield. John Sherman presided. He had given land enough to build a beautiful park for the city, and this patriotic occasion was the dedication of the grounds. I repeated the incident in my address; it got into the papers, so that when Blaine was nominated I was invited to deliver the first speech in New York. The audience was very large, and I had some fears. At the Astor House a reporter for one of the newspapers, whom I had known in the army, Mr. Doyle, called to give advice. He was anxious to know if I could sing an Irish song. I answered, "No, nor a Methodist! I do not even know one tune from another." "Well, then, you will find it unpopular to deliver your speech. A rousing Irish song might quiet them for some time, and give you a chance. But Republican speeches to Irish audiences never succeeded here. General Benjamin F. Butler tried it, and failed." From the first sentence, "I am here to-night to

bind with a shamrock wreath the brow of the grand old party with which the proudest and grandest recollections of the country have been associated for thirty years; the party of Abraham Lincoln, of Grant, and of its noblest living representative, James G. Blaine, its standard-bearer in this campaign," cheers began in all parts of the hall and lasted for several minutes. Somebody—I think it was Hawley or Elkins—came up and whispered in my ear, "You have got them."

The next morning I was invited to visit the National Headquarters, where I became acquainted with the managers and several of the leading Republicans of the country. I met Mr. B. F. Jones, Mr. Blaine's chairman, a prominent iron manufacturer of Pittsburg, an honest and respected gentleman of the old school, conscientious and sincere in his politics as in his business. I met also Mr. J. S. Clarkson, whose unflagging zeal, untiring activity, and enthusiastic application for twenty years of laborious service were developed and matured in the service of his party. It does not detract from the glory of others to say that Clarkson's pluck and determination were always in the lead.

I delivered my first speeches in Maine—in Bangor, Portland, Lewiston, and Saco. Before commencing, it was deemed advisable to have an interview with Mr. Blaine, at Bar Harbor. I remember an incident which occurred in a town of Maine. I had ridden forty miles from Calais, and put up for the night at a quaint old town. Arriving at the hotel, "Stranger," said the proprietor, "you are in the best town in the world. Think of it! There has never been a saloon here, nor a jail, nor a Democrat, nor a trial, nor a Catholic, nor a Methodist!"

After doing Maine, I was sent to Massachusetts, the

land of Mugwumps, where I spent two weeks, speaking in all the principal cities. It was in a carriage on the way to Faneuil Hall that I met a man who has recently gained much celebrity in the war with Spain as colonel of the Rough Riders, Theodore Roosevelt, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. The order of speeches was discussed. Lodge was to give the history of the party; Roosevelt to talk to the Mugwumps, and to show that civil service had a better showing with Republicans; and I to address myself to the veterans. Senator Lodge made a lucid and unanswerable speech, showing himself to be a scholar and a fine speaker. Roosevelt attained high distinction during that campaign.

At Quincy I was billed to speak with Colonel Slack, the collector of the port of Boston and editor of the *Commonwealth*. He spoke first, and notwithstanding that he was frequently interrupted by the leading Prohibitionists of the State, he made a telling and convincing speech. I never heard his equal in answering questions. I followed him. Some one cried out, "Three cheers for Blaine and Logan!" which were given with enthusiasm. Then some politician of the other party cried out, "Three cheers for h——l!" "That 's right!" quickly responded Colonel Slack, "every one should cheer for his own country!" After leaving Massachusetts, I spoke in Indiana, Michigan, Illinois.

In the Harrison campaign of 1888 I was engaged for many weeks, and here I met Senator M. S. Quay and the indefatigable Clarkson. Quay was an adroit, skillful leader, priming himself upon being more than a match for Tammany. It was not omnipotent when it confronted Quay. I spoke fourteen nights in the city to the most disorderly crowds I ever saw. The Goths were refined

in comparison with these mobs. At one place, supposed to be the wickedest and most dangerous of the city, a meeting was arranged, the first Republican meeting ever held there. The Democrats having failed to break up the meeting, resorted to a new device; at a given signal some roughs in the outskirts would toss into the air bundles of paper pellets, which fell upon the speaker like white flakes of snow; the crowd would then send up a yell. General Dennis Burke, the gallant commander of the Irish Brigade, tried and had to give it up.

At last a West Virginian, whose name I have forgotten, commenced. The same game was started. Finally the West Virginian suddenly exclaimed, with an oath, "My father was killed and my brother was wounded in the war, and I, too, was a soldier. I fought for free speech as well as for the Union!" and lifting up something that looked like a revolver, "and I swear that the first ruffian who throws up one of those paper pellets, I will give him the contents of this!" The rascals fled, and he spoke for an hour without interruption, other than cheers. It was a cigar-case, not a pistol, that he held in his hand. It was a great success.

I next was sent to Indiana, where I met John C. New, a stanch Republican, a cool and forecasting man, who knew the politics of his State better than any other politician.

Once more was the McKinley campaign, in 1896. I had known the Major by reputation; but the first time I ever saw him was in Augusta, Maine. He was making speeches, and I think was on his way to see the Plumed Knight. I was impressed with his evident sincerity and his unselfishness. What a change position makes in the number of a man's friends! I remember one of the last

times I saw him, after the temporary reaction against his tariff bill, he was on his way to Lorain to make a speech. I was going further to deliver a lecture. There was not a man in the depot to see him off, nor one who accompanied him. Now there would be thousands, with bands of music and flying colors. The same McKinley, the same quiet, Christian gentleman; but there is the Presidency, with its offices. I delivered an address in behalf of the soldiers when he was the candidate for this high office. He was full of compliments. "It was beautiful! It was beautiful!" he said.

Receiving an earnest request from Colonel Hahn, the chairman of the Speakers' Department, I accepted his invitation, and departed immediately for Chicago. I made my first speech in the stockyards to a thousand or more men with mugs of beer in their hands—it was the noon hour—cheering for Bryan and more money. It was the oddest crowd I ever beheld. They raved like maniacs. While I was trying to speak, a gentleman stood behind me who was there purposely to protect me, in case the mob should make an attack. He had previously advised me to lay aside the silk hat I was wearing, as it would probaby be a target for their missiles.

Hurrying into the carriage, we drove to another stockyard meeting, which was orderly, respectful, and appreciative. The chairman was a Gold Democrat. The same night I addressed an audience in the hotel in which Mr. Hedges was stopping. It was full and enthusiastic. The next day I made a speech at twelve o'clock to the business men. It was a scene never to be forgotten, that immense crowd of eager and hopeful men.

I was sent from there to Kansas, where I addressed meetings at Topeka, Lawrence, and St. Mary's. At the

latter place, among the Reception Committee, was the Hon. James W. Fitzgerald, formerly of Cincinnati, a member of the Ohio Legislature, and the best Police Court judge that Cincinnati ever had. He was such a terror to evil-doers that they shot at him. He was a Democrat in Kansas, and was running for the Legislature; but that did not chill his interest in an old friend. He has since died. A more stainless knight never drew a sword. A good and true man.

I also met in Topeka my old friend, John Mulvane, formerly of Ohio, a banker and an honored citizen. He wields a powerful influence in Topeka.

Next, I was directed to spend several weeks in Illinois. Mound City was my headquarters; from there I visited all the neighboring towns, speaking frequently in halls, old shops, churches, and in the open air, twice a day regularly, and occasionally three times. After the night speech, I would ride sixteen miles, accompanied by a band of singers. At one place the hotel had just burned down. A Republican of the town told me that he had no place for me to sleep, but could give me my supper. I looked into one of his rooms, it was full of old muskets. At night he introduced me to a judge as a preacher, and asked for lodging, as I was the speaker of the evening. The family were eating supper. "All right, let me hear you ask a blessing." I did so. He was satisfied that I was a minister.

The last State was Missouri. It seems to me that there is no richer State than this in the Union. The mineral and other resources are incalculable; all it wants is enterprise. I see it overflowing with opulence and wealth, noble cities arising where only a few years ago were scattered villages, excelling in magnificence and beauty the

oldest cities of Europe. I heard the clink of the shuttle and the music of the anvil where, a few years ago only, resounded the clash of the tomahawk.

The meeting in St. Louis was a grand assemblage; it was the business men's daily gathering. Here, in the very center of traffic, thousands gathered to hear Speaker Thomas B. Reed, and to accredit and to sanctify the people's choice, William McKinley. I would not follow Reed, so I made the first speech. It was well received. Reed proved himself, though his voice was hoarse, an accomplished master, and won repeated applause. The next night I spoke twice, Judge Noble, a prominent citizen, preceding me at one of the meetings. The second was composed of Union and Confederate soldiers. There were over eleven hundred in the club. Four hundred were ex-Confederates, but all were now for honest money and Republicanism.

Among the good and worthy men whom I met in St. Louis were Messrs. A. H. Eilers and —— Drosten, a rich and partiotic jeweler. Mr. Eilers was my fellow voyager across the sea in the *Fuerst Bismarck!* He has an interesting history. Brought up a bigoted Lutheran in Wisconsin, he was constantly warned never to attend a Methodist church, as he would be sure to become a Republican! As a boy he made his way to St. Louis in the early sixties, when the war fever was at its height. He heard Hiram Cox, of precious memory, sing Union songs upon the streets. He was fascinated, and followed him to dear old Union Church, covered with flags. He was at home, and said, "Thy people shall be my people." In Germany, the land of his fathers, where he was recently, he found thousands of the people who believed Colonel Cody and McKinley were brothers, from the similarity of their

names—"Buffalo Bill and McKinley Bill." At a German fair he saw an immense hog in a fancy chariot, with two large-sized portraits of McKinley and Cody, with the flaming inscriptions conspicuous, "The two great brothers, Buffalo Bill and McKinley Bill." It was the actual belief of many that they belonged to the same family. Colonel Cody got a cool reception in many quarters because of his alleged relationship to McKinley. The tariff measure was very unpopular in Germany, and I was not surprised at the reply of a German manufacturer from Crefeldt, who lay groaning in the berth above me on a steamship while crossing the ocean. I asked him what was the matter, and he muttered, "It is either seasickness or the McKinley Bill, I do n't know which."

The next morning we started through Missouri in Mr. R. C. Kerens's private car. At all the principal towns, "Reed! Reed!" was the cry; but as his voice was weak he did not respond. I tried to supply his place. This part of the State—its soft and verdant valleys, its fertile and level plains, its magnificent rivers—aroused the admiration of all in the car. Mr. Hitchcock, our present ambassador to Russia, was one of the party.

I reported, according to instructions, at Clinton, the home of the Republican candidate for governor, Robert E. Lewis. There I was met by Mr. Mitchell, the brave and fearless editor, and by the genial Haynie, a lawyer of ability. Lewis was very popular here. Amid a furious storm of bigotry and opposition, he has stood unmoved and undismayed. His intrepidity and courage are everywhere praised.

I spoke at Windsor, at Rich Hill, Warrensburg, and other places. The counties visited were Henry, Cass, Johnson, Bates, Cedar, and St. Clair. In all these cities

and towns I met hundreds of Ohioans. At Warrensburg there was Herrick, Logan; at Windsor, George W. Schwer, the present postmaster, and the editor of the Republican. At Rich Hill, I was delightfully entertained by a stanch and respected merchant, Mr. Kellogg, now collector of internal revenue at Kansas City, a splendid gentleman; also others—Martin, Judge Huckaby, Hon. J. R. Hales. There were no interruptions, such as those at Chicago.

But the greatest of all the meetings was held at Clinton, two days before the election. Nobly did the spirited Republicans turn out in their thousands to mark their high sense of the great services of their candidate for governor. I spoke, as one of the dispatches said, to twenty thousand people, after which I left immediately, as I must reach home in time to vote. While waiting at the depot here, an Irishman, who had ridden thirty miles to hear me, came up to me and said, "I don't know McKinley; but I do know that he has a mighty smart woman for a wife—Hanna!"

I can not sufficiently express my admiration of Mr. Richard C. Kerens's management of the work in his State. His powerful help, his persuasive manners, and his tact, drew applause from all.

The great Cooper Institute demonstration in 1884, to which reference has been made in the preceding paragraphs, calls for more than ordinary remark. The Institute was filled, as one three times its size would have been filled, with an assemblage of New York's best citizens. There were, side by side, thousands of patriotic mechanics and merchants, the active business man, and the retired capitalist. The platform was crowded with the best men of all parties, who had come to do homage to the gallant

standard-bearer of the Republicans. The walls were hung with the portraits of the illustrious leaders of the Republicans. There was Lincoln, his face indicating that his whole soul was filled with the love of liberty, upon whose ears the sounds of freedom fell with sweeter tones than the song of birds in early spring; there were the pictures of Grant, of Sherman, of Sumner, of Wilson, of Wade.

The opening remarks of the president, Patrick Ford, were delivered with a fervor and a modesty worthy of his name and fame. His nephew, Austin Ford, who was general manager, received an ovation when he appeared to introduce his uncle as chairman.

The first speech was delivered by a Methodist clergyman from Ohio, the author of these reminiscences. Hon. Judge John Brennan, of Iowa, had a grand theme, and he handled with masterly skill the Cobden Club and its designs upon America. He nobly vindicated the doctrine of protection. This speech was clear, strong, to the point, and conclusive, and will stand all the artillery which the Free-traders can discharge against it. He was afterwards engaged in the campaign, speaking mostly in the city of New York, where his trenchant, sledge-hammer arguments and overflowing wit won thousands of votes for the Republicans.

The next speaker was Hon. Thomas P. Barry, a member of the Illinois Legislature. The speech was vivid as a picture, bristling with facts, clear in its details, full of the most direct and cogent arguments. Mr. Barry laid bare with a bold and strong hand the disease of the labor depression and its remedy. His address was timely and bold, forcible and solid, and worthy of his reputation. His self-possession, clearness of statement, his quickness in an-

swering questions, make him a favorite speaker on all occasions.

Henry Cary Baird, the grandson of Matthew Cary, the champion of American protection fifty years ago, was the next speaker. His speech was profoundly statistical. In the higher elements of oratory he is deficient, preferring the more solid matter to the more graphic and attractive elements of speech.

Captain O'Meagher Condon was introduced as an Irish patriot, an American soldier in the Civil War, a hero who received the honor of a sentence of death in London for his Irish sympathies, and who uttered the brave words upon the verge of the scaffold, "God save Ireland!" The feeling of the audience rose to an immense state of excitement during the delivery of this able address. Captain Condon, in whose features glowed the proud consciousness that before the high trbunal which adjudged him to death, he had done his duty, stood before that vast audience in a manly and respectful attitude, and gazed upon the crowded multitude with calmness and composure. Political opponents and friends admired the sincerity with which he advocated the claims of his benefactor, James G. Blaine. He spoke briefly, but clearly, ably, and with illustrations, telling as they were happy.

Such may be a slight characterization of the speeches spoken at this mighty gathering. But how shall we describe its enthusiasm? For four hours did the people listen without a sign of impatience; and the heartiest of all the applause was when the speakers uttered the name of Blaine. The proceedings came to a close at twelve o'clock. The thousands were on their way home, the streets were hushed, the vast swell of human feeling had subsided, and its echoes were heard no more.

MEN WORTH REMEMBERING.

Mr. M. A. Hanna, who was the manager of McKinley's campaign, is one of the foremost of that class of business men whose character for substantial independence, honor, uprightness, and industry is associated with the prosperity of their city and country. No man contributed more to the success of his party than this much-abused gentleman. While on the stump, it was not so much McKinley who had to be defended as his able and indefatigable manager. His only crime was that he organized the McKinley forces into an army, defeated his enemies, and gave the United States a pride and a hope which will always be proudly remembered as a white day in the calendar of American political statesmanship. Mark Hanna was always for the Republican party. He knew no despondency, no despair; these cowardly feelings are foreign to him. He is liberal in his benefactions; the poor of every nationality, race, and creed always find his purse open.

As a speaker, Senator Hanna is not showy, but his talks bristle with facts. They are clear in their details, full of the most direct and cogent argument. As a public man, many of his friends who know him think he will never live his term out; that he will not be able to endure the strain of the office-seekers. It is this eternal office-seeking that has killed so many of our public men. Jefferson tells that Washington brought down his hand emphatically on the table, with the asseveration, "I have never been sorry but once that I accepted the Presidency, and that is ever since!" Senator Anthony said, "that he never secured an office for any beggar that he did not make half a dozen foes for every friend." Years ago, Preston King accepted the office of collector of New

York, and greedy office-seekers worried the life out of him. Hopeless of relief, he plunged into the river and ended his days. So it was with William Henry Harrison.

Colonel Chas. F. Dick was Mr. Hanna's most conspicuous helper. There never was a more devoted, faithful, unflinching adherent to McKinley. Nothing could shake his confidence in the apostle of protection; he was the particular star upon which he looked with admiration. He knew him well, and the more he knew, the more he loved and honored him. There is little about him to provoke astonishment or envy, but much to deserve esteem and regard. The usefulness of his life, his indefatigable industry, high sense of principle, devotion to his party, should give him more eminence than rightfully belongs to a whole throng of those showy men who have attracted more attention or dazzled it by the unprofitable splendor of their intellect.

Colonel Hahn, chief of the Speaker's Bureau, showed great ability, courage, and knowledge in the assignment of speakers to the various States. It is a most difficult and complicated office to fill. There were obstacles, unsurpassable obstacles, to overcome. He was ably assisted by Mr. Fletcher. Colonel Haskell was very active and effective; sixty thousand persons were introduced by him to Mr. Hanna.

H. C. Hedges is a man of unbending integrity. All the speakers came into immediate contact with him. He gave them letters of introduction to the committees of the localities where they were assigned. He was their paymaster. Mr. Hedges is an element of pure goodness. He brought from his retirement, into the wild and exciting agitation and collection of forces, a clear brain, and

a heart in whose atmosphere no selfishness could dwell. It is the beauty of our republican institutions to be harmonious, well-balanced, and just.

Governor Albert G. Porter, who introduced me to an assembly in Indianapolis, at a meeting for the relief of Ireland, was an ideal American, neat in person, a ripe and accurate scholar, an accomplished speaker, and a model governor. He was our minister to Italy when I was consul to Milan. He had recently prepared a lecture upon Gladstone, and predicted with exulting pride his subsequent political changes. Admirers of oratory may talk of their Beechers, their Starr Kings, and other celebrities; but Governor Porter surpassed them all in finished oratory. In structural arrangement his address was perfect.

At the same meeting was Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States. He had a large body, a frank and smiling face, a good delivery, and above all a warm heart. No one ever charged Thomas Hendricks with being mercenary; for he was ever generous. Differing from him politically, and being prejudiced, I was pleasantly disappointed. He was pure and honorable in all the relations of private life. Slander never pointed to a stain in his moral character. He knew nothing of the luxury and splendor of foreign courts; but he knew Indiana, and the people of all parties respected him. He had tremendous influence in determining elections. His speech, after the regular lecture, was intelligent, sympathetic, strong, and pathetic.

General Grosvenor is both a soldier and a statesman. He makes most telling speeches. He is the best posted man in the party. He closes his speeches amid thunders

of applause. The same may be said of General R. P. Kennedy.

Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, I have frequently met in the national campaigns. He is a medium-sized man, with a mind filled to overflowing with ideas. He is a wise counselor and a grand organizer. There is not a lazy bone in his little and wiry frame. He is the only member of the National Committee who accompanied me to the meetings, where he watched the movements of the crowds. He took a personal interest in the contest, and thousands of his friends deeply regretted that he declined a Cabinet appointment. He has been a very successful business man; this ought not to be a bar to any good citizen's promotion. When General Grant appointed A. T. Stewart to be Secretary of the Treasury, one of the reasons he gave for his action was, that a man who built up such a colossal establishment would carry the same genius into National affairs.

In the same State lives Senator John C. Spooner, a man of most excellent mind and heart, whose political ideas are tempered by philosophy. In his State his speeches operate upon the masses like magic. In his style of speaking there is much of the flash, and in his elocution much of the dash, that was the great specialty of Blaine. When warmed with his theme and with a grand purpose, a soaring soul, and a large audience, Senator Spooner makes a great impression. When passing through Milan, he called at the office, and introducing me to his friends, said, "This is the man who makes more votes for the Republican party than all of us."

R. C. Kerens is the leader of his party in Missouri, and a foremost man in all public affairs. His life is full of

picturesque incidents. The first time I met him was on the steps of the White House. Blaine was coming out, and I was calling upon the President. He was a great favorite of Blaine's and of Harrison's. He had then, as now, the distribution of the Missouri patronage. He is never more delighted than when he is surrounded in his princely home with a host of friends. The next time I saw him was during the election of McKinley. I had been five weeks assigned to the State Committee of Illinois, and ordered to the southern part. I spoke frequently three times a day, and after the night speech would ride sixteen or twenty miles to a hotel. I remember eating at one house, on one occasion, and then, as there was no room, going to another to sleep. My strength was being greatly overtaxed when I met Kerens, in Chicago, at the National Headquarters. He looked at me with a surprised air, saying, "You are just the man I want." I explained to him that I was not through with Illinois. But he procured my release from that State, and had me assigned to Missouri instead. He offered me a seat in his private palace car, and thus I traveled through Missouri, speaking in St. Louis and several other towns, *en route* to Springfield with Thomas B. Reed.

Senator George F. Hoar is a statesman, endowed with the highest qualities, the last of the great men of the past who united scholarship, dignity, and wisdom in his political addresses. He is the most conservative of the Republican leaders, conservative of the rights and progress of his party. The senator is absolutely free from religious bigotry. He believes, with Thomas Jefferson, that it matters not to him whether a man believes in one God or a thousand, provided he does not steal his purse. He does not believe in the promotion of one class at the

expense or the degradation of another. He is a disciple of John Boyle O'Reilly:

> "Races and sects were to him a profanity—
> Hindoo, Saxon, and Celt were as one;
> Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
> Large in its record as the work he has done."

He also did me the honor to call upon me. He was on his way to Turin to see Kossuth. He talked of old times—of Blaine, of the campaign of that memorable year. He spoke kindly of O'Reilly, and his successor, James Jeffrey Roche. As he was on his way to see the illustrious Hungarian, I told him the following incident, which pleased him greatly: "The Turkish Pasha dined with Kossuth, and gave the following toast: 'There was once a gold vase of the most beautiful kind, but two stones fell upon and crushed it. It lost its form, but still remained gold, whilst the shapeless rocks were still only rocks. Kossuth is the golden vase which the rocks of Austria and Russia have tried to crush, but could not, and which will regain its pristine form and grace on the impressionable page of history.'"

President Hayes I had known for years; but never could appreciate the man until I met him at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in Ashland, Ohio, the gift of a noble lady, Mrs. Jonas Freer. Two companies of his regiment were raised there, and it was easy to account for his popularity when he saluted each of the boys by his Christan name—"Milt," "Ott," "Arthur," etc. At Kenyon College, where I had been a student a year or two afterwards, he worked steadily at his studies. His companions were ardent spirits, among whom were brilliant Harry Winter Davis, of Maryland, and Judge David Davis, of Illinois.

Charles Foster, governor of Ohio, congressman, and Secretary of the Treasury,—all his speeches are models of a high grade of political morality. Of medium stature, a quick and lively imagination, and a warm heart, Charles Foster is one of the talkers whom everybody wishes to hear. He speaks the language of the common people; they have not to carry dictionaries to make out his meaning. I heard him upon the currency, and, speaking of the greenback, he said "it was easy to carry," and, suiting the action to the word, he quickly took off his necktie, wrapped a lot of greenbacks in it neatly, folded it, and replaced it upon his neck, adding, "I can carry that through the world and nobody will know it." Cheer upon cheer greeted the illustration.

President Benjamin Harrison needs no praise; his Administration will forever remain a permanent monument of the prosperity of this great Nation. His addresses to the delegations which called upon him at Indianapolis are a storehouse of political wisdom. His speeches contain noble appeals to all that is grand and patriotic in the heart. They can be quoted by the soldier, arming for battle, as well as by the student in his seclusion. I visited him after I was through with campaign work in New York. He was anxious to know what the prospects there were. I gave him this instance: In Leroy, Conkling's bailiwick, where Blaine lost nearly four hundred votes,—that little place would increase its vote four hundred for Harrison. He was surprised and pleased. I told him also the methods which were used by the stump orators—the State ticket was not to be criticised; so the people would cheer alternately for Harrison and Hill.

SENATOR M. S. QUAY.—As a leader of men, Senator Quay stands unequaled. He was the manager of the Har-

rison campaign. Of how he discharged the onerous and most responsible duties which thereon devolved upon him is well known to the country. But we should feel it a deep dereliction of that just debt of gratitude which his services to his party should command were we not to express admiration for the skill and tremendous energy displayed in the election of Harrison. His census of New York itself was a miracle. He knew exactly by this enumeration how many voting people were in the city, and upon the day of election thousands of fraudulent voters were challenged, and asked how long they had lived in New York. When Quay, consulting the census, would reply, "Your name is not here," the imported frauds were not permitted to vote. Quay made it the duty of the speakers in New York to report every morning. I spoke fourteen times, and complied with this order. He was very reticent; like Bismarck, he knew how to keep silent in fifteen different languages.

SENATOR FRYE.—I met Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, frequently during the campaign of 1884, and spoke with him at different places. The senator is lithe, active, and as wary as a sportsman. As an off-hand speaker, I think he is the most effective I have ever heard. He is full of resources, full of figures, full of patriotism. His mastery of popular speech is very remarkable, and in no country of the world does popular oratory count for so much as in the United States.

At Newark, Ohio, we were both billed to speak in the Blaine campaign. I made an effort to deliver the first speech, as I did not wish to follow so distinguished a speaker. The audience was largely composed of wool-growers. Frye took in the situation. The first words he uttered caught and captured them. They were, "Sheep!"

"sheep!" "sheep!" It was a spell-word. As he proceeded, the enthusiasm became contagious, the crowd cheered time and again. Frye was in his happiest vein. His countenance was striking, and his words fairly leaped over one another. Fit subject was he for the pencil of an artist.

The meeting adjourned, and the scene that followed was one of triumph. Bright banners waved over his head, and bright flowers were strewn along his way to the hotel. Cheers for Blaine and Logan rent the air, and the result was seen when, in that Democratic county, a majority of 1,500 was given to the Republican party.

SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS.—I became well acquainted with Mr. Elkins during the Blaine campaign. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Maine statesman, and put forth all his efforts to elect his favorite. The day after I made the first speech in that campaign, he sent for me to come to the national headquarters, and requested earnestly that I should take the stump.

Elkins has become rich. He is a strong man—strong in will, strong in resources, and strong in determination. His character is like his eloquence, rapid, spontaneous, vigorous, realizing a poet's ideal man. "There are two things which fashion their own channel—the strong man and the waterfall." He makes a good speech—compact, brief, dwelling upon statutes. He tells few anecdotes, and relies principally for effect upon convincing logic, clear statement, and evident sincerity.

JOHN WANAMAKER.—I became acquainted with this gentleman in the recommendation of an old soldier for a post-office. The Postmaster-General immediately said to his secretary, "Go to the letter-case, and get the recommendation for Mr. ——." I told him he had no

recommendation, that the Congressman had given in the names of four others. I told Mr. Wanamaker the history of my candidate; that he was an old soldier, brevetted for bravery at Antietam; that McKinley had him appointed postmaster some years before; but in consequence of a propensity for drink, he lost the place, and that I could bear testimony to his character for four years, having been reclaimed through a Methodist revival. I cited several instances of his kindness to the old soldiers. Mr. Wanamaker listened attentively, and requested me to see the Congressman, and have him put "your friend's name in the list." It was done; he was appointed, and served honorably the whole term. I could see that Wanamaker's heart was moved profoundly. He is one of the people. Without birth, without fortune, without friends, by industry, by the use of his brains, and by the force of his character, he made for himself a fortune which princes might have envied. The circumstance which I have recorded is sufficient to show the goodness of his heart.

WHARTON BARKER.—Wharton Barker is descended from a long line of patriotic ancestors, Jacob Barker, one of the financiers of the Revolutionary War, being a relative. I am proud to name such a man, because his name stands for integrity, for political righteousness, for liberality, and for generosity. A few years ago he was one of the leading manufacturers of Philadelphia, employing hundreds of men and women. I have seen him among his employees, and surely there never was an employer of labor more beloved. I have known him to give forty thousand dollars to elect the President of his party—the money to be spent in literature and public speaking. I have known him to sacrifice the delights of home for the

thorny path of politics. Why all these sacrifices? Were they for nothing? Assuredly not. They were for the prosperity of his country.

DR. WILLIAM CARROLL.—Among the warmest friends of Wharton Barker is Dr. William Carroll, the eminent physician and patriot of the same city. I knew the doctor when he was still in the bloom of youth, before he entered the army, where he served with distinction.

Dr. Carroll is descended from a race which has made itself illustrious in the annals of American history, and, like his renowned relative, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, he has no faith in the beauties and beatitudes of English rule here or anywhere. He is a man of sound discretion, although his life has many stirring events and romantic passages. I was once a member of a committee with Dr. Carroll to call upon the Russian ambassador, to make an offer of help in case of war with an old enemy. John Devoy, a very gifted man, a fine linguist, an able writer, carried on the conversation in French.

The doctor is an athlete, of fine physical appearance, and as he passes along the streets, people stop and ask, "Who is that?" He is boundless in his hospitality; his latch-string is always out to his friends, and they are legion. He has a splendid library of the best books published. He has a large practice, and were it not for his devotion to humanitarian causes, he might be counted as one of the millionaires of the land. Dr. Carroll was the friend and companion of John Mitchell, and tells many stories of his old friend. The able and interesting journalist, Robert McWade, is one of the doctor's constant companions. John O'Leary, the distinguished patriot, when he visits this country, is his guest.

PROFESSOR ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.—If I were

asked to name a modest, unobtrusive, and scholarly man, it would be the Rev. Robert Ellis Thompson. He belongs to the same quiet circle as Barker and Carroll. He is the most industrious writer of the day. He writes books upon the Tariff, biographies of George H. Stuart; writes for the magazines, and the Sunday-school journals. He also edits a column in his friend Wharton Barker's newspaper, the *American*. He is the first living authority upon Protection, and is the legitimate successor of Matthew Carey. That he is a man of exceptional ability is evident from his selection as one of the lecturers before Yale College. As a writer upon this subject he has made a reputation which adds laurels to his crown, and they are so fresh that it looks as if he had never worn them before.

I must mention also the names of Judge Wilhere, Martin Griffin, Hugh McCaffrey, sterling men, who are always upon the side of patriotism, temperance, and philanthropy.

JOHN W. MACKAY.—When lecturing some years ago in Virginia City, Nevada, it was my good fortune to meet Mr. Mackay. He was very attentive and kind, giving me a sketch of his marvelous life, and adding, pointing to the Bonanza mine, "There, fifteen years ago, I worked as a miner for five dollars a day, and those were my happiest and best days!" He kindly offered his services, and conducted me down into the mine and through it. In making the descent of sixteen hundred feet, in the miner's costume, which he put on himself, he told several amusing stories of the Emperor of Brazil, of Henry Ward Beecher, and of others, of their strange experiences as they descended. A German was so overcome with the heat that he exclaimed, "Hell ish not far from dish place!" Even

Beecher was converted to the old orthodox views in regard to hell. Mr. Mackay had my picture taken in the miner's garb I had been obliged to put on before descending. I saw five hundred men at work in the mines without any clothes upon their backs. After we rode in the elevator five hundred feet, my host said, "There, on that rock, you can cook steak."

Mr. Mackay is princely in his benefactions, and is very popular with the miners; they admire and love him. He introduced me to his partner, Mr. Fair. Years afterward, I wrote to the latter on behalf of a poor girl who was studying music in Milan, and he generously sent her five hundred francs.

P. DONAHOE, THE GRAND OLD MAN.—I am under many obligations to this rare old man. He published my first work, which had a great circulation. It was upon Ireland, and was delivered originally in Raleigh, North Carolina, and published in the *Standard*, then edited by W. W. Holden, afterwards governor of the State, at the request of General Miles, who was my colonel in the regulars. Some one sent it to Mr. Donahoe, who published it in the *Pilot*. He afterwards wrote me that he could not supply the demand, and asked the privilege of publishing it in book or pamphlet form.

Mr. Donahoe is always young,—though verging towards ninety, his face is that of a man of fifty, while his hair is that of a man of a hundred years. In every station in which he has been placed he has shown himself honest, capable, and faithful; he is, emphatically, one of the people. For all that he has he is indebted, under God, to his own exertions. Born to an inheritance of comparative poverty, coming to the United States when a mere lad, he struggled with difficulties that would have ap-

palled and crushed a less resolute character. He has been burned out, and his immense publishing business prostrated; but with an energy and devotion to the public worthy of all admiration, Mr. Donahoe recovered, and succeeded in his great work. He had to contend with bigotry in its worst and most dangerous form—bigotry unworthy of a civilized Nation. He supported the Government in the War for the Union, and does to-day in the War against Spain with surpassing fidelity. Modest and unassuming, Mr. Donahoe is a Christian without hypocrisy,—he is always the thing that he seems.

MR. PATRICK FORD.—Mr. Patrick Ford is one of the foremost benefactors of the age. He has always been heard in the defense of great reforms. His paper, the *Irish World*, has never flinched in the championship of mighty principles. I have frequently read in my pulpit his stirring editorials, and they have seemed like trumpet blasts. I remember, years ago, I was traveling in Northern Ireland among the Presbyterians, who were strongly national. I asked one of the parties at a dinner, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, where he got such views. "From the *Irish World*," he replied. I learned that twelve copies were sent to every post-office in Ireland. But it was undermining landlordism, and the attention of the Parliament was called to it, and the paper was prohibited; not, however, until it had accomplished its work. His scathing exposure of the city, State, and national corruption in our own country have won him the respect and admiration of all patriots. Augustin, his associate, is equally distinguished as his illustrious brother in every good and blessed work. So also is his gifted sister Ellen; and no less useful was the lamented Austin, who died as an official of Mayor Strong's administration of the city of New

York. One of the ladies of the family was a writer of spendid poetry, and her life, like the rose, was still fragrant and beautiful after death; for she yet lives in her poems.

What can be more stirring and arousing than the one on "Liberty?"

> "O, Liberty, thou great and mighty angel,
> Whom the nations seldom see,
> View the lands in fetters pining,
> Lifting up their helpless hands to thee!
>
> Let the rushing of thy pinions
> Rouse the dreaming lands to life; . . .
> And if their manacles can only
> By their sword be cut in twain,
> Better hear the clash of sabers
> Than the clanking of a chain."

Patrick Ford has long been my friend. His character stands forth like one of Homer's heroic combats in the field. As a reformer in the cause of temperance, in the cause of labor, and in politics, no man has ever accomplished so much. Some men are reverenced, but not loved; but here is a man who is loved and reverenced. His whole character might be summed up in one word—benevolence. When a defaulting cashier robbed him of thousands, he refused to prosecute him, stating as his reason that years of imprisonment would take him from his wife and children. He possesses a Napoleonic energy in raising money for the champions of liberty, for the famine-stricken, and the needy. "Give me that newspaper of Ford's," said a distinguished New England editor to me a few years ago, "and in five years I will clear a million." Mr. Ford has suffered by the perfidy of others; but he renews his youth and starts afresh. It

might be said of him, as Talleyrand said after visiting Alexander Hamilton, "I have been to see one of the wonders of the age—a man who enriched a Nation, sitting up all night to support his family."

The highest statesmanship, in the opinion of Patrick Ford, is to do the right thing immediately, and calmly await results.

Another celebrated Irishman of my acquaintance is John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, Neb. Coming to this country without a dollar, he amassed millions. He was a magnificent master of finance, a consummate contractor. He was an excellent and accomplished man, always distinguished for the purity and philanthropy of his life. He was manly and vigorous. He never discharged, even during the hardest times, one of his thousands of employees. All the best qualities of our nature—benevolence, patriotism, industry—were matured in this Irish Howard. The thousand dollars which he contributed to the Logan Monument was only one of his numerous benefactions. Conspicuous in this State in every good work is Neil Brennan. He is much attached to Ireland and to the United States. There never was a more devoted, unflinching friend. Parnell was the bright particular star of his devotion. Nothing could shake his faith in the apostle of the new gospel. Long and bright be the life of my beloved friend, Neil Brennan! The same may be said of his neighbor, Mr. McCaffrey. He is yet in his prime, but he has done much already to build up the growing West. I was met at the depot by a reception procession of the Grand Army of the Republic, commanded by a brave veteran, General Slocum.

HON. JOHN F. FINERTY.—It is impossible to know John Finerty without being struck with his magnificent

appearance, his sonorous and thrilling voice, his magnetism, which always excites enthusiasm.

He is an American from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head. Every argument, every burst of passion, every sarcastic shot,—all are made subservient to the advancement, power, greatness, and glory of America.

When in Congress, one of his pet hobbies was the strengthening of our navy, building it up to the level of our opportunities. He predicted, when grave senators laughed at him, that the time would come when we would need a great navy.

He is also in sympathy with Ireland, and believes in the gospel of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet. He feels this Irish cause even in every fiber of his being. He utterly hates and abhors compromise, is fierce with those who believe differently, and when he hits, he hits hard. He hates remorselessly the English Tory member of his Church, who would place on the British throne a ruler as treacherous and persecuting the Irish as harshly as the worst of the Stuarts, who would restore the splendors of a foreign Church rather than do justice to the Irish people. What a virile writer he is! There is a dashing splendor in his compositions as well as in his speech. I have known an eminent Methodist dignitary, president of one of our colleges, to spend a part of a Sunday afternoon reading with delight one of his papers.

Among Mr. Finerty's friends at home is Alexander Sullivan, who had the glory of perfecting the Land League; a lawyer, skillful and shrewd; a man who exercises influence by the force of his character and the authority of his well-informed mind. His address to President Arthur is a model of statesmanship and of sound logic.

His wife, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, is probably the most powerful woman newspaper-writer of the United States. In her writings are contained all the elements of genius, original thought, and inspiration. As an essayist and reviewer, she has no equals. Her mission is to vindicate the cause of justice, to teach oppressors righteousness, to animate the suffering conscience, to inspire timidity with courage, to arouse sympathy for oppressed lands.

Mrs. Sullivan is also a wit. She was present some years ago when General Logan and I addressed a monster meeting at Ogden's Grove, in Chicago. After all was over, she laughingly said to me, "Mr. Pepper, these good Irish Catholics think you are too good a man to be a Methodist."

Few Americans who read those brilliant articles on political economy written by this gifted woman will withhold their sympathy from her now, broken down and seeking health in foreign lands.

If she has not the piquancy of Madame de Staël; if not so versatile and sensational as George Sand; if not so pathetic as George Eliot; if not so persuasive as Mrs. Humphry Ward,—in logic, in eloquence of style, in powerful delineation of character, she is superior to them all.

Mrs. Sullivan has had her trials and tribulations, and has learned the lesson of Raleigh: "Death, which hateth and destroyeth a man, is believed! God, who hath made and loved him, is always deferred."

Others among his devoted friends might be mentioned: W. J. Onahan, learned in history; William Dillon, the accomplished scholar, and an authority on all Church law; J. T. Keating, a live man and a great organizer; A. L. Morrison, the famous campaign orator; McCoy, the genial entertainer and prince of good fellows; Brady,

the bright lawyer; M. V. Gannon, an old toiler in the good work and a noted speaker; Father Dorney; W. J. Hynes, the great criminal lawyer,—these are a few of his friends; they carry him upon their shields.

MAJOR WILLIAM GLEASON.—Not to know him, in Cleveland, is to know nobody! There has been no public measure for the benefit of the city in which he has not been interested. He has consecrated to all such works his time, his ability, his close inspection, and his deliberate judgment. When the Soldiers' Monument was built, General Leggett told me that Gleason was not only its secretary, spending days and months and years getting the names of the Cuyahoga boys who enlisted, so that the names might be inscribed upon it, but he was the life and soul of the whole movement. He went to every meeting, met the enemies of the monument, refuted their objections, and almost invariably won their support. He would go to the Legislature and plead for money, and if facts did not convince the members, then the major would, with a hearty, merry laugh, bring into requisition his sarcasm, his tears, and his abundant wit.

Patriotism has its own reward, and it is well; for certainly it is not appreciated in some parts of our country. Here is a man who has been a soldier, a political worker, and a philanthropist, who has received no national recognition.

Go into any meeting for bidding God-speed, or to welcome the returning hero of the Civil or Cuban wars, and there is the magnetic presence of my friend Gleason, making suggestions with a smplicity and vigor which always carry his side. The word "fail" is not found in his vocabulary. I believe he has held one office—the gift of a worthy man, Mayor Gardner—that of auditor of the

city, or comptroller; an office which he filled with credit to the city and great credit to himself.

He has many friends. Father Thorpe is among his warmest. The late P. K. Walsh, an Irish patriot, was the brother of his heart. The beautiful monument over Walsh's grave was largely the result of Major Gleason's efforts in raising the necessary funds.

He is a bold asserter of his opinions, and a dauntless defender of them. I remember him in his youth, when he was a rollicking boy, and retain a vivid recollection of his kindness to myself and others in times that tried men's souls.

Captain Patrick L. Smith, the well-known lake captain and ship-owner, is entitled to honorable mention in these recollections; for he was among my earliest Cleveland friends. He has by his industry, inflexible devotion to business, and by his skill, acquired a handsome fortune. He is ranked among the millionaires of the city. My old friend has all the hospitality, the wit, the gallantry of the race from which he sprung. He is probably the best known Irish citizen of Cleveland, and is regarded as one of the best fellows in the world. Meet him at the public resorts or at his home, and one is charmed with him. He has a fine, free, rollicking way with him that at once wins him hosts of friends wherever he appears. He is a good story-teller, and his cordiality is perfectly infectious. His candor is eminently touching. You may have believed that he was a bigoted religious or a violent partisan. A few minutes disenchants you of these illusions, when he tells you that politics is a humbug from beginning to end, and as for religion, every man is responsible to God for his faith. He gives liberally to every benevolent cause. He glories in his patriotism. The names of Robert Em-

met, Abraham Lincoln, Grant, arouse in him the greatest enthusiasm. He adores America, and will repeat poetry about its great men, its past, its flag, and its future,—that country of which Thomas Davis grandly says:

> "There are lands where manly toil
> Surely reaps the crops it sows;
> Glorious woods and teeming soil
> Where the broad Missouri flows."

I look over the list of the old soldiers whom I know, and I find Colonel Winship, a gallant hero in the war, and a verdict winner at the bar; Judges Barber, Hutchins, Hamilton, Stone, and Jones, who have won reputation, honor, and emoluments. Judge Jones's decisions have never been reversed by the higher courts. Captain Kaiser is calm, self-poised. He utters no pompous mouthings, but thoughts beautiful in their simplicity. Colonel Morgan is a respected member of the mercantile profession, and is always present at meetings where soldiers are interested. He was kind to his men, and they honor him to this day. General Barnett is a grand old veteran. And much might be said of Colonel George H. Foster, lawyer and good citizen; of Shields, Schofield, Hayne, and of my lamented friend, Dr. Springstein, whose death was universally regretted. John G. W. Cowles was chaplain, and brightly lettered his name into the hearts of the boys. Nesbitt wore no eagle, but was a high private, and a brave one. Colonel Millas was always at his post; and —— Stafford a soldier of whom his country may be proud.

Colonel M. T. Herrick.—This well-known financier is the architect of his own fortune, without the advantageous aids of wealth and rich friends. He has risen by his own exertions. No obstacles were so great that he

did not surmount them. His perseverance, his business skill, his sagacity, have all been rewarded in making him one of the foremost and successful bankers in the United States. His generosity is well known, and his recent gift to the Salvation Army has ranked his name with the philanthropists of the age. He possesses the genius of Peabody, the benevolence of Samuel Bugett, the sagacity of Sage without his eccentricities. He is a man of action, not a mere vapid talker; but when he speaks, every word weighs a pound. Colonel Herrick has flung the life of a young heart, a pure genius, and a well-stored intellect into his chosen life-work, and he has made a decided success.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.—Cleveland has many such men as the foregoing, but it was reserved for John D. Rockefeller to throw all others into the shade by his princely gifts. He has given force and form to philanthropy in its highest, noblest expression. He has proved himself greater than a king. His benevolences are like a freshet in its force, and like the sea in its abundance. There is one thing more for him to do, and that is to build a shelter and a Home for poor, superannuated laboring men. A Jewish gentleman of Milan, worth millions, who contemplated an act of this kind, once asked me if in the United States there was such a building, so that he could model from it. I was compelled to say there was none, and he went on with his project without having any help from the United States. Let Mr. Rockefeller, the Christian Baptist, imitate and emulate the deed of this Jewish philanthropist, and thousands will bless his name.

COLONEL WILLIAM EDWARDS.—I have already made allusion to my fortunate acquaintance with the above accomplished and broad-minded man—but, alas! the ink

had scarcely dried, when the news flashed through the country, Colonel William Edwards is dead! Little did I think, when I saw him last, the picture of health, of joyousness, and of happiness, that those eyes, in which a true soul shone forth, should now be closed; that the hand so cordially extended in friendly greeting should be motionless, and that the face so mirthful and so expressive should now be shrouded in death! No more respected and beloved citizen ever lived in Cleveland. Colonel Edwards was descended from the renowned Jonathan, who had such visions of splendor in the dark Northampton woods. The hundreds who not only attended the burial, but who flocked to Lakeview the next day, showed that his memory found a place in the deepest affections, and that his image was enthroned in the hearts of our people. When Daniel Webster lay dead in Marshfield, a plain old farmer said, "Daniel Webster, the world without you will be lonesome!" So we may say of our lamented friend: Cleveland without him will be lonesome. Sing his dirge in the words of the Highland Scotch poet—words that are sung when a distinguished Scotchman is carried to the grave:

"Neighbor, accept our parting song;
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence;
This is no house of permanence.

On bread of mirth, and bread of tears,
The pilgrim fed these checkered years;
Now, Landlord World, shut to the door:
The guest is gone for evermore.

Gone to the land of sweet repose,
His comrades watch him as he goes;
Of toil and moil the day was full,—
A good sleep now, the night is cool."

Then there is my long-life friend, Colonel R. C. Parsons, a successful and gifted speaker. Always self-possessed and eloquent. I have mentioned his kindness in securing me a ticket to the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President. Bluff Ben Wade wrote on an old envelope, "For God's sake give the bearer, Chaplain Pepper, a ticket to the trial." Colonel Parsons does not go to Demosthenes for his model in oratory, but he studies the great Americans of the past.

Colonel Barnett is still with us—calm, brave, wise, and never absent from any meeting where the soldier is to be honored, cheered, and welcomed. His sympathies are always with the people who till the fields, build the ships, and drain the swamps.

The same might be said of many old Cleveland soldiers, —Colonel Sullivan, who was a brave and gallant man; and Brinsmade, as true to his country as to the saddest client that ever sought the shelter of his blazing shield; William Monaghan, a soldier who never flinched in battle, and came out of the service with flying colors; Colonel Moses Dickey, who commanded an Ohio regiment, was a great favorite with his soldiers; Hutchins, a wise adviser, a strength and honor to his profession. Colonel Kendall, my old friend of the regular army, is a bright, companionable, and chivalrous gentleman, who has a habit of stirring up things wherever he is placed. He has an indestructible and sublime faith in his country's future. General Elwell's large and patriotic heart cherishes the precious memories of his dead comrades. Avery, the scholar, the historian, the legislator—in war, valiant; in private life, gentle, tactful, and conversational—is a writer of histories and a patriotic gentleman. Stafford, commander of Memorial Post, with a full heart and streaming eyes,

tells of the past. The same might be said of Couch, of Smith, of Patterson, of Winship, Dissette, Stone, Hamilton, Garrettson, and Dawley.

Among the Cleveland ministers are Manchester; Place (who entered the army in his sixteenth year, and fought to the end, a boy in years, but a veteran in experience), Stewart, Mitchell, Reager, Bush, and the venerable Father Brown, who dedicated the glory of their youth to their country's cause. Martin Foran, now a leader of the bar, was also a good soldier. He is a most able lawyer. In him his client has a crafty advocate, quiet as Somnus, vigilant as Argus, and cunning as Mercury. He is bold and adventurous, striking away right and left with the *abandon* of a gladiator. A. R. Brewer served throughout the entire war. He, also, is a lawyer of wide reading, eminent for the soundness of his views, the unlabored clearness and compactness of his reasoning, and the calm but earnest simplicity of his style. What he says once is well said, and never weakened by repetition; not a word is thrown away; he strikes out, and the object is attained. I can not forget my worshiped friend, General Leggett. I can not forget what I owe to his friendship, to his devoted attachment. I do not forget, when I was raising volunteers, his voice thrilled through the land in the same noble cause. He loved his country, and while she treasures to her fond heart the brave men who perished in the contest, she will guard with loving care the hero of one of the great battles before Atlanta. He was always at home in the heart of the battle. Although brought up a Quaker, like the sea-bird, he gloried in the storm—the louder it raged, the more intense his delight. General Leggett was an extensive reader, an author of ability, a

trusted member of General Grant's Cabinet, and a finished gentleman. Time would fail to mention all the soldiers, such as Colonels Dewstoe, Morgan, and Groot, Smithnight, Shields, and Judge Noble. The judge is an honor to his profession. Clean in his language, believing that decency in a lawyer is like drapery in a painting—it covers a multitude of defects. Where it is not, the higher qualities are usually absent. He is no petrel; he loves not the tempest. His mind is essentially calculated for repose. His accomplished wife is a philanthropist, and for years superintended three of the missions where thousands were fed.

Since my return from Italy I have lectured in many principal cities of the country, and I take pleasure in recording my thanks to the various committees having the lectures in charge, for their uniform courtesy and the success of the engagements. At Taunton, Massachusetts, Daniel J. Carey was a host, and he made a triumphal tour for me. At Syracuse, I met my old friends, McGrath and Tracey. They crowded the hall, although it was my third lecture in that city. At Worcester, the committee—P. Skelton, Dr. Underwood, and Aldermen Mellen, Rogers, and Manning—were prompt and effective. At Pawtucket, Judge Tillingsworth, Hon. Hugh Carroll, Vincent McAlveney, Daniel Harold, William Burke, Daniel J. Carey, and J. McAleavy did grandly. Fall River—my old-time friends, Monaghan, Britt, and Leonard, left nothing unturned. Hugh Gaffney and H. M. Fox filled the house at Attleboro. At Nashville, the committee—James Killilea, Tracey, and Wrenne—had great success. At Hartford, Mr. P. F. Butler and Colonel Horne did their work well. At Ansonia, Judge Quinlan and Mr.

Flahavan did effective work. So it was at Lawrence and Lowell, where P. J. O'Brien and P. H. Callaghan insured success. Edmond Lynch and Squire Connolly—the one at Kansas City, the other at Springfield, Illinois—did likewise. At San Francisco, Judge Cooney, Cummins, and Foley were indefatigable, and made all the lectures a success. And so it was at Toronto, where the fearless editor, P. Boyle; at Quebec, where Hon. Mr. Carbery; at Hamilton, where Dr. Burns, of the Wesleyan College; at Montreal, where Mr. McIvor, full of zeal,—all did great service. At Augusta, Georgia, beautiful Augusta, there I met that prince of good fellows, Senator Walsh, a splendid specimen of the young blood and brain of the South. Walsh is about sixty years of age, with a fine presence and a frank, benevolent countenance. He is a Southerner, brave, chivalric, hospitable, and is passionately fond of the South. The reception committee was composed of ex-Confederate soldiers, and surely there never was given me a more magnificent welcome. I met at a banquet, after the lecture, many distinguished Southerners—men of gracious gifts. My friend Armstrong is gone, and others whom I met on that festive occasion. Again I say, beautiful Augusta! Within a few years it will be the health-center of the Southern States.

My lectures, and probably the last one I will ever deliver, closed in Montreal upon the 23d of November, 1898. *En route* to that historic city we passed through Buffalo, where years ago I made the acquaintance of James Mooney, one of its most enterprising and wealthy citizens —a rare and grand man he is, a benefactor of the city, a patriotic gentleman; Doctor Cronin, the eminent journalist, who unites calmness with enthusiasm, valor with coolness, brains with sense, a generous, broad-minded

man; Mahoney, the youngest man who ever sat in Congress, noted for his courage, ability, and fidelity.

Passing through Toronto, we met Waring Kennedy, twice elected mayor of that city. Memory recalls our first meetings in the old Donegal Square Wesleyan Church, Belfast. Then I remember my old friend Boyle, fearless and brave, an ardent and whole-souled Irishman. Arriving at Montreal, we were met by a Committee, Messrs. McMorrow, Ivers, O'Neil, O'Brien, Lavelle, Bermingham, Feeney, Morgan, and Reilley. We were immediately taken to the Windsor Hotel, said to be the finest in the Dominion. During the day I was interviewed by the newspapers, and in the evening lectured upon the Martyrs in a splendid hall, to a packed audience.

There were thanks and cheers for the martyrs of all nations—thanks and cheers for Lovejoy, Brown, Garfield, Haddock, and Lincoln, the martyrs of America; thanks and cheers for Emmet, Fitzgerald, Tone, Orr; and the last thrice consecrated heroes, thanks and cheers for those of Cuba. Maceo's death, the greatest Cuban soldier, the most splendid in daring, in gallantry, did not check the mighty love of freedom. It was a sad hour. Dead, with tens of thousands of his comrades waiting his commands; dead, with American and European lovers of liberty looking for the resurrection of beautiful Cuba; dead, with the speeches of our statesmen pleading in her behalf still vibrating in our ears. O God! is freedom dead? Is tradition dead, and is her finger no more uplifted? Not so, friends. Freedom yet prophesies in the tabernacle of the heart; tradition yet lives, and points to Thermopylæ, to Dungannon, and to Washington; carries ever in the light a luminous vision of liberty enthroned. Martyrs have been the seeds of Christianity, but of freedom. They

were the giants of their day and generation. The poet saw them when he wrote these lines:

"Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains;
Men with Empires in their purpose,
And new Eras in their brains;
Pioneers to clear Thought's marshland,
And to cleanse old Erin's fens;
Bring me men to match my mountains,—
Bring me men!"

Chapter XV.

METHODIST CAMP-MEETINGS IN THE PAST.

A FEATURE of Methodism that is rapidly disappearing is the camp-meeting. When I first began to preach in the United States, these meetings were a great part of the services, occurring once a year in many of the districts. I well remember the first one I attended. It was warm-hearted, enthusiastic, and soul-stirring; but there were many things which looked as if they were not in exact accordance with the apostolic injunction, "Let everything be done decently and in order." For some weeks the most extensive preparations had been made; the surrounding country was in a state of intense excitement; all was bustle and stir. Merchants in the country towns around closed their stores, and farmers abandoned their avocations—all to attend the camp-meeting. Preachers, local and traveling, were there in abundance. The morning of the day when the camp-meeting was to open was beautifully calm and fine. More than one hundred tents were pitched so as to form a hollow square, and it was truly a noble sight to see the thousands of earnest people assembled in the grand old woods, God's first temples, to worship God.

One of the great attractions on such occasions was the preacher who was to do the principal preaching. The one that I heard deliver the first sermon was a tower of strength, bold and fiery in his speech, but not blessed with any education. He attended to his farm during the week, and looked after the circuits on Sunday. The announce-

ment of his name brought hundreds from all the surrounding towns and hamlets. In this sermon there was a union of strength and beauty which showed much ability. He commenced in low, drawling tones, which at first was very disappointing; but after a few moments one became interested and delighted with the simplicity of the uncultured eloquence, a style that is seldom heard nowadays. After the sermon the tents were crowded with persons of both sexes, on their knees. The noise was so great that it was impossible to tell who was praying. Several of the brethren threw their coats off, and the women had cast aside their bonnets (they wore bonnets in those days!) and they were even more enthusiastic than the men, clapping their hands and shouting at the top of their voices. I noticed one woman lying flat on her face, screaming, "I have got it!" and another, equally earnest, was repeating the refrain, "I 'll wait till Jesus comes, and then be carried home!" Another threw her arms around a sister who was praying, and embracing her eagerly they swayed backwards and forwards in an ecstasy of delight. Others caught the infection, and all in unison sang:

"O, that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The blest Redeemer's breast!
From care and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest."

Then they sang as a chorus, "Glory! Hallelujah!" or "We will wait till Jesus comes, and then be carried home." The leader of the meeting for the hour then gave out the military hymn, "Am I a soldier of the cross?" which was sung with stirring melody, a melody equal to Luther's immortal "*Ein feste Burg.*"

The speaking meetings were distinguished by a variety of experiences and appeals; one earnest brother cried out, "Fire up, brothers! fire up, sisters!" and then, "Down upon your knees!" At this, a quiet Methodist hesitatingly offered an opinion that there was too much noise, that he did not like the screaming. "I do n't like it; you are entirely too noisy," he said; but was instantly answered by a score of voices, "Better scream here than in hell!"

One brother said that he had been trying to get for a long time what Methodists call the "second blessing." He prayed and fasted, but it did not come; finally, driven almost to despair, he asked the Lord, "What is it? Is it my wife?—take her. Is it my children?—take them. Is it my farm?—take it." There was no relief; finally he thought of an old shotgun that he was fond of, and he asked, "Lord, is it the old shotgun?—take it." Immediately a sweet peace came over him, and he knew he had received the second blessing. He was happy, and rejoiced with exceeding joy. I saw a young woman stretched out upon the straw scattered over the ground. She was evidently laboring under intense excitement. She would throw her hands upward, and then let them fall instantly as if struck by some power. She repeated this many times, calling out, "Jesus, give me the blessing now; just now, Lord!"

In the midst of these exercises the horn blew for preaching, and all hurried to the large tent used for the general services. The sermon was scarcely begun when a loud buzzing was heard in the distance, and a man rushed upon the stand, screaming out, "I have got it! yes, I have got it!" He proved to be a preacher, filling an important city appointment. He made no apologies

for interrupting the sermon; but the preacher immediately stopped, and the brother, who had suddenly become sanctified, delivered himself of something like the following: "I want you to know that I am the pastor of the largest, richest, and most fashionable Church in my Conference! How will I go back and tell them I am sanctified? O, brethren and sisters, pray for me." Here a thousand voices murmured, "May the Lord give him courage and bless him!" Then he went on to say: "I was always opposed to the doctrine of holiness, and I came to this camp-meeting to take notes for the purpose of writing a book against it; but praise the Lord, bless his holy name, I am now sanctified!" This brother was a very ignorant man; he could not put two sentences together, and his book, if it had been published, would have been a sensation in literature. When he preached, he would quote the name of the famous French preacher, Père Hyacinthe, "Perry Hyacinkse." During one of the meetings the horn blew, as usual, for the preaching, but the devotees were unwilling to yield their meetings even to hear the gospel. Then messengers were sent to all the tents to tell the people to come to the main tent. "It is time to close this 'speaking'-meeting," said the leader; "we must go to preaching." A brother answered him: "No! stop your praying, stop your preaching; let everybody sing. I am too full of glory to hear preaching." Another brother replied to this, "Brother Jackson, how can we stop these sisters and brothers from praying to God?" "But we must have silence, decency, and order," said Brother Jackson. "Is n't it always in order to praise God?" asked some one. "To be sure it is a good thing to praise God, but now it is time for preaching." Another took up the argument, "Well, there is nothing new under the sun; but this is

certainly something new—that it is not in order to praise God at camp-meetings." At this moment a brother called out, "Why, that young woman has found the Lord, and do you suppose her mouth is to be stopped?" And so it went on until finally more messengers came, and the "speaking"-meeting yielded to the demands of the impatient preacher, who was awaiting their coming. After the preaching, immense crowds of both sexes again flocked to the tents for special services. One young woman fell by the way, screaming for mercy; another complained of a burden upon her heart, and tried to cry out, but could not. Many of the penitents would remain up all night. I remember aiding a brother to carry a young woman from one of the tents to her room. She suddenly aroused herself, and commenced a conversation with an invisible being whom she called an angel. Tears began to flow down her cheeks, her lips opened, and her face brightened up with a holy fervor and with such evident sincerity that every one was spell-bound.

Now and then a solemn stillness would interrupt the boisterous expressions of joyfulness and prayer, and exaltations seemed to hang over all the people. One wild young man became deeply impressed. An involuntary sensation came over him, and he knelt down and cast his eyes upward. His heart was moved, and tears flowed in abundance; and as grace and peace took possession of his soul, he rose quickly, exclaiming: "I am so happy! I would swear it upon a thousand Bibles! I have got religion! Yes, glory to Jesus!" Those who knew the reckless life the young man had led were amazed, and sensations of awe and reverence pervaded the meeting.

As there were always such throngs of people attending the camp-meetings, much crowding was necessary, that

all might be accommodated. Impromptu beds and couches of straw were improvised, and many were crowded into each sleeping-room. One night, after my wife and I had retired to rest upon a bed of straw, we were startled to hear an ominous creaking above us. We had scarcely time, however, to become alarmed, when the floor above, which had been hastily put up for the occasion, gave way, and some sleepers descended upon us. They proved to be two very stout sisters, and this strange introduction led to a friendship that lasted for many years; but my wife could never speak of the occurrence without being convulsed with laughter.

Chapter XVI.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1896.

IT was most appropriate that the beautiful city of Cleveland, with its wealth of spring, should be the seat of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To a city so blessed with natural and cultivated advantages came the representatives of Methodism throughout the world. They came from where the Rhine gushes wildly over its barriers; from where the Tiber creeps heavy with the shadows of ages to the sea; from where the Shannon, more grand than our own Hudson, kisses two provinces; from where the Ohio careers like an arrow shot through the wilderness; from where the St. Lawrence flows, deep, dark, and cold, into the bosom of its majestic gulf.

I have heard it said that Methodism has no history, that she has rendered no great services to humanity, that she has left no splendors that endure. It is true, thank God, that she has no such history as State Churches! Where they obtained power—witness the valleys of the Piedmont, drenched in the blood of the Waldenses; and the plains of France, wet with the gore of the Huguenots! Witness, also, Scotland, red with the blood of the Covenanters; and England, during the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, and Cromwell. O no! Methodism has no such history. Its triumphs have been the triumphs of converted souls, the triumphs of peace, and the triumphs of happiness. In the illustrious roll of missionaries, many there are who wear on their brows the red bar of martyrdom.

The Methodist Church has no history? That was not the opinion of Cardinal Manning, who, in his sermon upon the re-establishment of the Roman hierarchy, declared, with a generous outburst of enthusiasm, "There is no telling to what a depth of degradation England would have sunk had it not been for John Wesley and his preaching of justification by faith." That Church at this very hour, near the summits of the Aventine, is building a commodious edifice in which the lessons of John Wesley will be taught; yea, in the very city of Rome, where the laurel shall replace the ivy, beneath the shadows of its ancient glories, Methodist preachers will preach the gospel. It seems to me the Methodist Church never looks so beautiful and so hopeful, and never speaks so impressively, as when she is valiant for the truth, whether it be shrouded in darkness, like the cross upon the noon of crucifixion, or rises in its glory from the tomb in which the guards have hemmed it in.

This General Conference marked and emphasized certain great reforms. It is only a few years ago that Dr. Jabez Bunting, the pope of English Wesleyanism, spoke the sentiments of his denomination when he said that "Methodism abhorred democracy, just as it abhorred sin."

What would the pious but despotic divine think if he had seen laymen engaging in oratorical battle with the clergy upon the floor of this General Conference, and arrangements completed for the admission of women into the great councils of the Church! Methodism is nothing if not patriotic. The flags of all the principal nations decorated the magnificent Armory. There was the flag of old England—we can forgive her when we remember she gave the world John Wesley; the flag of Ireland was

there—the immortal green, with the harp without the crown; the flag of beautiful Italy was there, worthily represented by William Burt, the Italian delegate.

Everybody knows the exalted enthusiasm of Methodist preachers when their country is the theme. This was conspicuously seen when the son of General Grant and William McKinley were introduced. The reception of the son of the great general who broke the chains of slavery was unbounded, and the oration upon Grant by Bishop Newman was a beautiful tribute to an illustrious man. The oratory of the Conference recalled the grand days of the past. Buckley, Kynett, Day, Neeley, Moore, Grill, Harlan, Shaw, are all strong and brilliant speakers. Buckley has much originality and fearlessness. Moore utters no halting sentences; every word is full, and even in his most impassioned moments, his articulation is distinct. His is no artificial eloquence, but a mountain spring always fresh and perennial. The colored orators, especially Bowen, of Atlanta, and Mason, of Savannah, are not surpassed by the pulpit orators of any race. The great mistake of the Conference was its failure to elect one of these men as a bishop. The new bishops, Cranston, McCabe, and Hartzell, were able and eloquent speakers; the two former served throughout the war with a splendid heroism. Chaplain McCabe, whose name as a money-getter admits no plural or parallel, blushed with youthful chivalry when he was saluted as bishop. Leonard is an effective speaker. Years ago I am told that his piercing voice resembled the screams of a scalded eagle. Now it is smooth. Hamilton's speeches are masterpieces, strong almost to coarseness, vigorous, and sinewy.

This General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal

Church is one of the significant gatherings of the denomination. She has had many such gatherings, but none of greater importance than this one which took place in the spring of 1896. Let us pray that its triumphs will be splendid and its services to mankind numberless. While there was no orator-king there like Simpson, no statesmen like Chase and McLean, no soldier like Grant—all Methodists—yet, though the genius of the leaders may have been less conspicuous, the number and variety of the members were incomparably greater. On the first day of May every street leading to the magnificent Central Armory of Cleveland was crowded with the yeomanry of Methodism.

The first day was auspicious. The sun shone in cloudless splendor. Yes, it was truly delightful enough to charm sadness from the heart; the memory of it passes over me like enchantment. There were all the various elements of the Methodist Church gathered from every part of the globe—its merchants, its farmers, its mechanics, its judges, its clergy, its captains of industry. Hark! what means that old familiar hymn, "And are we yet alive?" followed by "My country, 't is of thee?" It was a glorious sound. I have heard music in St. Peter's and St. Paul's, at camp-meetings, and at grand army reunions; but nothing so sweet, so grand, so overwhelming! Two figures ascend the platform: one young, handsome, and with eyes as brilliant as his dress; the other, thin, emaciated, his head white as snow, and drooping upon his breast,—the venerable Bishop Foster and Bishop Joyce. The speeches were all to the point,—they aimed to tell, and did tell. No dandy coruscations, no rhetorical fandangoes, no blank cartridges; but hard facts, driven home like bullets! Who were the mighty leaders of this Meth-

odist host? There was the venerable Bishop Foster, smiling like a carved saint on some old Gothic capital. I used to think his style stilted; but the more I read his thoughtful sermons, I realize that it is full of vitality and controversial passion. At one of the Conferences I heard him relate a story which illustrates the liberality and breadth of his religious views. Like Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the lights of his denomination, who, upon being asked if he was a bigot, replied, "No, by the grace of God, I am a Methodist,"—this incident, which I heard from his own lips, fully corroborates Bishop Foster's sentiments. In dedicating a church in Boston he referred in glowing words to the self-sacrifice and devotion of the Catholics in the building of churches; and, though the elements be the most adverse, their attendance at all the services of their denomination was uniform. He asked the question, "Where can we find such devotion paralleled in our Protestant Churches? But I will tell you something more surprising," he continued. "The last time I was in Havana, the captain of the ship said to me, 'Bishop Foster, there is a Catholic bishop on board; perhaps you would like to be introduced to him.' I answered promptly, 'Yes.' I found the bishop to be a highly-educated and social gentleman. In the course of our conversation, I made the following statement: 'Now, my dear sir, I wish to give you the popular Protestant opinion of your Church; but remember, it is not mine, nor that of intelligent Protestants.' 'All right,' responded the Catholic dignitary; 'let us have it, and then I will give you my opinion of the Protestants.' 'Well,' said I, 'the popular opinion of Catholics is, that all saloon-keepers, that all deserters (it was during the war), that all the bad people in the world, belong to the Catholic

Church.' 'Yes,' replied the Catholic bishop, 'there is a great deal of truth in what you say, and the Church must bow her head before the disgraceful acts of her unworthy children who have practically strayed from her fold; but they are not true Catholics, they belong to the body, but not to the heart of the Church.' Then he portrayed the schools and hospitals and the thousand works of charity. 'Here,' he continued to say, 'you find the Catholic Church,' I urged him for his opinion of the Methodists," continued Bishop Foster. " 'I will frankly tell you. Years ago, I was a missionary amid the wilds of Colorado, where the voice of Christian praise was never heard. I was riding along in a lonely, dangerous region, when I saw a horse tied to a tree. I said to myself, "This is a doctor's horse, and this poor miner is probably a Catholic." I opened the rude door of the cabin, and heard a man in prayer—it was a Methodist missionary—and as my soul went up to God, I felt that, if there were any good people in the world, they were the Methodists! But they do not belong to the *true* Church,' he added, laughingly."

There was the saintly Bowman. His purity of life, his apostolic zeal and his heroic Christian character are a part of the history of the Church. There was Walden, the early advocate of abolition, a pioneer in Kansas when it was death to be known as a friend of the Negro. He is the brother and friend of every young preacher. He is said to resemble Simpson in his manner, fastening his eye upon some one in the audience, then upon another, until all are reached. He is a fine talker, always instructive, always practical, and always evangelical. There was Joyce—look at him!—his head of a finer intellectual development than any in the Conference; an out-and-out Methodist. He is like a race-horse, all nerve and all

fire when in the pulpit. Heaven, send more such bishops! His eloquent sermons leave impressions that will never be effaced.

There was Fowler, a singularly able man, possessing a fine head, and eyes that go through you; in his younger days brilliant, but rather vain of his talents. He has plenty of vivid fancy; but he labors by piece-work, and lacks system in his sermons and lectures. There was Mallalieu. He has a loving sympathy with all humanity, and a brave, upward look for everything grand in God's universe. There was Andrews, scholastic, benevolent, and a man without a crotchet. He was regarded, because of his studious habits, as haughty, cold, and self-restrained —he had none of that abandon which characterizes the Methodists. There was Newman, who, when preaching the gospel, leaving the thorny path of political preaching, is a master in his art. All criticisms are impertinent, and I would not willingly do injustice to any one. Many of his sermons are marked by splendor and heart, and as you listen you think of Demosthenes confronting the furious multitude, where surging voices lashed the air like an angry ocean, and leaving them peaceful and subdued.

There was Johnson, the Irish delegate. He felt his subject deeply and spoke forcibly. Like most of the best early Methodists, he was the pupil of no school but nature's, yet by some stroke of inspiration he often reached a prize beyond the reach of art. Like Plunket, his illustrious countryman, the hearer's attention is shivered by the lightning before he hears the first mutterings of the thunder. His address on Ireland was refreshing, differing from similar addresses delivered by his predecessors on former occasions. I would have been glad if he had shown that Ireland's first want was the land, that Ire-

land's second want was the land, that Ireland's third want was the land, and that her last want was unity among her people. As a speaker Dr. Johnson was a splendid example of sacred eloquence; he did not strive after the unutterable, and die, like the choked calves, with their bleatings in their throats.

There was Watkinson, the English representative, author of many excellent books, an editor of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, and a speaker of rare though unusual eloquence. His address upon the relations of English to American Methodism was worthy of the man, worthy of the occasion, and did honor to the Church. He is middle-sized, spare, and his face exhibits eagerness, kindliness, and intellect. His was one of the most vigorous and impressive countenances I ever saw, marked by piercing gray eyes, a high forehead, and lips compressed together as the shells of an oyster. The closing sentence of his address was full of beauty. I was reminded of a passage in Curran's plea for a client, in which he says that he would make it clear as the glorious burst of sunshine, which just then streamed through the window and supplied him with a splendid illustration.

But there were sad gaps in the ranks of the great men of Methodism. Scott had long since passed away; Peck's tall form was moldering in the dust; Ames's princely presence would never again meet mortal eye; and the greatest of them all, first in eloquence, first in fame, and first in the hearts of his brethren,—Simpson, also, was no more. Never again would his thrilling words delight and capture his audience. In speaking of Ames, he was not only the statesman of his Church, but he was a man of infinite humor. At one of our Conferences the lights were suddenly extinguished. Some one cried out, "Turn

on the gas!" "Never mind," said the bishop, in his solemn manner, "there will be plenty of gas when the brethren get to talking." He was always opposed to importing preachers to fill important stations in this country. I asked him how the Reverend Mr. ——, fresh from the Wesleyan Conference by way of Africa, was getting along. He was attracting great crowds. The bishop lived in the same city. His reply was laconic yet significant, "Dear-bought and far-fetched."

James W. Mendenhall was not there. He has on me a nearer and dearer claim; it was my happiness to win his confidence and trust. It was only a few years ago that he was among the brightest of our writers and preachers, now he is among the honored dead. His body was small, but he had a mind of gigantic mold. He had qualities the rarest and noblest. Alas, that our libations should sprinkle so green a grave as that where his strong heart rests! Alas, that Methodism should have of him but his glorious example and splendid scholarship! The soul of Dr. Mendenhall is never absent from the councils of his brethren; it will ever be his abiding testimonial, a surviving halo, the rainbow of his fame, in which are blended all the hues of his working thoughts, arched in heaven and based upon time and eternity!

Chapter XVII.

MY COLLEAGUES IN THE MINISTRY.

IN the Methodist Church the custom was, years ago, to send two preachers—a man of experience and a younger man, inexperienced—upon the different circuits. The senior had all the responsibility of revival-meetings, of the benevolent collections, and of Church expenses. It was his special care to see that these duties were carried out, and that the junior preacher should do his part in the enforcement of the laws of the Church. He could not baptize, nor marry, nor perform any sacramental service. Whatever emoluments these duties brought belonged to the elder preacher, who also had the privilege of remaining two or three years on the circuit, an advantage seldom accorded to the younger divine.

The first colleague I had was a robust and shrewd brother from the Western Reserve, full of thrift, business tact, and zeal—Allen S. Moffitt, a practical farmer; but feeling a call to preach, he proved himself to be a man of wide usefulness, of native ability, and of rare power as a singer. He was always very popular with the people, and knew every man, woman, and child in the community.

Another early colleague was John A. Berry, who had been a successful physician. He abandoned a lucrative practice and flung himself heart and soul into the ministry. Nature had endowed him with a ready command of language, a retentive memory, and a determination that never failed. He was a sweet singer (singing being

an accomplishment almost indispensable to the Methodist preachers of those days), a stirring speaker, and a revivalist of the most pronounced usefulness. He died in the very height of his success and usefulness, leaving an accomplished and interesting family, who now occupy prominent and honorable positions in the communities in which they live. One of them is the wife of Hon. John W. Buchwalter, of Springfield, Ohio.

William M. Spafford, another splendid type of the old-fashioned preacher with whom I was associated, was one of the best preachers I ever heard. He had read everything in philosophy, in theology, and in politics. His fine fancy as well as his logical mind illuminated everything he touched. As a preacher he stood in the van of the Conference.

D. D. T. Mattison was a strong man, and preached well.

Rev. Jacob Miensinger, another colleague, was a conscientious man, a professor of holiness, with the Ten Commandments written upon his face. He was a valuable pastor and a good preacher.

The Rev. John Mitchell was a noted character in his day. He was my senior in Nashville Circuit. He was emphatically a strong man—strong in body, strong in intellect, and strong in his convictions. He was in his element at camp-meetings, where his powerful voice always led the singing. Wherever that voice was heard there was no need of a choir. I have heard him say that he could sit up all night to hate choir singing.

Many of these pioneer preachers were the victims of a base and unholy prejudice because of their Abolitionism. They had no friends among the great political parties. Denounced by eloquent speakers in Congress, be-

lied and slandered by the press, traduced abroad, suffering under a daily persecution, wearied out in the Border States by jeering of mobs, waylaid in the South, their houses unsafe, their minds worn out by rumors of vengeance,—they appealed to Heaven, and were comforted, sustained, and upheld! They remained steadfast when the curses of the pro-slavery mobs were rained like sparks of fire upon their heads, and the fingers of a savage set of politicians were pointed at them, ready to be dipped in their blood. But their time soon came.

Providence was equally gracious in giving me superior and generous men for my presiding elders. Harvey Wilson was the first of these precious servants of the Church who introduced me to the active labors of the ministry. He gave me wise advice on preaching and pastoral visiting. I remember one of his counsels was to preach my best sermon on rainy Sundays, when the audiences were apt to be small. This would get noised abroad, and the people would say: "What a splendid sermon to a small audience! If our preacher does so well under such circumstances, what would he do if the usual congregation had been here?" I had soon an opportunity of testing this advice. The third or fourth Sunday after I went to a circuit the weather turned out to be appalling, the skies pouring torrents, the roads impassable, and it looked as if a second deluge had come upon the earth. I proceeded to the appointment in Holmes County, Lakeville, and there found one man. He was not a professed Christian. I preached one of my best sermons to him. He afterwards became a Christian, and an official member of the Church. The incident was published everywhere, and the next Sunday the school-house was filled to overflowing; and there is now a church

there, and Brother D. Armon still lives to confirm the story.

Henry Whiteman was my presiding elder during the war. He was a thorough and conscientious Methodist, a methodical preacher; although very deliberate and slow, at times he became so aroused as to cause the people to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" His words were weighty and convincing.

Rev. G. A. Hughes was a college graduate, original, instructive, and profound, and was among the best informed men of the Conference. His sermons were well arranged; they were not slipshod, slovenly compositions, but well-written, and produced a wholesome influence. He was always helped by his amiable and gifted wife. Their combined labors at Ashland, when I was pastor there, resulted in much good.

Rev. Alfred Wheeler was one of the most scholarly members of the Conference. He had studied for a physician, and I think was actively engaged in the profession when he entered the itinerancy. He was a member of a debating society, where, because of his varied attainments, he was called Lord Brougham. In Conference he soon took front rank as a debater. As a cross-examiner he was admirable; to have him on your side meant victory.

Rev. George W. Breckinridge was a magnificent man, physically and mentally. He was straight as an ash, with voice clear and penetrating, a strictly evangelical preacher and a true friend. Rev. Thomas Barkdull was a pleasant gentleman, a popular preacher, and a wise administrator. Rev. John Whitworth, an American all over, was born by mistake in England; a sound preacher, and a most patriotic citizen. When fairly warmed up with his subject,

Whitworth was like a man on tiptoe, burning to get over the ground.

Rev. Elvero Persons, D. D., was one of those Methodist preachers whom to know was to love; for in him was combined intense evangelism with strong intellectual qualities. He had grown up to be a man, active, progressive, and professional, before he became a minister. He was a member of the legal profession when I first knew him, ever forward in active philanthropy and patriotism. As a preacher, Dr. Persons preached Christ in the glory of his pre-existence, Christ in the perfection of his Divinity, Christ in the completeness of his atonement, Christ in the triumph of his resurrection, Christ in the glory of his ascension. What can be more tender, more patriotic, than his tribute to N. S. Albright? He has embalmed the memory of that sainted man with beauty, truth, and eloquence. He was equally at home in his devotional and patriotic work. He could not live without this spiritual high-mindedness. He was not like the Scotch woman's opinion of her pastor's prayers: "See, Mr. Moncrief is away to heaven noo, and left us all sitting here." Mr. Persons took his flock with him. They are lifted up upon the wings of his devotion to heaven, to God! Dr. Persons was also a Union soldier and Judge Advocate, brave and loyal.

Then there was Dr. Nelson, of precious memory, well-read in literature, in science, and in theology. He was of Scotch ancestry, and loved to hear a good Scotch story. After my return from Europe, I told him the following experience of a Scotch evangelist, Richard Weaver, and when he came around to the Quarterly Conference, I had to repeat it: In Glasgow there was a converted butcher, the fruit of Moody's first revival, whose

name was Richard Weaver, or, as he was familiarly called, "Dick" Weaver. To his rough audience of thousands, he would frequently ask, "Boys, did you ever make your mothers weep? I did mine many a time, and she used to come to the bars of that window, and wetting them with her tears, she would cry out, 'Dick, give your heart to Jesus!'" then, turning his streaming eyes to heaven, "She is away yonder now; but, bless God! before she died she heard her Dick preach on Glasgow Common."

Dr. A. J. Lyon, careful, considerate, and instructive; a true friend, and a gentleman all over.

I might speak of James A. Kellam, a preacher of the old-fashioned type, who took no stock in stereotyped phrases, but stuck valiantly to "the three R's, Repentance, Redemption, and Regeneration;" of Hartupee, a man of wealth, who has left his thousands to Delaware College, and helped many a deserving student,—a European traveler, a man of accomplished scholarship, and a presiding elder whose administration was always marked by wisdom and prudence; and of Stroup, a preacher thoughtful and suggestive, bold and earnest; of Mitchell, commanding in person, and who understands the art of touching people's hearts, and, either as pastor or elder, succeeds in reaching the masses; he so closely resembles his distinguished cousin, William McKinley, that he has frequently been taken for him. Dustin Kemble was modest and unassuming, with the heavy learning of a scholar, and a solemnity that might befit Massillon. Samuel Mower, a great-hearted soul; gentle as a child, he was yet brave as a lion, and as terrible, too, if his wrath were aroused; his love of liberty was a passion: may the love and tears of his friends rest like freshest flowers upon his grave—brave, good old man! I might also speak of McConnell,

of Owens; of Godman, president of Baldwin University. But time fails me to speak of these, and others of the acutest and most accomplished minds of the North Ohio Conference, powerful in logic and eloquent in declamation, minds of lofty Goliath-like stature, "the staff of whose spear was a weaver's beam,"—such men as John H. Powers, originally a blacksmith; Adam Poe, related to the great Indian fighter; W. L. Harris, afterwards a bishop; Edward Thomson, the president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, master of the purest English, presenting arguments for the gospel too invincible to be overthrown: he, too, became a bishop, and died in the service. Then there was John Quigley, exhibiting, with force and variety of illustration, the truths of Christianity.

There is much said against this hard-working order of the Church which is neither generous nor just. A perplexed bishop once said to a minister of the Conference: "I am very much bothered to know what to do with some of these preachers. We have three classes: One class, everybody wants; the second class, everybody will accept; the third class, nobody wants,—what to do with this last class is what bewilders the bishops. We are in constant trouble about them." "I can tell you what to do with them," said the minister to whom this remark was made, "make them presiding elders." Eventually the system will be abolished. In England, where Methodism had its origin, and where it has become an enormous power, there are no elders. Chairmen of districts take their place. These are pastors of experience, who visit the circuit or station once a year, meet the official members, make note of their desires, and report the facts to the Conference, the Church merely paying their railroad expenses.

There is Oliver Burgess, a true-hearted old man, always and everywhere faithful. He has won, and justly, the title of "Bishop of Cleveland,"—kind to the sick and prompt with his help in sorrow. Palmer, Jewett, Bush, old comrades, calmly waiting the angel death. Bush was a chaplain, and a good one, of Gibson's 49th Ohio.

I might refer to Thompson, now a Californian. In early life he took to teaching as a profession, as he was passionately fond of books. He educated his mind, became a scholar, devoured books, and afterwards became a preacher. He was the most successful missionary collector, with the exception of the lamented G. A. Reeder, in the Conference. His sermons were Scriptural, expository, and instantaneous. He always left his Church in good condition.

McIntyre was also a special friend. He has preached in Ohio, in Texas, and in the Golden State, where he attracted large audiences by his vigorous and earnest utterances. He had but one thought—to give dignity to his profession and to be a useful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

There was William Kepler, the secretary of the Conference for years. A more industrious man was never known; no artisan in the workshop, no farmer in the field, no mechanic, ever wrought so unremittingly through life as William Kepler. He was known all over the State and country as an investigator of nature; in fact, he began his chemical and geological investigations as soon as he was breeched, and in a magnificent fashion, that has known no parallel, has kept it up. He was elected unanimously to the General Conference, without even asking for a vote. He also was a soldier, was with Sheridan in Virginia, and fought in seventeen battles,

and was wounded several times. He is the most modest man I ever knew; industrious from his cradle, his mind well-stored with facts.

Younger men, like Brandt, who became renowned in the anti-saloon work, a splendid organizer; Ward, a scholar and a gifted preacher; Hoadley, learned in the classics, and now professor in the Portland University; Gould, one of the coming men; he is a scholar, a historian, a sociologist, and an attractive preacher.

DR. D. H. MULLER.—"He who will not reason is a bigot; he who can not is a fool; and he who dares not is a coward." If there be a preacher of the gospel in the world to whom these words do not apply, it is Dr. D. H. Muller, of Cleveland. He is one of the most liberal, tolerant, upright, high-principled preachers that ever entered a pulpit. Labor to him is light in the cause of humanity. Dr. Muller brought into the pulpit a style of preaching singularly simple and impressive, a pure-mindedness, activity, and punctuality, that could not but warrant the highest anticipations of his successful career.

For years, when in his prime, it was with difficulty that one could procure standing room in his churches. He preached frequently by illustration, thus walking in the footsteps of the great divines of the East. The teachers of the East, the most gorgeous and figurative of artists, dwelt largely in illustrations. When the Divine Preacher condescended to interest mankind in the divine mysteries of religion, he used illustrations.

Dr. Muller is a splendid-looking man, a graduate of Evanston College, and a fine scholar. At Evanston he was a fellow-student of Bishop Fowler and other distinguished men. He has a tall and commanding presence, and a very radiant expression of countenance; a

strong, clear voice, resonant as a bell. Dr. Muller has preached in the largest cities of the country, always remaining the full Methodist term of years. As a presiding elder he was noted for his strict enforcement of Methodist law, as well as for church building. Commencing in small stations, he climbed the loftiest and brightest eminences to which any preacher ought to aspire. The great feature of his pulpit oratory is its simple and earnest presentation of truth. The lips of the man catch the expression of the heart, and he attains that most difficult achievement; he uniformly convinces his audience of his own confidence in the merits of the subject he is discussing.

Dr. Muller is a believer in political righteousness, and he is mightily interested in everything that benefits the city or the country. He is a thoroughgoing Methodist, loyal and true to its doctrines and traditions. A many-sided man is Dr. Muller. In sickness, a healing presence; in the pulpit, a convincing orator; in private life, he carries with him a sacred charm. Dr. Muller, Christian gentleman, patriotic citizen, and true friend, may the day of your departure to a better world be far distant!

He was among the preachers whom I knew before I went to Europe who gave me a warm and hearty welcome on my return. He was the presiding elder of the Cleveland District, East Ohio Conference. I had not intended immediately resuming ministerial duties; but Dr. Muller called several times, and generously insisted that I should commence preaching at once. He assigned me to Woodland Hills Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, where I met a generous and liberal class of people. In one year there were four or five new churches built in Cleveland alone during his eldership, and it is

safe to say that in every department of a minister's labors he has seldom been surpassed.

Although not a colleague, the Rev. G. A. Reeder was a beloved and valued brother in the ministry. He had only one sphere—that was the salvation of men and women. He had only one ambition, and that was to see Methodism prosperous and happy. As a speaker he was calm, often eloquent. He was a thorough student, a widely-read historian, an accomplished master of facts. His magnificent gift of thousands to the Methodist college at Rome showed his princely benevolence. His mantle has fallen upon his gifted son. Dr. F. S. Hoyt, for twelve years editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, is rounding a life great, beautiful, and noble; as a professor in our Wesleyan University, learned and instructive; as a preacher, profound, heard with admiration. Dr. W. C. Pierce was for many years a presiding elder, wise and prudent in his government of his district. His preaching carries us back to the remotest ages of the Church. His services, both in literature and in theology, have been great. His sermons abounded in ideas, original, startling, and frequently sublime. Dr. Warner, the president of the university at Berea, and Professor Whitlock, at Delaware, stand at the head of their departments. Their sermons and addresses are full of eloquence and information. I have known them long and well.

Chapter XVIII.

STRAY LEAVES FROM CIVIL WAR PERIOD—SECRETARY STANTON.

I MET my old friend, Judge Martin Welker, on Euclid Avenue one day, and, it having been long since we had met, we immediately began talking about old times. We had both paid a visit to Edwin M. Stanton, President Lincoln's great War Secretary, in 1868. I was appointed a chaplain in the regular army by Mr. Stanton, largely because I preached a sermon in Coshocton County, Ohio, on the text, "Out of the South cometh a whirlwind," and raised a company of volunteers on the same Sunday. The call upon Secretary Stanton was made at his residence in Washington. I attended, during the same year, the famous impeachment trial of President Johnson, having gained access thereto by means of a pass provided by the late Benjamin F. Wade, then president of the United States Senate.

No patriot, excepting Lincoln and Grant, deserves more praise and grateful remembrance. With the simplicity of a child, Stanton combined the courage and strength of a man. His absorbing passion was the salvation of the Union. Through the tempestuous times of the war he held steadfastly to the vision of a reunited country. Stanton was a man who was free from sordidness. With every opportunity to become a millionaire, he could say proudly with Sydney: "I will live no longer than my principles preserve me. I will not blot out my past by providing for my future. I will live by just means or

not at all." Stanton was a noble-looking man; the common photographs have done him great injustice. His face is there represented as a man of great power, but coarse. In reality his face was marked by great beauty and intellectual power. He was one of the stateliest, noblest sons of Adam. His voice in conversation could be alternately soft as a girl's or sonorous as a field captain's. In the conversations which we had he manifested the greatest self-restraint, seemingly indifferent to the impeachment trial so far as it concerned himself.

When Judge Welker and I visited him together, he was reading a volume of Tennyson's poems when we went in. He remarked that Tennyson possessed an eye as true and loving as that of Homer and Dante for the beautiful side of the little things of daily life. "But," he said, "in all this terrible war he has not a word of sympathy for the United States." Speaking of the Secretary of the Treasury, Chase, he said: "That scribe, Chase, is a great master of financial subjects. He brings to them an extraordinary amount of experience, combined with great fertility of resources and energy." When he began to speak of Mr. Lincoln, the Secretary rose from his chair in zealous admiration. "His eloquence," he said, "had about it a logical strength and solidity and common sense which cast into the shade the figurative fascinations of Everett. His speech at Gettysburg was unsurpassed in comprehensiveness, boldness, and clearness. It will take its place among the memorable orations of the world." Referring to Grant and other successful generals of the war, he said that they were successful, not only because they possessed the elements of success, but chiefly because they lived in a time which afforded them opportunities for the exercise of their talents. Mr.

Stanton became animated as he spoke of the success of the Union cause. He said: "It is a glorious truth. Despite Southern secessionists and Northern sympathy—yes, with the world against us—we triumphantly succeeded." Here Stanton slapped Mr. Welker on the knee, and looked laughingly into his face.

"How different is the England of Palmerston," he continued, "from the England of Lord Chatham, his predecessor, who withdrew his eldest son from the army lest he should be called upon to fight the American Colonies, who were in arms, not to maintain their British connection, but to sever it!"

I told him a story about Ben Wade. He laughed most heartily, saying that Wade was the most persistent leader of the Abolitionists of the Senate. For years he had stood alone. He and Sumner had been the original anti-slavery senators. Speaking of Charles Sumner, the leader of the impeachment trial, Mr. Stanton termed him the most eminent example of cultivated eloquence in our country. He said that Sumner's eloquence was not extemporary volubility, which characterized American speeches; that he made the most careful preparation, acting on the maxim of Demosthenes, "I should be ashamed to throw out what comes uppermost in an assembly like this." Turning to the fact that America had no sympathizing friends among foreign nations, he quoted from Joseph II. When Joseph II was urged to help Louis XVI, the husband of his unfortunate sister, he replied, "Alas! the State has no sister." Speaking of the men who helped the Union cause, he was profuse in their praise. He said of Bishop Simpson that there was in his preaching a magnetic power which bore down all opposition. "The bishop," he said, "spoke with an in-

spired majesty and strength." Mr. Stanton also praised the efforts of Bishops Purcell and Hughes, of the Catholic Church. Mr. Stanton referred to Mr. Welker as a very useful friend to the Government.

I saw Mr. Stanton at the grand review, a scene of unparalleled grandeur. I was within a few feet of him when Sherman declined to shake his hand. The Secretary felt the rebuke keenly, his face changed color, and he was profoundly agitated. The cause of the refusal, I believe, was Stanton's declination to confirm Sherman's terms with General Johnson. He thought they were too liberal, and so did most of the Union people at that time.

When Mr. Stanton was visited by his warm friend, Mr. Sumner, and was asked how he felt, the great War Secretary raised his head and said, "I am waiting for my furlough." It was only a short time thereafter that the furlough came.

Stanton died too soon. He never sought rest. The maxim, "If anything is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well," was ever present in his mind. He died with the harness on. Chatham fell fighting, Lincoln was assassinated, Canning died suddenly while soaring in the pride of his might. How many years of usefulness to his country, how many splendid deeds, Stanton might have achieved! His memory is now a tradition; but posterity will do him the great justice of recognizing that it was his tireless and magnificent genius which contributed largely to the country's security and grandeur. My position as an officer in the army, as a superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau in the reconstruction period, as chaplain of General Miles's regiment, gave me abundant

opportunities to know them, and I frankly confess that Stanton was the peer of them all, who, if not so brilliant as Sumner, so eloquent as Everett, so magnetic as Chase, yet in a passionate love of the Union and in a sublime confidence of the result, was surpassed by none.

Chapter XIX.

MEN WHO TOOK PART IN THE IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

Written by the author for the *Ohio State Journal*, from Washington, April 16, 1868.

IT would be utterly impossible to describe this brilliant and extraordinary trial. The scene, the purpose, the feeling it expressed, the illustrious chief justice in the robes of office, and the stately participants in their places. It was a spectacle of beauty, patriotism, and grandeur. I thought of the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the oratorical duels fought on both sides.

It was very difficult to procure a ticket. After all efforts had been tried and failed, I appealed to my old friend, Colonel R. C. Parsons, of Cleveland, a gentleman of the old school and an orator of splendid gifts. He came to my rescue, introduced me to the Vice-President, who, upon the back of an old envelope, wrote this request:

"For God's sake give the bearer, Chaplain Pepper, a ticket to the impeachment!

"(SIGNED,) B. F. WADE."

Mr. Parsons never forgot his friends. His morality and sincerity of purpose are conspicuous qualities, while his society and conversation have a charm that draws scores around him.

The Capitol this day presented an imposing and solemn appearance. Every seat in the Senate under the galleries was literally choked with a crowded mass of humanity. There is always something partaking of the

sublime in the presence of a large assembly; and when that assembly is convened for some important purpose, the bosom of everybody composing it stirring and vibrating with intense emotion, then the sublimity becomes of a yet more overpowering kind. How all that we have been accustomed to conceive of grand assemblages merges into insignificance when compared with the impressiveness of this impeachment scene!

Here is a spectacle which the present generation can only witness once. The wealth, fashion, chivalry of the Republic lend their fascinating influences to clothe this great scene with grace and splendor. The galleries are daily decked with the brightest beauties of the land, the most prominent being Mrs. Sprague, Miss Chase, Mrs. Logan, and Miss Sherman. In the brilliant throng of learned senators and representatives, the most prominent and imposing form is that of the noble Chase. His name is dear to the friends of humanity throughout the world. We may exclaim honestly, in the words of Junius: "Recorded honors shall gather round his fame, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the honors that adorn it." Not Richard of the Lion-heart exhibited more of personal courage combined with chivalric devotion to the right than has the Chief-Justice in the great cause of the slave. A life so unselfish, so self-sacrificing, so devoted to the high and sacred interests of humanity, carries with it the charm of a divine inspiration. There is a peculiarity about his delivery. Some consider it ungraceful, others consider it rough, yet all confess that it has a most powerful effect. He possesses all the qualities which go to form the perfect statesman—a gigantic intellect, a rich imagination, a fine command over the inflexions of his voice, and, above all, a devoted and fearless

attachment to truth. In common with his illustrious compeers, many of whom have gone to their reward, he stood in the front and heat of the battle against slavery—bore the brunt of opposition, and endured the pelting of many a pitiless storm. All honor to Salmon P. Chase!

The senatorial jurors who participate in this great event exhibit great variety of temperament and character, but a oneness of purpose. Each has his medallion, but they seem set in a common frame.

Henry Wilson—you can not hear him for a moment without being sure that he is in sympathy with everything that is amiable and good. Wilson appears to be about fifty years old. He is of robust frame, and his features are expressive. His voice is clear and round, though not powerful. Anthony, of Rhode Island, is slenderly built, scholarly, and journalistic in appearance. He is a cultivated orator. Conness is a stout, broad-shouldered, slovenly-dressed character; but if he dresses badly, his addresses are able and conclusive. Nye is the Momus of the Senate, a jolly, rollicking, devil-may-care sort of fellow, on good terms with himself and the rest of mankind.

Sumner's magnificent head attracts the eyes of the spectators. His fearless disregard of consequences in the discharge of every duty was clearly manifested in his speech to-day. As he uttered some of those rousing sentences, the perspiration stood in beads upon his brow. Sumner has the look of a student schooled in philology and science.

Morton, judging from his haggard appearance, looks like a man of seventy, though he is not yet fifty-four years of age. He has been called to endure afflictions of no ordinary severity. He is evidently a man of extensive

reading and discerning judgment. The share which Mr. Morton had in the subjection of the Rebellion and the splendid zeal he evinced for the soldiers of his State, will hand down his name to posterity as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. Senator Morton is an intellectual speaker. His speeches are always composed of a consecutive chain of reasoning; they are also distinguished by good sense. He possesses a firm and masculine character of mind, accompanied with a frank and fearless honesty.

Fessenden, a quiet and unpretending-looking man, sits beside Morton. Being naturally phlegmatic in temperament, he has few or none of the qualities necessary to constitute a popular orator. He has long been looked up to by the moderate Republicans, who attach considerable weight to his opinions. Johnson, of Maryland, is considerably advanced in years, and in personal appearance presents a hoary head and the venerable aspect of age. He is a man of superior abilities and strong mental endowments. Sprague, though possessing a slender frame, is well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion is fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark blue color. He makes few speeches.

Chandler, of Michigan, the inveterate foe of England, is one of the most prominent characters in the Senate. His figure is erect and tall; but his manner would not impress a stranger with the idea of his possessing a peerless intellect. His voice is good and often powerful, and he occasionally gets off some flights singularly eloquent and powerful.

Senator Sherman is one of the most gifted and statesmanlike members. He is of slender frame, and his fea-

tures are spare, but very expressive. He wields a vast power on all subjects.

THE MANAGERS.

Among the Congressional managers, Bingham is most rhetorical. His voice excels both in melody and compass, and its nice modulations are happily blended with that grace of action which is said to be the chief requisition of the finished orator. He never falters at a single word, and his elocution is perfect. Logan, though he is not above the medium height, yet his erect, symmetrical, and graceful form, his open, generous countenance and splendid eye, mark him, even in a crowd, as an extraordinary man. His voice is unrivaled in melody and flexibility, and accommodates itself with perfect accuracy to every sentiment which he utters. His address the other day, which has been so outrageously misrepresented, was a fine effort. There was a solemnity and earnestness in his manner; there was the same in his eye and beaming through his countenance; there was a grace and appropriateness of gesticulation and an incomparable majesty pervading his whole manner,—all of which, combined, made the speech one of the best yet delivered.

Evarts, of the President's counsel, in personal looks, is a vitalized ghost. He is slender, tall, thin, and awakens emotion in the mind of the stranger by his physical feebleness and infirmity. His voice, at first weak, increases in strength, until all at once it loses its sepulchral qualities, and bursts forth in a blaze of ardor, until every nook and corner of the Senate Chamber and gallery are filled with his animated and electric words. In emphasis, Mr. Evarts is unsurpassed. A power is put into certain words which is felt by the crowd. But who shall attempt to describe

either the pleader, his argument, or the effect produced on the vast assembly? Who could portray the simple, inartificial manner, the lightning glance of the eye, the glorious climax, or the loud burst of feeling among the President's friends like the roaring of the sea? Stanbery is a profound advocate, and his voice possesses volume and a silvery sweetness.

The appearance of Mr. Boutwell is prepossessing, and even commanding. His figure and address are dignified. His voice, when under full inspiration, is powerful, melodius, and well modulated. His action is chaste and appropriate. His style is masculine and unaffected. His enunciation is so distinct that no one need miss a word he says.

Butler's appearance does not indicate talent or energy. He is too fat, and has the look of the man who was fond of English roast-beef. His voice is strong, but harsh, and action energetic and graceful, with the exception of some tremendous thumps on the table near which he stands. The speech I heard him deliver was carefully prepared. Before he speaks long, the hearers become deeply interested. I never heard a lawyer who could worry a witness with tough, knotty law questions like Butler. Groesbeck is faultless in style, possessing all the graces of elocution and utterance.

Judge Curtiss is confessedly the ablest lawyer on the President's side. The unusual breadth of his forehead, denoting great strength of mathematical calculation, and above this the arch of imagination, spreading itself out in as fine a style as in the busts of our finest poets,—all these render it impossible to study his face without perceiving the stamp of genius. The appearance of Judge Curtiss rivets attention. The eye kindling into unusual bril-

liancy, the countenance beaming with intelligence, the whole man laboring to give utterance to some mighty conception,—all force the hearer to confess the orator's power, and to feel that he is in the presence of a master spirit of the age. Judge Curtiss is no dwarf, physically or mentally.

Wilson, of Iowa, possesses a remarkably simple style of delivery. His frame of mind evidently varies. Now, he is solemn as eternity; then, his wit, of which the fund seems inexhaustible, will escape and move the risible muscles of his auditors. When he pleases, he can dabble in mud; and when he pleases, he can cull a flower.

Honest old Ben Wade is undoubtedly the most noted of American politicians. The name he has maintained a score of years; and when it is considered that he is neither a profound speaker, nor an acute logician, nor a brilliant orator, nor, we may add, an enthusiastic visionary, we can only account for his popularity on grounds that are creditable to himself and his friends. His oratory is not of the Edward Everett school; every sentence is not rubbed down, polished, and varnished. His voice is distinct; no well-bred whisper either opens or closes Mr. Wade's speeches. He has great self-possession, and without becoming too colloquial, he seems to be familiarly addressing every individual. His speeches sound like the proclamations of Sinai; his appeals are often melting and powerful; and he occasionally rises to the boldest and most energetic strains of oratory. This proud old man is in hearty sympathy with every good and glorious movement. In an interview with him, among other things he declared himself in favor of the immediate relief of the Irish-Americans, who, for trifling causes, are dying in British prisons. Honor to old honest Ben Wade!

Among the members of the other House who are always on hand during the trial, I noticed Colfax, the wise presiding officer, skillful politician, and gifted orator; Garfield, one of nature's noblemen—few have power to make the strings of the human heart vibrate in an equal degree; Judge Welker, the model and efficient member for the Fourteenth District—his voice is good, his manner personal and pleasant. There is one thing noteworthy in Welker besides his ability and patriotism, and that is the beauty of his life. He is decidedly among the most influential, the ablest, and most useful members of Congress. He takes pride and special pleasure in accommodating his constituents. Eckley, Beatty, the modest soldier Schenck; Buckland, Delano, and the other Ohio members, are ever at their posts. The noble Stevens, having his soul's life in the great cause, the one medium of his thoughts and feelings, the early friend of the Negro, is seldom absent. The future historian, in writing the history of these eventful times, will place the name of Thaddeus Stevens where the historian of American independence has recently inscribed the name of Washington.

The Adjutant-General is a tall, cheerful, bright-eyed, pleasant, courteous old man, who has been in the service forty years. Remarkable, as he is, as the bold and redoubtable champion of the President, he is equally remarkable for the gentleness of his manners. In conversation he is delightfully pleasant. I called his attention to the testimony of Karsner, of Delaware, the musical witness. He laughed heartily, and said: "I only met him once before this difficulty, and that was forty years ago. I had forgotten him until he referred to some incidents in my life, which then took place. Karsner was a hostler,

a coarse, rough, uncouth fellow, and had just married a dear sweet girl, everybody wondering that she would have so ungainly a creature." He then went on to say that the testimony of Karsner was in some things far from being true, acknowledging, however, that part which referred to "licking that feller out." Whatever may be the result of this judicial proceeding, there is one thing certain, General Thomas will never again be caught in the same business, even though a seat in the Cabinet is held forth as the tempting reward.

JOHN SHERMAN.

In those days when I commenced my public life, there was but one prominent man in Ohio, John Sherman; and now, after the lapse of more than thirty years, he is still conspicuous for his great statesmanship. His first term in Congress made him famous, and he has maintained his reputation up to this day. What a noble spirit was yours, John Sherman, what perseverance, what high qualities, what rare characteristics! Your rightful place was the White House, and often have your friends tried to place their beloved leader there. As for high-mindedness, consistency, and honor, there were none superior. There was much in his early life to challenge applause and deep sympathy. The eagle swoop with which he swept down upon Kansas is a part of American history. John Sherman was one of the makers of the Republican party. I know much has been said of his manner that is unjust. He is no iceberg, of which two-thirds are under water and only one-third visible. His speaking has been called cold. He really makes a splendid speech, careful, moderate, complete. I know he is severely logical, but the links of his arguments are frequently set on fire. It is

true that he does not commence his speeches with an *oremus*, yell through a *dies iræ*, and end with a warwhoop, *væ victis* fashion; but such oratory is not worthy of such great statesmen. He is a man of fine presence, with a keen eye and bold forehead, vigorous in his gestures, and in his tone just suggesting a self-possessed combativeness which commands attention.

GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD.

I was well acquainted with General James A. Garfield, and heard him speak many times. Tall and well-built, with a magnificent head, a clean and carrying voice, sonorous and deep tones, neatly dressed, he always attracted attention. His speeches breathed the loftiest sentiments.

I heard him once at Monroeville, Ohio, deliver a great speech upon the tariff. He used a stick, and by measuring it, showed the various effects of the tariff. It was a masterly effort.

President Garfield was a pure and upright man; without a spot or stain, he went bravely, proudly through all his trials. English statesmen are proud of the courage of Hampden and of the fortitude of Russell. Americans are justly so of Garfield.

I was in Rome when I heard of the attempted assassination of President Garfield. There was sorrow in the air. Excited multitudes would embrace each other on the streets, and repeat, "Garfield is dead." The Italian Parliament took action. The House was draped in black. I tried to calm the Americans at my hotel, quoting Garfield's memorable words, "God reigns!" saying that the sympathy of millions would be as soft rushes to the feet of his family, and that the blessings of a thousand saints would hang around them like shields.

VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON.

One of the noblest, manliest, and most conscientious men I ever met, and I met him often, was Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States. The loftiest precepts of Christianity were in him illustrated, and confirmed by the most consistent example. Early in life he espoused the anti-slavery cause, and through all its disappointments and defeats was its fearless champion. Never in this land, where the courage of Lovejoy and the bold actions of John Brown have challenged the admiration of the people, was there a greater hero than Henry Wilson. Never was defeat borne with greater resignation. I have listened to him by the hour as he related the history of his youth, of his learning to read when a boy, of his apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and of his political success. It was impossible to look at his frank countenance and his soft, speaking eyes, without reading his character in them. A purer, better American never breathed.

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN.

I knew General Sheridan. My first ministerial appointment was not far from his home. His is the third loftiest name in the beadroll of the leaders of the Civil War. No one would have judged from his modest youth, shy and retiring nature, that he would become so famous. Insignificant in stature, with a head shaped like a cannon-ball, he was not particularly attractive, yet he was the delight of all the sunny-eyed girls in the county. Phil Sheridan became distinguished through his inflexible purpose and iron will. To a most enthusiastic love of country, he added, even when a child, a noble passion for arms. The first time I met him after the war was at the wed-

ding of General Miles, in Cleveland, Ohio, and afterwards in Chicago, when, by special invitation, I spent some time with him.

The name of General Phil Sheridan always recalls to me a curious experience I had in London several years ago. I went one evening to the Irish Literary Club, in Bloomsbury Square, near which I was stopping, to hear Mr. Justin McCarthy read a paper on the "Irish Peasant." The club, as to politics and profession, was a mixed one; but, as I found out afterwards, the Tories were in the majority. Among the members there were distinguished authors, generals, scholars, and members of Parliament. I was called upon by the chairman, Mr. Graves, the son of the Protestant Bishop of Limerick, to say a few words about the Irish in America. In the course of my remarks, which bore upon the important parts played by the Irish peasants in American history, I referred in glowing terms to General Sheridan as the son of an Irish peasant, who had risen to distinction in the United States. I said that there was nothing like it in England; that Sheridan had always been proud of his Irish origin, and that he had often said he would like to march an army through the streets of London to avenge her wrongs! I felt immediately that I was treading on dangerous ground. There was a commotion in the room, and as soon as I sat down the chairman arose and said, apologetically, that they always allowed their friends from across the water the greatest latitude. The London *Methodist Times*, referring to the incident, said that American Methodist preachers were never silent when the principles of righteousness were concerned.

Chapter XX.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AT THE CLOSE OF THE REBELLION.

ABOUT forty years ago a prize was offered by one of the Italian universities for the best essay on the subject, "What individual, since the beginning of the world, has most occupied the attention of mankind?" The prize was bestowed upon the author of the essay who maintained the superior claims of Napoleon to this world-wide description of fame. If, however, a prize were offered now upon the analagous, but more limited question, "What individual, from April, 1861, to July, 1865, most occupied the pens and tongues of Southerners?" the answer would be given by acclamation, "General Lee."

In no small degree he was hailed by his enthusiastic admirers as the hope of the Confederacy. He was the pillar and center of the Rebellion. A thousand telegraphic wires trembled at the impulse of his thoughts.

General Lee, of all the Confederate leaders, held and deserved the foremost place, and commanded more entirely the confidence and approbation of the Southern people. Descended from a race of patriots and soldiers, he always displayed, whenever the opportunity offered, high professional ability. That a man of such brilliant talents, of sagacity, of address, of honor, and of an illustrious Revolutionary ancestry, should find a conscientious reason in the doctrine of State rights to engage in a desperate conspiracy against the Union evoked by the sword

of Washington, is one of the wonders and mysteries of the age.

No evidence is so satisfactory as that which is obtained from the lips of an opponent; and, therefore, we attach importance to what Confederate General Lee said of our most distinguished generals and statesmen. When the army of General Sherman, with which I was connected, was making its famous homeward march to Washington, it rested for a few days in Richmond. Accompanied by General Geary, afterwards governor of Pennsylvania, and provided with a letter of introduction from General Hazen, who knew Lee at West Point, I made up my mind to call and interview the Rebel commander. Ringing the bell with considerable anxiety, I awaited the result of my rash attempt to get a glimpse of the most gallant and most illustrious man of the South. Quickly there appeared at the door a good-looking mulatto, who awaited my demand.

"Can I see General Lee?" was the simple question I put on this occasion. "This is not the regular day when he receives company, and he has not yet entertained any visitors, but—" and he surveyed me with a hesitating air, not knowing what to say next. I observed, "Perhaps he would see a chaplain of Sherman's army in his private parlor for a few moments." "Your name, sir?" he asked. "Chaplain Pepper, of the Fifteenth Corps of the Army of the Tennessee." Giving him General Hazen's letter, he quickly disappeared, and in a few moments returned, saying it was all right, and for me to walk into the parlor. I took my seat upon a very plain sofa. The house was simplicity itself. There were no rich carpets, soft cushions, elegant furniture. There was not a wall decoration, nothing to attract attention,—a few chairs, a table covered with pic-

tures of battle-fields; but absolutely nothing that betokened that this was the home of the mightiest man in the South.

My musings were soon interrupted by General Lee, who, with an easy and beautiful simplicity of manner, bade me welcome to his home. The events of this long and disastrous war had left their traces on his face. If there is anything in the science of physiognomy, there was certainly a remarkable correspondence between the person of General Lee and his mental and moral constitution. Both bespoke the worthy development of the entire man; no feature was found in excess, and none defective; dignified in carriage, with an elastic step, and easy and graceful in all his movements. His features were regularly handsome, his complexion fair. A full-orbed, beaming, and ample forehead; a mouth that indicated great sweetness and firmness; and diffused, over all, a radiant and happy expression that bespoke the clear intelligence of his mind and the benevolence of his heart. It was with a thrilling interest that I now beheld this celebrated man. He seemed still to be in the prime of life; but his magnificent hair was silvered, the fire in his brilliant eyes was in some measure dimmed, and there were marks of age upon his brow. There was dignity in his bearing, a grandeur in the poise of his head, which a consciousness of his position would impart. At the same time I thought there was a slight expression of sadness piercing through his smile. Perhaps he was beginning to see the hollowness of all that he had adored, and to experience how many thorns line the pillow of a hopeless and disastrous revolution.

I conversed with him upon a variety of topics, upon all of which he expressed opinions. He was very positive

in his convictions, and seemed to have weighed every sentence with studied care. The telegraph wires having recently announced the news of Lincoln's assassination, this naturally was the first subject of conversation. In speaking of the martyred President, he said: "The death of that eminent citizen has filled me with horror. If there were blemishes in his character, his life exhibited some splendid and rare virtues. He was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived in our country. His heart was grand and large. He was constitutionally pensive. Had he been spared, the South would have been treated with honorable propriety and with gallant generosity; his good-will and friendliness would have marked his treatment of the Southern people."

He pronounced Booth "a cowardly ruffian," affirming that "the soldiers of the Southern army and the people regard the murder of Lincoln, not only as a crime against our Christian civilization and our common humanity, but that his loss at this moment was a terrible loss to the vanquished, who would have to bear the responsibility of the cruel, cold-blooded assassination; that the spirit of clemency, moderation, and of conciliation displayed by the President were virtues not to be found in his successor. Let the avenger's arms," he continued to say, his eyes moistened with tears, "fall upon the guilty. Should this be the course adopted by the authorities at Washington, their greatest victory is yet before them;" that "a more shining page in their annals would be written, and that the sublimest example of magnanimity and self-government would be set."

To my question, "Do you think the Rebellion is ended?" he replied, very emphatically, "Yes, sir; and had it not been for the politicians it would never have been

commenced." The politicians to whom he referred were Davis, Yancey, Breckinridge, and Toombs, and others whose names he mentioned. He went on to say: "I was opposed to war at the outset. I wept when I heard of the bombardment of Fort Sumter! I sought retirement, so that I might not see or hear any of the political leaders, the great end and aim of whose statesmanship was to precipitate the havoc that subsequently swept their fields and cities. But when Virginia, my native State, seceded, there was only one course for me to pursue; namely, to follow her fortunes."

General Lee now adverted to the character of General Grant, of whom he spoke in the most friendly words and terms. He ascribed to him the most noble attributes of American manhood, saying that he possessed all the requisites and talents for the organization of armies. At the present hour, when not a few apprehensive gentlemen and reckless partisans are charging the illustrious Ex-President with Cæsarism and with desperate ambitions to overthrow the Government, it will be some satisfaction to his many friends to learn the high estimate in which he was held by the Southern chieftain. In the generous terms accorded to the impoverished South, Grant won for himself imperishable renown, and they furnish a shining example of how bravely he could fight his country's battles, and of how nobly he could sympathize with the vanquished. In no quarter of the world has there been such magnanimity as that shown by Grant, and of all the laurels won by the mighty captain in our immortal struggle, the greenest and freshest of them all is his splendid conduct to Lee and his soldiers.

"I wish," said General Lee, "to do simple justice to General Grant, when I say that his treatment of the Army

of Southern Virginia is without a parallel in the history of the civilized world. When my poor soldiers, with famished faces, had neither food nor raiment, it was then that General Grant immediately issued the humane order that forty thousand rations should be immediately furnished to the impoverished troops. And that was not all of his magnanimity. I was giving directions to one of my staff officers, when making out the list of things to be surrendered, to include the horses. At that moment, General Grant, who seemed to be paying no attention to what was transpiring, quickly said: 'No, no, General! not a horse, not one—keep them all! Your people will need them for the spring crops!' "

It was a scene never to be forgotten to watch Lee's manner, when, with a spirit of chivalry equal to his skill and gallantry, he told, with moistened eyes, this and many other instances of the magnanimity so nobly displayed by his illustrious rival.

The conversation turned to General Sherman. The Southern papers were criticising very sharply Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas, and I asked General Lee what his opinion was of the great flanker. He said, in substance: "It has been observed that there is no character so uniformly bright as not to possess some dark stain; but while we assent to the truth of this observation, that charity which hopeth all things should lead us to believe that there are no hearts so darkly vicious as not to be illumined by some beams of the light of virtue. To suppose Sherman an exception to this rule would be illiberal. The unbounded license which he allowed his soldiers in the States of Georgia and the Carolinas has greatly aggravated the horrors of war. As a strategist and commander of men, Sherman has displayed

the highest order of military genius. Throughout his recent campaign, when he had to pass through an unknown country, cross rivers, support his troops, etc., he certainly exhibited a singleness of purpose, a fertility of resource, which wins him a high place among the soldiers of history. He seems to be cool without apathy, cautious without being dilatory, patient without being dispirited, personally brave without being rash. Judged by Napoleon's test, 'Who did all that?' he is, in my opinion, the most successful of the Federal officers who have played a prominent part in the history of the war."

In the course of the conversation he spoke of Sheridan as a most brilliant and magnetic commander. I asked him who was the greatest of the Federal generals.

"Indeed, sir, I have no hesitation in saying General Grant. Both as a gentleman and as an organizer of victorious war, General Grant has excelled all your most noted soldiers. He has exhibited more true courage, more real greatness of mind, more consummate prudence from the outset, and more heroic bravery, than any one on your side."

To the question, "What was the cause of the failure of the South?" the General smilingly said: "I am not a very good extemporaneous speaker, nor am I a very good extemporaneous answerer of questions. The most conspicuous reason was the superiority in men and in resources of the North. The United States had all the advantages—a land of boundless wealth, cities secure from the horrors of civil war, and a constant stream of emigrants to fill up the depleted ranks of the armies. With five to one against them, the Southerners performed a mighty work, and made a gigantic step toward their independence.

"Another cause lay in the vanity of many of our people. The first battles of the war being favorable to us, the South was wild with confidence, and the whole country was thrown into a ferment of excitement. It was doubtful, indeed, whether one in a thousand of our people supposed for a moment that there was any doubt of an immediate and successful termination to the struggle. The public meetings were in every case too enthusiastic. The people were carried away by acclamation. The cheering proved to our folly. This excess of confidence lost us New Orleans and many other cities.

"A much more serious difficulty arose from the mistaken view of the Southern cause taken by the philanthropists of the Old World. They were led to believe that we were fighting for the perpetuity of slavery, and that the establishment of the Confederacy would lead to the reopening of the African slave-trade. This opinion shook the faith of great and good men in the humanity and righteousness of the South. The conscript law was another effective check to our success. Instead of being a benefit, it was a curse, a badge of disgrace. The rich were favored; falsehood and dissimulation were its natural results; suspicion and mistrust arose where confidence and reliance should have happily prevailed. The attitude preserved by Mr. Davis and other leaders in opposition to the arming of the Negroes, a policy which I always believed to be expedient, proved to be disastrous. The widespread poverty of the country, accompanied by the just conviction that all further efforts were hopeless,—these and other forces worked to one final result, the failure of the Confederacy."

The conversation now took another direction. The Confederate leader referred despondingly to the Nation's

lack of great statesmen. I asked him his estimate of the distinguished men he had heard and whose eloquence had revived the grand days of oratory. Speaking of Webster he had said: "I never saw a more striking object than Webster in the Senate. The effect of his fine figure and princely air when speaking, was like that of a vivid flash in the midst of darkness. What Paganini was in music, that Webster was in oratory—the one charmed Europe with one string, the other electrified multitudes with his eloquence. He once complained to me of the wrongs done him by the reporters. The world would read whatever bore his name, and the grubworms were ever ready to gratify the desire by fragments, or rather caricatures of his mighty eloquence. His speeches indicate the powers of the great orator; they are lofty, but not impassioned; correct, but not fluent."

"Henry Clay was every inch a patriot and an orator. I heard him on British aggression. Never certainly had I ever beheld so powerful an exhibition of natural oratory. The grace of the attitudes into which he threw his flexible figure, the striking gestures of his arms, and, above all, the fire which shot from his brilliant eyes, imparted an effect to the continually changing accents of his voice, of which the most accomplished actor might be proud. At one moment leaning forward, when stating circumstantially the grievances of which the Nation complained, and then standing bolt upright with clenched hands and a countenance distorted with passion, he poured out a tide of invectives. The effect on his audience was electric—one and all they stood regarding him with sparkling eyes and trembling limbs, as though they were listening to the inspired voice of a prophet. Henry Clay was the greatest actor off the stage.

"Calhoun was the favorite of the South. Morally he is to be rated higher than either Webster or Clay. His logic was compressed and hidden. The train of reasoning he was pursuing seemed to be clear and continuous to his own mind, all its facts being logically articulated from end to end; but it was only indicated to the audience. It was like a stream of water, making its way under ground and showing itself now and then, apparently deep, bright, and sparkling. He was distinguished for his power of condensation. Metaphors, tropes, and figures of all kinds were found in his speeches."

To the question, "Did you ever hear Bascom, the famous Methodist divine?" he answered: "Yes, I heard him once at a camp-meeting in this State. The people came from all quarters to behold the glory of the new sun which had burst forth on the evangelical horizon. He was undoubtedly a Christian Demosthenes, a giant of the pulpit. Bascom was handsome, and possessed in his noble bearing and appearance that happy combination of mildness, elegance, and dignity which may perhaps be expressed at once by the word gracefulness. I have heard and seen many fine orators, but Bascom I have never seen equaled, nor even imitated. It was not learning, it was not wit,—it was the untaught and unincumbered incantation of genius, the mightiest engine of which the earth can boast." General Lee told an anecdote of the great Virginian, Patrick Henry, which may be interesting to members of the bar. He was in the habit of using tobacco, and when engaged in argument would turn to some leading member of the jury, who was a lover of the weed, and, in an offhand, familiar way, ask him for a chew. The juryman, flattered at finding such a similarity of tastes and habits between himself and the

dignified counsel, would follow his example, and the good impression made upon his mind was not infrequently transferred from the counsel to his cause.

Our next topic of conversation was the foreign element in the armies. Speaking of the Irish, he declared with much feeling that the South could not reconcile with their notions of consistency and honor how Northern Irishmen, who were so desperately and violently opposed to the thralldom of Britain—the wrongs of Ireland being mosquito-bites by the side of the enormous injuries which had been inflicted by the North upon the South—how liberty-loving Irishmen could fight against the Southerners contending for independence and equality of rights. I suggested that the soldiers of Irish origin in our armies were really bewildered to know how Irishmen who for centuries had gallantly contended for the freedom of the Celts, could be so inconsistent and recreant to every sense of right as to be engaged in a war for a Government whose corner-stone was slavery. Besides that, though Irishmen were revolutionists at home, they were conservatives in the United States, and that there was a great difference between a war in the interest of a downtrodden race and that in favor of the propagation of slavery.

Adverting to the character of the Irish soldiers, the general was very enthusiastic, saying that they played a prominent part in the wars of the world for the last three centuries, now on one side, now on the other. "The Irish soldier fights not so much for lucre as from a reckless love of adventure, and, moreover, with a chivalrous devotion to the cause he espouses for the time being. Cleburne, on our side, inherited the intrepidity of his race. On a field of battle he shone like a meteor on a clouded sky! As a dashing military man he was all vir-

tue; a single vice does not stain him as a warrior. His generosity and benevolence had no limits. The care which he took of the fortunes of his officers and soldiers, from the greatest to the least, was incessant. His integrity was proverbial, and his modesty was an equally conspicuous trait in his character."

"Meagher on your side, though not Cleburne's equal in military genius, rivaled him in bravery and in the affections of his soldiers. The gallant stand which his bold brigade made on the heights of Fredericksburg is well known. Never were men so brave. They ennobled their race by their splendid gallantry on that occasion. Though totally routed, they reaped harvests of glory! Their brilliant though hopeless assaults upon our lines excited the hearty applause of my officers and soldiers, and General Hill exclaimed, 'There are those d—— green flags again!'"

Referring to the great loss sustained by the Confederacy in the death of Stonewall Jackson, General Lee remarked: "In surprises, marches, and in the art of creating the resources of war, Jackson has surpassed the level of his age, and risen to a comparison with Hannibal and Napoleon, the two greatest commanders of ancient and modern times. In every relation of private and public life his character was perfect. The South has produced some abler soldiers, and a few in point of military talent were his equals; but it can not and never could boast of one more beloved; not by personal friends alone, but by every soldier and officer that served under him. His dispatches, even when announcing the grandest successes, were brief statements of fact, unvarnished. Many such statements as this would occur: 'We are about to open the campaign. I have prayed earnestly to God that

he will enable me to pass through it in his fear, knowing no greater earthly blessing than to have a conscience at ease in the discharge of duty.' "

I left the presence of this distinguished gentleman with the consciousness that pride, hatred, revenge, had no place in his noble nature, and that, having lowered his colors and sheathed his sword, he was fully entitled to the consideration and respect of the gallant soldier to whom he surrendered. It is needless for me to say that, in my opinion, had he lived, he would fully have upheld in the most distinguished manner the Union of the States, the reconciliation of all classes, and the prosperity and happiness of the whole country. Foremost amongst the Confederates, and first in peace, General Robert E. Lee was not only a chivalrous gentleman, but he was eminently a Christian. In all his acts he was gifted with so rare a kindliness of demeanor that he never made a quarrel with any one. His brief though brilliant experience as instructor of the young men of the South after the war closed, gave the strongest evidence of his loyalty and goodness of heart, and clearly presaged the glory which would have crowned his career had his life been spared.

Chapter XXI.

SALMON P. CHASE'S OPINIONS ON MEN AND EVENTS.

THE name of Salmon P. Chase is well remembered as one of the great leaders and financiers of the country. Although many years have passed since his death, the recollections of his services to the country are calculated not only to promote admiration for and gratitude to the great party of freedom, but also to confirm an attachment to the principles of that party which first checked the progress of slavery, and then abolished it. The men of that stormy period were great spirits, fit to encounter the contests and to endure its heart-stirring agitations. Theirs was not a carpet warfare, in which they might flourish and declaim without fear; they entered the scenes of the combat, and with the martyr's courage retained a firm and unyielding grasp of their principles.

Among these illustrious champions and defenders, many of whom suffered unto death, and all of whom possessed the spirit and deserve the appellation of martyrs, Chase is entitled to our high and grateful admiration. I met him in 1867, when I was chaplain of General Miles's regiment and assistant superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau. He was then on a tour of the South in his capacity of Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. Upon his arrival in Raleigh he sent for me, and requested that I conduct him the next day (Sunday) to as many colored churches as possible, as he was anxious to see the progress of the people. The first church visited was that of

the Methodist, a building capable of holding two thousand people. It was crowded. Governor Holden, General Miles, and many distinguished North Carolinians were present. The minister was absent, and Governor Holden suggested that I preach a sermon, and then, Methodist fashion, have a general class-meeting. After the sermon was over, a hundred spoke. There was a bust of the Chief-Justice upon the pulpit. I referred to it, and said that the distinguished man was then in the audience; that he was one of the chief instruments of their emancipation, and their lifelong friend. The enthusiasm was great, and a shout arose for a few words from Mr. Chase. He spoke briefly, expressing his delight at their progress. I gave out the hymn:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound."

The music of this hymn, sung with the abandon of happy-hearted colored people, as it rang and vibrated through the great Church, was overwhelming. On the way to the hotel, Mr. Chase stopped frequently to wipe away the tears that were streaming down his face. We visited other churches with the same result. The next morning I accompanied him to the largest Freedmen's school. As we entered the building, a man eighty years of age was being taught to read the Bible by a little child. Chase asked me what that reminded me of. I hesitated, and he said, "It is a fulfillment of the prophecy, 'A little child shall lead them.'"

In the course of our subsequent conversation he gave his estimates of the distinguished men with whom he had been associated or had known. "Thaddeus Stevens," he said, "introduced a new style of speaking into Congress,

which was suited to the age and to debates on slavery—a combination of the lecture, of the bar, and of the stump. He was thoroughly sincere in his convictions, broad in his statements, and fearless of results. Burlingame was, for a time, the most brilliant, pointed, and effective of all the anti-slavery orators." He was afterwards appointed to China, where he negotiated the treaty with that country.

Of Charles Sumner, Mr. Chase said: "The high intellect reflected in his writings has for years stimulated the anti-slavery sentiment, quickened the consciences, and strengthened the hope of the Abolitionists. His speeches will always remain as a triumphant vindication of the Republican policy, as scathing denunciations of slavery, and as glorious models of eloquence to his countrymen."

I asked him if he did not think Sumner was something of a plagiarist, at least in one of his orations, reading to him a sentence in one of his speeches resembling a passage of Demosthenes. The Greek said in his oration upon the crown, "By the generous souls who were exposed at Marathon, by those who stood arrayed at Platæa, by all the illustrious sons of Athens," etc. Sumner said, "No, by the generous souls who were exposed at Lexington, by those who stood arrayed at Bunker Hill!" Chase hesitated, and then confessed that there was a striking resemblance.

When asked his opinion of Corwin, he replied: "There was no such political speaker in the country as Tom Corwin. I speak within bounds when I say he had no equal as a stump speaker, and his services to the country were inestimable."

He then related an anecdote of him. Corwin was once speaking at Elyria, Ohio, when he was a Whig. That

part of the Western Reserve had always been noted for its anti-slavery sentiments. Corwin was of very dark complexion, and was frequently taken for a Negro, and, like most of the Whig orators, did not relish any allusion to the peculiar institution. In the middle of his speech he was interrupted by a Yankee with the question, "Mr. Corwin, what is your opinion of slavery?" Corwin quickly answered: "I am surprised, sir, that you should ask such a question as that from a gentleman of my color." After a few seconds, when the crowd saw the point, some one called out, "Three cheers for Mr. Corwin!"

One day the conversation turned to the history of many eminent men of our country, whose early opportunities were limited. After speaking of his own early hardships, Mr. Chase said: "The history of the country shows that a majority of its most celebrated statesmen, poets, and business men, whose careers adorned its pages,—Lincoln, Greeley, Stanton, both the Adams, Grant, Sheridan, the Shermans,—were all the sons of poor men. It was related of Lord Buchan, the elder brother of the famous Lord Erskine, that when some one spoke to him of his brother's eminence, Lord Buchan said, 'Why, sir, the eminence of my brother is entirely due to me.' The gentleman asked, 'How is that? I did not know you had anything to do with it!' 'O yes,' said Lord Buchan, 'I was the making of him. When he was a young man, he asked me for a small sum to enable him to live. I absolutely refused to give him a single farthing, and it is in consequence of that refusal that he has risen to eminence.'"

Mr. Chase spoke several times of Lincoln, and his sweetness and tenderness of heart and yet firm and determined character, which wanted only the opportunity

to strike with memorable justice. No patriot, born or unborn, would ever measure up to his greatness.

I told the Chief-Justice that the first political speeches I ever heard in the United States were by him and General W. H. Gibson, and repeated one of his sentences in refutation of the claims of Know-Nothingism, which demanded twenty-one years' residence before a foreigner could become a citizen of the United States: "If a man has not brains enough to understand the Constitution in five years, he will not understand it in twenty-one years."

Speaking of the Know-Nothing party, he said: "It was conceived in prejudice and bigotry, as such organizations will occasionally arise, encouranged by demagogues and disappointed politicians; but the growing intelligence of America shakes off the serpent, as Paul shook the viper from his hand."

General Gibson believed that Chase had been opposed to his advancement and had used his influence against him. Said he: "I wish you would say in one of your letters to the Cleveland *Leader* that I have always been the friend of General Gibson, and that my influence has always been used for him. I consider him a very striking and effective stump orator. In one of his speeches, and I have heard him often, he evinced an amount of dramatic ability and power truly wonderful."

I requested Mr. Chase, on one occasion, to give me the history of his reply to Daniel O'Connell, who had written a powerful letter to the Irishmen of America to come out of the Democratic party and vote with the Abolitionists. Mr. Chase replied: "The letter written by Mr. O'Connell was placed in my hands by the Abolitionists, with a request that I write a response to the indictment of slavery, and the inconsistency of his countrymen

in their wholesale support of the party with which the barbarism of slavery had been maintained." He expressed his regret at never having seen O'Connell, and asked if I had ever seen him. I told him I had seen him only once, when, a mere lad, a stalwart Irishman had held me upon his shoulder for a glimpse of the emancipator while he was making a speech. He knew O'Connell's writings well, and was conversant with many incidents in his life. I related to him one which he had never heard, and which seemed to please him. O'Connell was defending a prisoner on trial for his life when he violently abused the judge and jury. The prisoner became frightened, and exclaimed: "O, Mr. O'Connell, if you speak like that they will hang me!" "And never you mind if they do or not," cried Mr. O'Connell; "for if they do, I will make them sorry for it!"

Of the great preachers of his time, Bishop Simpson was Chase's ideal. He loved and admired him for his patriotism and eloquence, and pronounced his oration over Lincoln's grave the finest combination of patriotic and funeral oratory he had ever heard. "Yes," he said, "Bishop Simpson is a man of genius, and his great power as a pulpit orator remains undiminished. I always hear him when it is in my power, and I always wish to see him." I ventured to critcise the great bishop, on account of his too frequent habit of giving way to his emotions while in the pulpit. Mr. Chase replied, in vindication of his favorite, and mine also: "The very same objection was brought against Edmund Burke by Sir Philip Francis, in his defense of Marie Antoinette, that there was too much emotion in it for good taste. Burke replied, 'All I can say is, I shed tears when I wrote those words and thought of the scenes they recalled, and my eyes filled

with tears as I read them over again.' And I think," continued Mr. Chase, "if the greatest of philanthropic orators wept when he produced that memorable and beautiful description, Bishop Simpson may be pardoned if he occasionally indulges in emotion."

That Mr. Chase was a candidate for the Presidency was evident from his actions. He dwelt frequently upon the ingratitude of parties for their leaders. I asked him his opinion upon a question that was then agitating the country, showing him a letter upon the same subject which I had received from Sumner. He said: "You know that I am a candidate for the nomination, and that my friends are hopeful of my success, and any profession on the eve of the Convention would be received with suspicion. The press would jump eagerly at any statement I would make. The truth is, that jealousies, enmities, and conspiracies pursue the public man to his grave. His honor, his patriotism, his motives, are impeached! History is searched for parallels to his shame. The most disinterested act of my life was that letter to Daniel O'Connell. At that time it was the most popular thing that could be done, yet the leading papers wrote me down as a demagogue."

He then quoted the well-known words of Washington: "It is a severe tax which all must pay who are called to eminent stations of trust, not only to be held up as conspicuous marks to the enmity of the public adversaries of their country, but to the malice of secret traitors and the treachery of false friends." He added, with emotion: "Ignorance and malice pour their calumnies upon the best men that I have known, upon the men that have made the greatest sacrifices for their country. It is, indeed, the vice of our age, and I fear particularly of our

country. The pains and penalties of public life and its enemies were illustrated in the treatment of Henry Clay by his party. It is related of Clay that he asked some one who was nominated for the Presidency, and when he was told "Franklin Pierce," he exclaimed, "Who is he! My God, we are beaten!" Chase repeated this with dramatic effect.

These are a few of the utterances of Mr. Chase in the several interviews I had with him. As I remember him, he seemed a man noble and attractive in the qualities of truth, justice, and courage. A man whom the colored people of the South will always remember with pride and love. He belonged to a grand race of orators and statesmen—a race that lifted the great party of freedom and the Union triumphantly before the world.

Chapter XXII.

INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT MEN—WENDELL PHILLIPS—SOME CHARACTERISTIC VIEWS.

INTERVIEWS with eminent men are the most entertaining, as they form the most interesting and instructive department of national history. All history, in truth, is compounded of a series of biographies and conversations. It embraces an ampler scope of details. History is boundless in its range, while interviews are limited and individualized. But in essence they are one; for there can be no great events without great actors. The wonderful Iliad, heroic history in hexameters, is only a series of interviews. The "Decline and Fall" is a gallery of portraits—emperors, conquerors, lawgivers, pontiffs, prelates, poets, and patriots; men who have adorned humanity by their virtues, or debased it by their vices. Each of these interviews gives a faithful account of the distinguished men's opinions whose names are mentioned. American genius is a unity, and it is seen in the splendid antitheses of Phillips, in the beautiful ideal philosophy of Dufferin, in the piety and wisdom of Simpson, in the vast intellectual power of Blaine, in the patriotic intrepidity of Sheridan, the profound learning of Chase.

The distinguished agitator and orator, Wendell Phillips, has been dead for many years, but his memory is still warmly cherished by thousands in this and European countries. Massachusetts has given many a great citizen to the State; none, however, who have rendered more valuable services to the cause of civil and religious

liberty than the famous man of whom I speak. Few men hold a more honored position in our roll of illustrious characters. We claim for Wendell Phillips admiration and honor. Personal reminiscences of such benefactors are of incalculable advantage, as through this channel a vast amount of information upon important subjects is disseminated concerning those whose labors have left their footprints in the history of the times.

Mr. Phillips said to me one day, "If you ever come within twenty miles of Boston, let me know, and I will hear you." The time came when I could grant his wish, and he was asked to preside at the meeting. He could not come, but wrote a letter—the last one he ever wrote—expressing his regrets, and saying his wife was ill. He invited me to visit him the next day. I found him in his library. He was in a conversational mood, and gave me his recollections of the eminent men whom he had met in Europe and the United States. I had recently returned from the Old World, where I had met and conversed with some of the Russian exiles. The address of Mr. Phillips before Harvard, in which he justified and glorified the rough methods of the Nihilists, was translated into all the continental papers. These bold conspirators read the speech with tears in their eyes, and they told me of their admiration and of their love for its author. I told Mr. Phillips of the emotion of these brave but mistaken advocates for liberty, when I informed them of my personal acquaintance with him. He was pleased to know that his words had traveled across the Alps, giving comfort to the people. "Russia," he said, "has been carrying on a war against humanity for centuries. The barbarism of Russians was shown in burning off the feet of the champions of liberty and shooting them

down like dogs. I trust that some mighty leader will start up among them who will avenge the martyred Nihilists, and lead the cause to success." I asked him his estimate of Webster, and which of his efforts he considered his masterpiece. He believed that the noblest specimen of his eloquence and the most profound specimen of his reasoning was contained in a lecture before the Mechanics' Institute in Boston, quoting a whole paragraph, commencing, "A history of mechanical philosophy, however, would not begin with Greece." He said that nature was lavish to Webster. His broad temples, his massive head, and majestic body were all expressive of concentrated force of will which marked the great Greeks, and which Lavater admired. His self-possession, his splendid presence, his learning, his oratory, his dramatic manner of stating a case, all added impressiveness and power to his utterances. When he first commenced to speak he was strained, and his first sentences resembled the effort to get a heavily-laden vessel under way. His words were not winged, but appeared as if rough hewn out of some mental quarry. The two best known and popular of his speeches were the two delivered at Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill. He questioned Webster's sincerity. "To him," he said, "might aptly be applied the language of Sallust in speaking of Catiline, 'He could with equal skill pretend not to be what he was and to be what he was not.' "

France was mentioned, and he was very enthusiastic in describing the people of that country. "I was there during all the enthusiasm, which, having been restrained, broke forth in a torrent. *Mourir pour la patrie*,—to die for one's country,—no matter who governs, is still the sweetest death to a Frenchman. Neither materialism

nor Bourgeois prosperity have been able to erase this beautiful blossom from the Frenchman's heart." He quoted with rare power Verginaud's proud saying, "The nobility—what does that mean? The nobility—that means one class born to rule, another class born to be ruled; one class born to be masters, another class born to be slaves! The very term is an insult to the human race and blasphemous against the living God." He spoke with delight of the French character, and believed that the Republic was an assured triumph. Of Béranger, the republican poet, he was full of praise, and repeated his bold words,

> "Peuples, formez une sainte alliance
> Et donnez-vous la main."
>
> ("O, nations, form a holy alliance,
> And give to each other a friendly hand.")

In the presence of this greatest master of eloquence, I was anxious to have his views upon this subject, and inquired if the following anecdote of him was true: A statement had gone the rounds of the press, some years before, which represented Mr. Phillips as exclaiming, in one of his superb rages, as he fixed his eyes upon the motto of the State in Faneuil Hall, "God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts," "God d——n the commonwealth of Massachusetts!" He said it was true, and that he received hundreds of letters from clergymen remonstrating. He laughed like a boy at the memory called up, and gave me the history of the circumstances which called forth the denunciation. A slave girl had made her escape from South Carolina under the most distressing difficulties. Arriving in Boston, she was immediately arrested and remanded back to slavery. An indignation meeting was called. Fredrika Bremer was present, and

indignant that such an outrage should be committed on the sacred soil of the Pilgrims. "I did utter that malediction," said Mr. Phillips. "You are a clergyman—was it profanity? Would you not have repeated it?" I replied, "If I had not said it, I would have thought it." Mr. Phillips laughed heartily, and rising, went to his book-case and brought me a copy of his Harvard oration, with his autograph on it, which he gave to me as a testimonial of his regard.

He had nothing but contempt for Disraeli, and described him as a charlatan, saying that the best portrait of him was found in one of his own novels: "He became habituated to the idea that everything could be achieved by dexterity, and that there was no test of character except success, to adopt any opinion and possess none." He asked me if I heard John Bright, and what was my opinion of his style. I replied in the affirmative, saying that his style was very simple. "Yes," said Mr. Phillips, "his style is simple, and perhaps he has spoken the finest English in this age; but he seems to have abandoned all his early progressive ideas, and gone back upon his friends and upon liberalism. Now he sees in every party a faction; in the enlightened progress toward justice in Ireland, a malignant insult; in all her efforts for local self-government, a sectarian cry. The great place he filled, the great reforms in which he participated,—all are to be remembered with gratitude; but his opposition to prohibition and woman suffrage and other reforms shows that he has become an antiquated imbecile. He has undoubted talents; but if any of the sacred fire of his earlier and purer days is left in him, he must feel degraded and politically dead."

I called his attention to his own recent lecture upon

Charles Sumner, and inquired which of the senator's speeches he considered the best. He answered: "It is very difficult to decide. For strength of denunciation, his speech upon the barbarism of slavery is the most thoroughly prepared and most forceful, and the most exciting of all his addresses in the Senate. But the first address he ever delivered, upon the 'Grandeur of Nations,' bears evidence of great study. It has the glow of genius, and I believe history will place this effort as perhaps the greatest of all, in literary preparation and excellence." Here a suggestion was made that Mr. Phillips and other agitators might have accomplished more effective work by accepting public office. "O no," was the quick response; "the best method for reformers, if they sincerely desire the public good, is never to accept office. All the great reforms of the last few years were achieved by men who never took office. It was William Wilberforce who abolished slavery; it was O'Connell who abolished Catholic slavery; it was Cobden who abolished the taxes upon food; and never has Gladstone appeared in a nobler attitude than when he pleaded the cause of the Bulgarians,—friend and foe conceded the purity and splendor of his aims. All these public benefactors were out of office at the time."

In speaking of Gladstone, Mr. Phillips said: "Gladstone possesses all the elements of the most persuasive eloquence—logic unsurpassed, commanding personality, vast and profound learning, and a free and fearless manner." Referring to the Englishman's change of front on the Irish question, and that his enemies charged him with demagogism: "No," continued the veteran agitator, with considerable warmth, "that is the old slander. He is no demagogue. A demagogue follows, but does not

lead the masses. He flatters their follies and prejudices, while the reformer and statesman attacks both at the mandates of his convictions. He transfers the benevolent spirit of Christianity from the pulpit to the platform."

He rapidly sketched traits of several orators of his own time. Of Clay, he said, "His rush at a subject had all the rapidity of a mountain torrent." Calhoun was "always cool. His voice low in tone and small in volume; but when he became excited his words fairly hissed." Everett's eloquence was "like a stuffed doll." "The perfection of eloquence is fervid thought in direct language. No orator can tell the thing within him—it is a passion. Rhetoric is a mummy; no great truth goes by art." "Every orator has his faults and his own style. It was the fashion of Addison and Burke to polish, alter, and finish up the sentence, and adopt the last and best finished."

I spoke of his sympathy for Ireland, and that in Dublin he was almost as well known as the Irish leaders themselves; that his speeches were read all over the land. "Ireland," he answered, "has my support. It is nigh a hundred years since the greatest political essayist that ever lived, Junius, wrote in one short sentence the history of misgovernment in Ireland: 'The people of Ireland have been universally plundered and oppressed.' This has been the epitome of Irish history for hundreds of years."

Parnell was then in the fullness of his fame, and of him Phillips said: "He is the truest and noblest type of an Irish patriot. Since O'Connell stirred the hearts of Ireland like an earthquake, and swayed her mind by his eloquence as planets rule the sea, no Irish leader has ever been a truer exponent of Ireland's aspirations than

Parnell." He then referred to the labor problem, repeating with earnestness the observations of one of the Fathers: "Government wealth is not to be expended in personal enjoyment, but in promoting the glory of God and the happiness of his creatures."

But it was for O'Connell that he reserved his highest praise. He dwelt upon his generous and effective sympathies with the Protestant Dissenters, securing for them the laws that guarded their civil and religious rights; his noble advocacy of abolition and his broad, comprehensive views, adding: "It is curious enough, in watching the course of events, to mark how every strong passion which takes hold of a nation embodies itself in a suitable leader, who stands forth from his fellows as master of the situation. O'Connell was Ireland embodied." He then related many anecdotes of him, his eloquence, wit, power, and blarney. Referring to the latter, he heard O'Connell in a meeting in Dublin say: "I was delighted at the activity, and my heart grew warm admiring the beauty of the dark-eyed maids and matrons of Kildare. O, there is starlight sparkling from the eyes of a Kildare beauty! And remember that you are the husbands of such women, and a traitor or a coward could never be connected with any of them." How he came to deliver his lecture upon O'Connell was in this way: Dr. Blake, a physician, called upon and asked him to speak a few words for a charity. He protested that he had not studied the Irish question. "Tell what you know of O'Connell," said the doctor. He had a volume of the great Irishman's speeches, which he took down, and read this sentence from one of them: "We want no ascendency; we repudiate it. I had rather die upon the scaffold—I say it with all the solemnity of truth—than to consent to a Catholic ascendency for Ire-

land." He spoke long and earnestly upon O'Connell, describing him as the father of agitators; that his was a sublime close of a political career the most successful and the most morally glorious.

For John Boyle O'Reilly, the editor of the Boston *Pilot*, Mr. Phillips had the most hearty and expressed admiration, as well as for Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the veteran publisher of that splendid journal. Referring to Mr. Donahoe's long advocacy of his Church in the face of the most bitter New England bigotry fifty years ago, he called him a martyr, saying that to his zeal and persistent devotion the cause of Ireland was eternally indebted. Then he would refer to O'Reilly frequently in words like these: "Earnest in his patriotism, profound in his devotion, stanch in his principles," saying that his eager Irish heartedness made him the friend of every oppressed people. It was a question whether O'Reilly was more American or Irish; that his sympathies were boundless. He advocated the claims of Ireland in the fashionable homes of Boston when it had not become popular. In a remakable essay in one of these Beacon Street mansions he showed that Ireland had resources in art, in manufactures, in commerce, and mines, to make her a nation. "I admired his genius," continued Phillips, "integrity, and sturdy independence." He eagerly asked if I knew him. I responded that I knew him intimately; that I read him, studied him; that I was proud to call him my friend! Yes, O'Reilly was my friend. He wielded a powerful and pungent pen, whether it reasoned with the head or with the heart.

I was in Italy when the cable announced that Boyle O'Reilly, the accomplished gentleman, the beloved friend, the revered, warm-hearted lover of Erin, the inspired

poet, was no more—gone—dead! In his death, Ireland lost one of her brightest sons, and liberty one of her most pure and high-souled champions! Perhaps there never was a man in a shorter time, coming from a foreign land, who won more respect and friendship than Boyle O'Reilly. Thousands of the colored race, as well as millions of Irishmen in all lands, shed tears of deep and unaffected sorrow over his early death. But this gifted son of Erin has left behind him a successor in James Jeffrey Roche, endowed with faculties of the highest order, a keen sense of all that is most holy in nature, most beautiful in art, most benevolent in philanthropy, with the heart of a patriot and the inspired genius of the poet.

Another great Irishman who was beloved by Phillips was Mr. Patrick Ford, of New York. When I rose to leave, Mr. Phillips exclaimed, "Stay longer! I wish to speak to you about Mr. Ford. He is a hundred years ahead of his times. I await each week with a keen interest the arrival of the *World*. I read his temperance articles, then the editorials upon the labor problem, and his Irish utterances. I have laid away all the special numbers upon the American Revolution, and that great issue upon Emmet, where he has collected the opinions of the most eminent American statesmen, scholars, preachers, and philanthropists upon the influences of Emmet's life and death upon the civilization of the United States. O yes, it is a great number. That powerful editorial has disentombed, renewed, and made fresh again the martyrdom of that gifted man. Ford, I tell you, Mr. Pepper, is a Briareus-minded man! He is not only the fearless and unquailing champion of Ireland, but also the bold, heroic, and self-sacrificing friend of every oppressed people! He is a constant, sincere, and guile-

lessly honest laborer in every worthy cause, and in its service he has lavished the profits of a newspaper that would have made him a millionaire in a few years. Independence, sincerity, and honor are eminently his characteristics."

Chapter XXIII.

SOME CONVERSATIONS WITH JAMES G. BLAINE.

WHO can remember James G. Blaine, without thinking of his rare and eventful career? The grandest American of his time, he gathered around him every other man whose patriotism or genius seemed likely to advance the interests of the cause to which he was devoted.

In the life of Arnold of Rugby it is related by his accomplished biographer, Thomas Hughes, that the students of the great master could never hear his name mentioned without tears. There are thousands of the admirers of Mr. Blaine, belonging to all parties, who mourn his loss to his country. They will always remember him as the patriot, orator, and statesman. To deny greatness to Blaine is to manifest the most partisan prejudice. If that be not greatness which grasped the exigencies of the situation and courageously met them; if that be not greatness which struck off the degrading doctrine of Europeans coming to this land, "Once a subject, always a subject;" if that be not statesmanship which compelled Berlin and Rome to recognize and respect American diplomacy,—then we do not understand the meaning of the word.

I was living abroad when the cable flashed the sad intelligence that Blaine was dead. In visiting the hotels to see and talk with our countrymen, I met them from North and South, from East and West, Democrats as well as the most enthusiastic Republicans, and all ac-

JAMES G. BLAINE.

knowledged but one feeling of profound sorrow. When I put out the flag from the consulate, as is customary when an illustrious official dies, Italians in passing would pause, look up, and say, "America has lost a great statesman." One of the leading men of Milan could find no higher praise than to compare him to Cavour. Both had died in the prime of life, both had been honored with public trusts, both would be ennobled in history as benefactors of their countries.

The first time I ever met Mr. Blaine was at his pleasant cottage in Bar Harbor in 1884. The hour was late, the family had retired; but Mr. Blaine was still up, and he welcomed me cordially. About his first question was: "You are from Knox County, Ohio?" Kenyon College, where I had been a student many years before, is in that county. My reply was, "No, Mr. Blaine, I am from Wayne County; in the same State, however."

This seemed to surprise him, and he responded: "From Wayne County? I can not understand it. That is a Democratic county, with six hundred Democratic majority. How is it that you, a Methodist preacher and a strong Republican, have not changed that vote?" When it was explained to him that Methodist preachers only remained three years in a place, and that the time was entirely too short to make a change in such a strong Democratic district, he laughed heartily.

In speaking upon Irish subjects, I mentioned Curran's name, when Mr. Blaine related an anecdote of the great Irishman. It seemed that an acquaintance had told Curran of some lawyer who had given imitations of his style and gesture. "Imitations," said Curran, "are like a rat running over the keys of a piano and calling it music."

At his request I called upon him again the next morning. In the meantime a letter from the National Committee with the list of appointments for Maine had arrived. I showed them to Mr. Blaine. He read them hurriedly, and then tore them up, saying: "Those places are rock-ribbed Republican; they do not need missionaries and old soldiers." He then made out a new list of appointments, containing the largest manufacturing cities and towns in the State.

As this was my first experience in politics, I asked him for some data. Without referring to any book or document whatever, he immediately answered: "Stick to the effects of free trade upon India and Ireland. Tell the Irish that in the year 1799 Ireland exported fifteen million dollars worth of manufactured web linen to the English market, and that fifty per cent of tariff was retained by the Irish Parliament; that under it one million five hundred thousand of the inhabitants lived by manufactures, one to every five persons of the country; that after the destruction of Grattan's Parliament, with the introduction of free trade, only thirty-seven thousand were engaged in manufactures, one to every two hundred and eighty of the people, showing a decrease of seventy-eight per cent." These statistics and a series of others he poured forth without a minute's pause, closing this part of his conversation with the observation that there was nothing sublimer in history than a nation achieving such prosperity in eighteen years, and nothing more deplorable than Ireland's decline afterwards.

In company with Judge W. H. West, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, I addressed a meeting at some cross-roads in Maine. The enthusiasm was great, and there seemed to be a determination to elect their favorite son to the Presidency.

Afterwards I met Mr. Blaine at Orrville, Ohio, a railroad town founded by Judge Orr, a classmate of Mr. Blaine. I was en route to Newark, to make a speech with Senator Frye, when the train stopped at Orrville. Blaine was compelled to make a short speech. I explained to him the situation in Ohio, and he whispered in my ear "What majority will Ohio give?" I answered, "About ten thousand." "O," he replied, "she must do better than that."

The next morning I breakfasted with him in Columbus. The first words with which he saluted me were: "Well, now what do you think will be the majority of your State?" I responded, "Twenty-five thousand." "Why, how is that? What has occurred since yesterday to change your opinion?" I reported the immense meeting in Newark, largely composed of wool-growers; how that Senator Frye's first sentence, "Sheep! sheep! sheep!" captured and conquered hundreds of votes; how that they flocked around Frye, following him to his hotel, declaring their resolution to vote the Republican ticket. Blaine enjoyed immensely the description of the senator's speech. Every now and then he would break out laughing, with the words, "That is Frye—just like him; he is the best tariff speaker in our party for a crowd—for a crowd."

I embraced the hour or two which he gave me to get his opinions and estimates of many public characters. He spoke in a low, measured, mournful tone of Garfield; spoke of him as a consummate politician; as one of the noblest statesmen in our country; compared him to one of the grand cathedrals of the past, where you pass from one shrine to another until you reach the undermost crypt, where are preserved the most precious relics. This

tribute to his dead friend was warm, spontaneous, direct from the heart. He inquired if I knew him. I held up a handsome blackthorn stick, with the initial "G" upon it, and related to him how it came into my possession. I was returning from Europe a few months before, during the exciting times of Garfield's assassination, when his life was hanging in the balance. An Irish emigrant had died on board, and the captain asked me to deliver an address to raise some funds for the destitute family in Ireland. I was about half way through, when the pilot came on board with the joyful news that President Garfield was still living. I announced it. The cheers were so long and loud that my address was abruptly brought to a close. A lady from New Rochelle was so pleased with the news that she presented me with this cane. Mr. Blaine took the stick in his hand, saying it was the finest blackthorn he had ever seen, and remarking, "The circumstances under which you received it will always make it a valuable relic."

During this conversation references were made to the charges of corruption so vindictively made against public men. Mr. Blaine quoted Burke with promptitude: "He who accuses everybody of corruption, convicts but one." He asked if I had ever heard McKinley, if I knew him. On my replying in the negative, he spoke in the most enthusiastic language of him. He said: "Mr. McKinley is one, if not the greatest, of the leaders of the party. He has matured slowly like an oak; but like the oak his fame and usefulness will outlast generations; full of facts and figures, he is the best informed man on a protective tariff in the country."

There was some doubt about Thomas B. Reed's suc-

cess for Congress expressed at that time. I asked Mr. Blaine his opinion: "Mr. Reed is a man full of electricity, full of courage, full of hope! He fail? Impossible! He has always won, and will win this time." He spoke of his distinguished opponent with judicious criticism.

He inquired about the generals under whom I had served—Sherman, Logan, Howard, Raum. He was an intense admirer of General Sherman. He described the results of the war as marvelous; said that "the reconstruction of the South was a miracle, the boldest experiment on the grandest scale that the world ever saw. No other conquered people ever became reconciled so easily. Greece did not amalgamate with Turkey, Poland with Russia, Lombardy with Austria, Ireland with England." He was anxious to know what would be the strength of the Irish vote, and spoke of Mr. Ford's paper as able and untiring in its advocacy of the Republican party.

When I saw Mr. Blaine again it was during the Administration of President Harrison. In one of the visits he spoke of his meeting the Duke of Abercorn in Donegal. The duke traced his (Blaine's) descent back to the blue banner of the Covenant. He spoke of his conversation with Gladstone; how the "Grand Old Man" monopolized all the time, not allowing him an opportunity to say a word; but the memory of his conversation was like music that always lingers in the ear.

In an interview at this time a brief reference was made to the cause of Blaine's defeat in 1884. He evidently was averse to talking about it; but as I mentioned an incident in connection with the Harrison campaign in a small town near Utica, New York, where, out of a large Republican vote, he only received a small num-

ber, and Harrison three times as many, I suggested that it was Roscoe Conkling's influence. After a moment's hesitation, he said, "That and the bad weather."

When I was consul at Milan, Italy, I frequently met Dr. Fornoni, Mr. Blaine's physician when he was there several years ago. This gentleman was full of remembrances of his patient, and with Americans would talk of nothing else. He would tell of his conversations with him, of his despondent and melancholy hours, of the times he would send for him when there was really nothing the matter with him, of the annoyances of newspaper men. One day I told Dr. Fornoni that I would like to have him repeat some of the utterances of Mr. Blaine upon Italy. "What you request would be an arduous task," was the reply; "for I took only a few notes. I was so bewildered and charmed when I listened to him that I could not remember one-half of his rare sayings. As a conversationalist upon Italian subjects, he knew more and he surpassed all the men I ever met. He would ask my opinion, and before I would utter half a dozen sentences he would pour such a flood of light upon the subject that I became ashamed of my own ignorance. He always exhibited more correct knowledge, more warm sympathy with Italy than any Englishman or American of my acquaintance. One time he said: "You have a wonderful country. Its mountains are grand; its valleys are beautiful, its streams and rivers are fit to turn the machinery of Europe, its harbors to moor the commerce of the world." Again he would show his knowledge of our political history, quoting the familiar utterance of Victor Emmanuel after the disastrous battle of Novara,—*Per Dio, l'Italia sará* ('By the help of God, Italy shall be'), and the Prime Minister's exclamation, 'Italy is made, but

who shall make the Italians?' He seemed to know all by heart, and predicted Italy's brillliant future; that she would never go back to the former times."

I then asked Dr. Fornoni to tell me something of Mr. Blaine's criticisms on illustrious Italians. He answered: "Mr. Blaine had always words of praise for Dante. He did not like his gloomy grandeur, and had no sympathy for his morose views of the hereafter, but admired and extolled him as the maker of the Italian language. He admired our great novelist, Alessandro Manzoni, and believed his 'Promessi Sposi' would live forever. He considered the most resplendent name in Italian history to be that of Cavour, and often repeated Cavour's words, 'Five and twenty centuries of accumulated glories have destined Rome to become the capital of a united kingdom.'" Dr. Fornoni continued to say that Mr. Blaine would frequently pause and gaze musingly at the Cavour monument fronting the hotel, in which a symbolical figure of History is writing the name "Cavour."

The last time I saw Mr. Blaine was at his own home in the city of Washington, where I called to pay my respects and to ask what I should say to his Italian friends regarding his health. "Tell them I am as well as ever," was his quick reply, and his beaming countenance and whole bearing seemed to bear witness to his words. In an hour or two afterwards, as I was entering Mr. Harrison's room, Mr. Blaine was coming out. Richard Kerens, the Republican leader, was also about to visit the President. Mr. Blaine grasped his hand joyously, with the salutation, "Richard, how are you?" Then he turned to me, and, speaking with deliberation, said: "Parnell is dead. Although preceded by Burke in his proclamation of Ireland's wrongs; by Grattan, who pleaded for

Irish independence; and by O'Connell,—yet Parnell has accomplished more than all of them."

This was my last interview with James G. Blaine. He, too, is dead; but as the years roll on his name will brighten with increasing splendor, and as the young men of the future will ask their elders who was the most illustrious American of the day, the answer will be, "James G. Blaine."

Chapter XXIV.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS—FOUR TYPICAL ORATORS: CHARLES SUMNER, BISHOP SIMPSON, FATHER AGOSTINO, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE inanity of oratory has been a prolific theme for the pens of many powerful writers, and the mystic might of silent work and speechless labor has had its panegyrists. This is a reaction, and as such it is partial, nor should it be wholly yielded to. All men are wearied with the hollow phrase-mongering and maneuvers of platforming, and the paltry declarations of demagogues. But not the less hollow and vain are the solemn shams of the silent, who pass off as wise men because they are wordless, and frown the talker into disrepute. It is said that this is the age of action. Fools! Is not the orator a man of action? Pericles ruled Athens by the magic of his tongue, and Demosthenes preserved the fainting liberties of Greece by his eloquence.

Let us not be led away by the crowd who denounce the speaker and extol the worker; for talking is a necessity of our nature. Like every duty, it is also a privilege. It has been abused and perverted, as all good things are when not in harmony with their relations. It has often been severed from the uses of life and made the weapon wherewith the indolent war against time; the weapon of abuse, the apologist of crime! And yet these are the abuses of oratory, and not reasons for silence. There lies a power and a blessing in speech the world but little

dreams of. Our existence vibrates between speech and silence. These are the day and night of thought. Speech or oratory spreading its sunlight into the corners of the mind, showing the minute and paltry, the great and the beautiful; silence, with its star sheen and deep depth of sky, revealing beauty and the ideal to the watching soul; silence preparing what speech propounds—the one the reality, the other the revelation,—let neither be exalted or despised above the other; they are twin gifts of God, and both are holy. A world of silence would be a model prison; a world of talk, a Babel of parrots.

I have said that the popular outcry against oratory is a reaction. Thomas Carlyle utters his vehement protest against speech, deifies action, and his followers echo him. Every disciple of the eccentric Scotch philosopher exclaims that it is time to stop talking and to begin to act. Every one wants some one else busy doing something. They are in an uproar to create silence. What is oratory but a means to realize the purpose of our minds? What is it but a struggle to reach and release the spirit which, imprisoned, aspires to the infinite, as a caged eagle pants for a free flight seawards?

Wonderful is the power of speech! It is godlike, it is creative—a holy office, a noble employ, which distinguishes life from mere existence. It reveals the attributes of the spirit, the motions of the intellect, the holiness of the affections. The idea which it incarnates alone is intrinsic—is the jewel set in words. It is sad to think how this divine privilege has been abused by alleged orators; how trivial, feeble, fruitless it has become, until it is deemed nobler to weave cloth and forge horse-shoes than to cultivate the divine art of speech. True oratory demands a purpose. When the blacksmith, having heated

his iron bar, swings his mighty hammer on to his anvil till the sparks fall in showers around him, he hath a purpose, a defined purpose, to make a horse-shoe. There is evinced in all oratory either an absence of all purpose or ignorance of the way to effect it. Any one of the typical orators never speaks without a purpose; and then oratory is divine. Sages become their disciples, and then orators influence the after-fate of the race. No intellect so poor, no mind so uneducated, as may not be useful if they have a purpose. Speech is man's mightiest gift. It is like a mighty river, which, bearing weeds and rubbish in its waters, floats also the stately barks of thought, and is the channel for the commerce of information. Why should we worship silence? Oratory is the life of thought. An unspoken idea remains a dream. The sculptor expresses his thought in marble, the painter in colors, the builder in houses, the musician in notes, the weaver in cloth, the tailor in garments, and the speaker in words. It is not the material which is valued in these; it is the idea which informs and underlies them, which is the beauty of art and the utility of the manufacturer. Although the orator trusts his idea to the pliant air, the subtle element surrounding the tympanum of the ear discharges there its precious burden into the storehouse of the brain. The exchange of ideas is as veritable a storehouse of merchandise as our commerce in wheat or cotton; its products are more precious, its agency more powerful. Yea, in a happier age, towards which the hand of the Almighty urges the world like a ball, the most valued and delightful work of man will be the interchanging of ideas, the expression of emotion, the embodiment of intellect in the perfected medium of speech. The word is mightier than the book. The mother's voice,

sweeter than the harps of angels, distills instruction on her child's inquiring mind, gentle yet effective as the dew upon the grass. The youth learns as he listens; for it is the oral explanation of the teacher, not the rule of the book, which he understands. The wife, sitting by her husband's side, listens to his talk on the events of the day. The friends, in conversing together, unfold the tangled mysteries, and the darkness of doubt vanishes before the ray of light. The true mission of speech is a holy one. It has been abused; every medal has its reverse!

CHARLES SUMNER.

Among those who most adequately illustrate the qualities of oratory as described in these lines, is Charles Sumner. It is usual for the living to call the histories of the dead riddles. Cromwell is a riddle, Lincoln is a riddle, Gladstone is a riddle. Everything is a riddle to those who have not the wish or patience to explore its latent meaning; and Charles Sumner, born to wealth, leisure, and luxury, becoming the champion of the downtrodden, would also be a riddle if his motives had not been explained by his subsequent life. He was called at first a demagogue. Never was a falser aspersion leveled at the character of a true, fearless, and dignified champion of human rights. The charge is so far removed from the bright truth that sparkles in every incident of his life that the ardent lover of liberty feels the incapacity of words to give utterance to the deep indignation which stirs within him at the aspersion.

"Who is the first orator of England?" a stupid person once asked Lord Brougham. "Lord Derby is the second." This was the self-conscious reply. The inquirer had forgotten that Henry Brougham had been in his

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time the defender of Queen Caroline, the champion of Reform, and as the advocate of Negro emnacipation had made all England ring with his fame. If Charles Sumner was not the first orator of this country, he was undoubtedly the second. He had all the grand attributes of the orator. He was tall, and remarkable for his presence—his countenance a model of manly beauty, his face oval, and the complexion clear and mantling, the forehead lofty and white. But it was the eye that flashed with piercing scrutiny when all the character of the man came forth.

One quality of his oratory was his thoroughness, his learning, and his power of finishing, rubbing his sentences so fine that nothing could be added. He took all nature for his illustrations. It might be said of him as was said of Brougham by an opposing lawyer at the English bar, that "when Brougham got hold of any subject, he nailed it, and nailed and nailed it, till no man could nail it any faster." Brougham, in his reply, readily admitted that he did endeavor to make the best of his case, and so did his opponent; the only difference was that of method. Granting himself to be a nailer, he did not know of any term so appropriate to his opponent as that of a polisher; for when he got hold of a case he polished it, and polished it, until he made it so superlatively bright that it was sure in the end to dazzle his own imagination, and lay a trap for his better judgment. Both illustrations are certainly happy in their application to Mr. Sumner.

Charles Sumner was aided in his oratory by a faultless elocution. His style was dignified and correct; and if it smells somewhat of the lamp, this peculiarity ought to be overlooked, since it was found even in the orations of Demosthenes himself.

In Sumner's speeches against slavery we have the

grave and gradual march of one whose heart is in his theme, and who carries all things before him, like a landslide, which bears trees and rocks and flowers along with it, and so covers the ground on which it settles as to hide every trace of prior occupancy.

And yet, in the true signification of the word, Charles Sumner was a demogogue. He kept company with the sublimest poets, the most profound philosophers, and the courageous reformers of all ages. Who were the bold spirits who battled on the floors of Parliament and on the popular rostrum for the great truths of freedom and righteousness? Who the friends of humanity, whose eloquence and activity in the cause of the people have broken one after another the bands that confined their energies and kept them the feeble suppliants of a proud and opulent aristocracy? Who the men whose burning invectives made the great nobles of England tremble before the majesty of the people? They were such demagogues as O'Connell, Brougham, and Thompson! They revered the people. Charles Sumner was a demagogue in the highest and grandest sense. Throughout the glorious battle of slave emancipation, his fearless eloquence was a torrent of consuming power, poured into every rampart of oppression. Under the terrible pressure of his fierce invectives, the slaveholder paled with hate and apprehension.

We have always felt universal admiration for Sumner. When he commenced public life, the anti-slavery cause was a bundle of broken factions, which his genius and eloquence led to triumph. We admired him when he made that magnificent plea for peace as the true grandeur of the Nation. It was a true, bold, and intrepid picture of the storms of war. We admired him when he delivered

that masterly speech against the extension of slavery to Kansas. Strong and vigorous were the fearless attacks upon the proud citadel of slavery. It broke the mental lethargy of the Nation; it promised the splendid dawn of emancipation; it hastened the day-star of liberty. The Northern mind burst its cerements, and issued forth like a strong man after a sleep. We admired him when he pronounced that memorable impeachment upon the "Barbarism of Slavery," when he demonstrated its terrible influence upon its brethren apologists, compelling them to do its behests and to write "slave" upon their intelligent faculties. It was unanswerable, and hence the resort to the blows which were rained upon Sumner's head as he sat at his desk. These blows killed Sumner. They also killed slavery. Nothing gratifies the curiosity of sight-seers more than to know the exact spot of historical events. The first question of visitors to the English Parliament is to ask where Gladstone stood when he delivered his famous Home Rule speeches. So it is with the friends of human freedom. When they visit Washington they ask where did Sumner sit when Brooks crept up stealthily and struck the mighty orator. But never did we admire Sumner so much as when, the war being over, he took his stand by the defeated Confederates, and in the spirit of Him whose birth was announced by the songs of angels, pleaded with an eloquence sweet and powerful that no thorns should be planted where the olive had taken root.

These speeches are the most perfect of Sumner's orations. If you want to study oratory in books read Grattan, Sheil, O'Connell. For amplitude of stride and rich adornment of style, Burke is unrivaled. For rapidity, epic grandeur, and epigrammatic point, Grattan has no

equal. Webster is the splendid orator whose grand services to his country have been of the highest order; who dethroned from the belief of many Americans the delusions of Hayne, and vindicated the supremacy of the Union; "who had a voice like the sound of the sea, pure as the naked heaven."

FATHER AGOSTINO.

It is with no ordinary feelings that I undertake the task of sketching this famous preacher, the Savonarola of modern Italy. He has many of the shining qualities which are admired by all lovers of eloquence; and he is exalted still higher in the enlightened estimation of Christians and moralists by commanding these qualities for the good of mankind, ready to employ them for that purpose whenever they are called for, and equally anxious when they are not to employ his leisure in improving them for future use. If true eloquence is good sense, delivered in a natural and unaffected way, without the artificial ornaments of tropes and figures, then Father Agostino is *primus inter pares.* Our common eloquence is usually a cheat upon the understanding. It deceives us with appearances instead of realities, and makes us think we see reason, whilst it is only tickling our senses.

He is about medium size, well proportioned, and his face exhibits the perfection of manly beauty mellowed by the soft touches of age. The features are refined, and the complexion clear and ruddy. The nose is on the Roman model, and the chin slightly peaked. The mouth bespeaks great archness; the eyes have a quick, penetrating expression. The clear metallic voice is faultless in intonation, now ringing out like a trumpet, now soft and tender like a child's. For an hour (his sermons never

exceed that) he keeps his audience entranced—now soaring in ambitious flights and piling up a grand array of words; now flashing forth with unexpected allusions and similes; now overwhelming with a torrent of ridicule; now piercing infidelity with the keen dagger of his sarcasm.

Much of his success is attributed to his fascinating address, which forms the great charm of his oratory. Even the pope is not proof against the potency of this enchanted wand. The first element in Father Agostino's preaching is his sincerity. He worships truth as if it were God. He is Truth personified. He sees that lies abound everywhere, and he arises, like another Peter the Hermit, and preaches a bold and fearless crusade. He has no concealments, everything is as open as the day.

Faith is another powerful factor in his sermons. He believes, therefore he speaks. He looks out upon the world and sees that faith is dead, strangled by the worldliness of man. The age is material, it is an iron age. The eye is fixed upon business and politics. Better far the faith of the pagan, who bows to the stars, than to bow the knee before the many gods of fashion, of money, and of fame. In this moral wilderness he adopts the sentiment of Wesley, and cries out,

> "Faith, mighty Faith, the promise sees,
> And looks to that alone;
> Laughs at impossibilities,
> And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

He has another element in his ministrations. He is courageous. He fears no man, and admires men of courage. He gazes with admiration on Thor, wielding his hammer and crushing rocks; on Xavier, inspired by a heavenly zeal, and exclaiming in his dying moments, "Farther, farther yet;" on Mirabeau, all seared and

scarred with wounds, "a tiger with the small-pox," beard-ing the infuriated mob; on Savonarola, shaking Italy with his thundering tones; on Napoleon, starting from the little olive-complexioned lieutenant, sweeping thrones and dynasties before him like chaff.

Here is a specimen of Agostino's eloquence, selected at random from a volume of his sermons in Italian. It is entitled, "The Purpose of Life:" "And now let us contemplate the most innocent, the purest, and the most perfectly-regulated affection that could animate the heart of man. Will it suffice to fill it, to satisfy it? No! because a secret sense of satiety brings with it a haunting fear, of which the tears shed in moments of complete and apparent happiness are irrefragable proof. And the greater the affection becomes, the more does the heart long for the Infinite. My God, my God, for what purpose didst thou create the heart of man? He created it for himself. Then let us follow the instinct of our heart, and if the heart is oppressed with the weight of the earth and its cares, it will carry us straight home, then, to God. Again, if not content with interrogating the superior faculties of our nature, we ask the same question of those faculties which address themselves to material objects; they receive the same answer. Interrogate our sensibilities. They are never satisfied. Our energies will not sleep, like Hannibal, upon the victories of yesterday. They must have some new sphere for activity. Ask the artists, artists of all ranks. What do you find? You will find a man whose first word is a protest against his incapacity to reach the ideal standard he has set before him. You will see Virgil about to throw his Æneid into the flames; Michael Angelo in sad, silent contemplation of his statues because his mind has conceived a Colossus not to be compassed

by his hand. You will see Leonardo da Vinci leave his immortal Cenacolo incomplete. You will see Tasso bitterly regretting that he ever wrote the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' and Milton preferring some imperfect ode to his 'Paradise Lost.' And last of all, the musician, to prove this undeniable truth: the last echoes of his melodies have died away, and he listens for them still, and strains his ears to catch the harmonies which elude him, and so prove to him his incapacity for reaching the perfection of his heart. Why is it? Why is it that the nearer we approach to our ideal, the farther it seems to depart from us? I ask the question here in the midst of all the masterpieces of genius. I ask you, do you not feel the love of the beautiful increasing, and not diminishing, the farther we penetrate into it? My brethren, it is the property of all the arts to take our souls to God. O Raffaelo! I have gazed upon thy sublime frescoes, and have remained in mute admiration hours before I have turned away from that immortal page in the Vatican, while my soul has flown up to God. Rossini! Bellini! I have listened to your melodies, your symphonies, in a transport of happiness, and while I have showered blessings upon you for having given such an interpretation to the feelings of the heart, I felt my own heart caught up to the throne of God. Yet once again answer me. How often, when from the summit of some hill you have watched the sun sinking in the horizon, you have felt your heart lifted up involuntarily to heaven! How often in that solemn hour when some nameless feeling of melancholy has gained possession of you, have you not asked your soul, Why art thou sad? Whence this melancholy? What is it thou desirest? Dost thou follow the fleeting cloud with thy longing gaze? But what dost thou want

with that cloud? Dost thou watch the course of the flowing water? But what dost thou want with that water? And the soul will answer, I am athirst for God."

This splendid passage is quoted from one of his sermons preached in Florence, where from eight to ten thousand persons listened to him daily. Sermons preached in the morning were published at noon, and read by multitudes.

I heard this great preacher several times in Milan, and noted with deep interest the effect his discourses had upon his hearers. While the greater part of them were workmen, there was also a large number of scholars, army officers, and artists. When he told a pathetic story, hundreds wept; when he pronounced a fine climax, many cheered; and all exclaimed, "Bene! bene!" ("Good, good!") When the crowds were moved with excitement, the preacher was calm. When he ascended the pulpit, and the clerk drew aside the curtain, the sea of expectant humanity hushed before the smile of his face.

There are many stories told of Father Agostino's early sermons. He frequently brought his hearers to their knees. He broke the chain of centuries of bondage to the custom of having a prompter, called suggeritore, in the pulpit. His preaching was all natural; no pompous gestures; no mouthing, no posturing. He preached for immediate effect. Once upon a time, when his penitent audience were showing signs of contrition, he cried out, "Now all of you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your hands." Every man in the vast audience stretched out both his hands. "Holy archangel Michael," exclaimed the preacher, "thou who with adamantine sword standest at the judgment-seat of Christ, hew off every

hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Agostino poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent denunciation against their hypocrisy.

Under such fervent preaching there are no empty seats; no indifferent hearers; no complaints that the gospel—the old, eternal gospel—has lost its thrilling and converting power.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

Matthew Simpson, in my earlier days, as a Methodist preacher stood in the van of living celebrities for purity of style, range of thought, simplicity of elucidation, and cogency of argument. I wish I could present him as when I first heard him in one of his old-fashioned fiery sermons. Let us recall a single instance. It was at the Methodist Conference held in Mansfield in the early sixties. The church was too small, and the bishop preached in the open air. The crowd was immense, but reverent. Expectation was high. At length a stooped form made its way to the improvised pulpit. He looked neither to the right nor left, but slowly ascended the rostrum and bowed in prayer. When he rose to give out the first hymn, the face was illuminated with a heavenly beauty, the whole body seemed to be transfigured. The lesson was read, and the sermon came at last. The introduction was brief; the divisions were annuonced in the old way,—firstly, secondly, etc. The voice, in the beginning husky, soon became clear and musical. The logic of the sermon was unanswerable. Genius began to kindle. The climaxes were the admiration of the eager audience. The power of the highest dwelt in his soul, and raised him to the dignity of a prophet. Hundreds turned aside and

wept. There was nothing local, nothing sectarian, nothing earthly, nothing circumscribed, in his magnificent utterances. He marched with a sublime movement, and carried his enraptured hearers with him to heaven. Imagination can not linger on a finer picture than was presented that day. The first part of the sermon was hardly over, when the people felt that a splendid model of a man was before them. The very stones, the altar, the pulpit, the seats,—all seemed to move; and the only inactive thing in the enchanted spot was the preacher's body. The soul of the orator reigned ascendant over a captive audience. He never paused in his sacred declamation, he never hesitated for a word. He spoke as one breathless with haste, lest his grand thoughts should go unrecorded. His eye, hand, and form were in perpetual speech. Nothing was abrupt to those who could see him, except when some flash would burst out with such sudden splendor as to leave them suspended and dazzled too strongly to follow the lusters that shot after it with restless illuminations.

"Now one glance around, now upward turns his brow,
Hushed every breath—he rises, mark him now!"

But on this occasion every breath was not hushed. From that thronging multitude of heads and faces arose a chorus of halleluiahs. As he gradually unfolded his splendid theme, and showed the richer fields of investigation which are disclosed to the angels from the Church, the seed field of the glory of God; when he painted the principalities and virtues, with their heads inclined downwards, bent on learning, if possible, the notes of the Almighty's revealed purpose, and that from the death of Christ the universe has been dated anew; when he proved that the Church was the mirror of mirrors for reflecting

the many-colored wisdom of the Divine nature, and that the primitive inhabitants of heaven were attracted to earth to learn new aspects of redemption,—as these sublime visions flashed across the mind of the orator, the blood mounted, glistening in his face, and the homely physiognomy was illuminated with a sort of oratorical sunshine. The mantle of Whitefield had fallen from heaven upon Bishop Simpson.

At one part of his sermon, I remember, by a gesture, a glance from his eagle eye, the bishop awed the audience into deathlike stillness. Then like a torrent his unpremeditated and convincing oratory rushed into the heart, expelling rooted convictions. How daring were his strange digressions! how apposite his illustrations! how magnificent the form and structure of his thought! how soul-stirring his high and stern appeals! To my dying day I shall always recall that illuminated countenance, the characteristic actions, the sublime self-forgetfulness of that great Methodist bishop. There must surely have been wonderful capability of argument, vast knowledge, a faculty of persuasion irresistible in its winning grace, all combined in the preacher of whom Chief-Justice Chase said to me, "He is the greatest pulpit orator in Christendom." Fragments of Simpson's oratory only have reached us. It was all so natural, so easy—as spontaneous as Nature's creation of the violets. He was never like the ranter, blowing himself up; never like the fuming speaker to whom it was shouted, "Your face is so red it makes me hot!"

What type of oratory does Bishop Simpson represent? He was not argumentative, discursive, and metaphysical, like Edwards and Foster, those Euclids of theology; he was not an orator of memories and gorgeous

rhetoric, like Guard and Punshon, those polished diamonds of Methodism; he was not an orator of calm and ripe culture, like Dr. Payne; he had not the varied scholarship, the tender feeling, the simple pathos, and the splendid imagery of the Delaware president; he was not an orator like Phillips Brooks, whose ear-piercing intonations and clattering articulation produced a dissonance so whimsically harsh that it can only be likened to the squeal of a singed terrier tied to an old wagon, which the horses are taking down a precipitous hill. To none of these types does Bishop Simpson belong. To none of them could he, with his great and superb genius and soaring soul, belong. But in his own sphere he was unique, unapproached, and unapproachable.

He was pious without hypocrisy, virtuous without ostentation. He loved mankind. The pulpit was his pride and his glory. He realized Quintilian's definition of an orator, "A good man skilled in the art of speaking." He surpassed all his contemporaries. There have been preachers who have preached in a more solemn strain; philosophers who understood more clearly the force of everlasting truth; poets who uttered higher notes of enchantment,—but in no age have intellectual power, moral worth, social dignity, evangelical fervor, sound doctrine, been so admirably blended as in the life and preaching of Matthew Simpson. Yes, gifted and beloved man, happy the Church of which you were the pastor and the bishop! Happy the country when patriotism was stirred to a lofty aim by thy brilliant and touching eloquence! Venerable son of Wesley, the Nation did itself honor by thy selection as orator over the dead body of the martyred and immortal Lincoln. Thy life was glorious, and when it closed it left the literature and eloquence of the country, which

it improved and adorned, as a lasting monument. But there was a nobler monument,—it was a reunited country and a powerful Church, and the epitaph inscribed upon it will be the eternal gratitude of the patriot and the saint. To have paid this tribute to thy memory is the most honorable office to which I could aspire, and to enjoy thy companionship hereafter is the sublimest aspiration of my heart.

"Eloquence is speaking out of the abundance of the heart, the only source from which truth can flow, in a passionate, persuasive torrent." This definition of Julius Hare is illustrated by a story told of Bishop Simpson. He preached some years ago in the Memorial Hall, London. It was one of the bishop's magnificent, massive sermons. From the platform to the very door the hall was crowded, the galleries were thronged, and the aisles were a dense mass of people.

For half an hour he spoke quietly, without gesticulating or uplifting his voice. Then, describing the immaculate Son of God in the majestic beauty of his incarnation, he pictured the journey of a God to Calvary, where he bore the world's guilt. The bishop stooped as if overwhelmed with an immense burden, and rising to his full height, he exclaimed: "How far did he carry our sins? As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." The great audience, as if touched by an electric shock, jumped to their feet, stood for two or three minutes, and then fell back into their seats. The famous professor of Elocution, Brander Matthews, who taught half the members of Parliament the art of speech, was asked what he thought of the bishop's elocution. "Elocution?" said he, "he has got the Holy Ghost!"

This was the greatest triumph of American sacred eloquence ever heard in England, ever heard anywhere. It was a great triumph when it is remembered that English audiences are cold and undemonstrative. It was a great triumph over prejudice and bigotry, and to this very day old English Methodists tremble with emotion when they speak of that transcendent sermon of the American preacher. It was a great triumph; for it placed American pulpit oratory as on a standard of gold, inlaid with emeralds, before the world.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

It has been well and opportunely said that the dearth at this moment of great orators of a sterling stamp is beyond dispute. To that grand race of statesmen, orators, and patriots, who in the years that are past, in the Congress of the United States and upon the stump, lifted the American name triumphantly before Europe, a crowd of dwarfs has succeeded, who have neither the heart to be honest nor the genius to be great. Nor is it alone with the splendid groups of which Hayne, Clay, Webster were the central figures, that the orators of the present day fail even decently to compare. Close to these celebrities there were seated a score or more whose brilliant intellects, prompt eloquence, headstrong purpose, humor, still kept fresh the brighter memories of Henry, Otis, and Adams.

Mr. Bryan suddenly and abruptly appeared before the country at the Demoratic National Convention, in Chicago, in 1896. Before that he was comparatively unknown; but his remarkable speech there made him famous, and nominated him to the Presidency. Great in the ordinary sense, Mr. Bryan can not be called. In poli-

tics he has always been a Democrat. His early education, his family, and local connections, were all of this political creed. He has been an apt student of history, and knows the history of his own magnificent country well. When he entered Congress, he at once astonished his fellow-members by the facility and boldness with which he stated his views on public questions. He professes to be the champion of the masses as against the classes. Alexander Hamilton's profligate contempt for the understanding and rights of the people finds little favor with him, and he has no narrow and unrepublican jealousy of foreign immigration. He is among the warmest friends of Cuba, and organized a regiment for service there.

As an orator he must have read Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son: "Take of common sense, *quantum sufficit;* throw obnoxious thoughts in a new light; make up the whole with a large quantity of correction and elegance of style; take for granted that by far the greatest part of mankind do neither analyze nor search to the bottom, they are incapable of penetration further than the surface; all have senses to be gratified; very few have reason to argue with; graceful utterances please the eyes, elegant diction tickles the ears, but strong reason would be thrown away upon them." This receipt for speaking is rather indefinite. How much common sense to take to make a good speech might be difficult to determine. Plenty of style is by no means essential on the stump. The gorgeous orations of Burke would be but failures there; the beauty and classic painting of Sumner would not be appreciated. What the masses want is the strong, robust, healthy sentiment spoken earnestly, courageously, and believingly.

I heard Mr. Bryan in the Armory in Cleveland. When

he rose to speak he was received with repeated bursts of rapturous cheering, the vast audience rising to their feet, and waving hats and handkerchiefs. He had only spoken a few minutes when his style glowed with an earnestness of admiration. His diction is copious and fluent; his voice is sonorous and full, and capable of adapting intonations to every emotion; while he indulges in attitudes and actions which indicate that he has been a careful student of gesture. He warmed apace, and then an embodied storm thundered and lightened upon the platform. As he painted the sufferings of the poor, the majestic brow grew black with scorn and defiance; wrathful glances shot from the eye; the action became inconceivably vehement, and the words rapid as a mountain stream, but without losing aught of their singular distinctness and beauty. At these times the orator poured forth a whole torrent of denunciatory epithets, which, like a stream of fire, scathed and burned up the ground over which it was rolled.

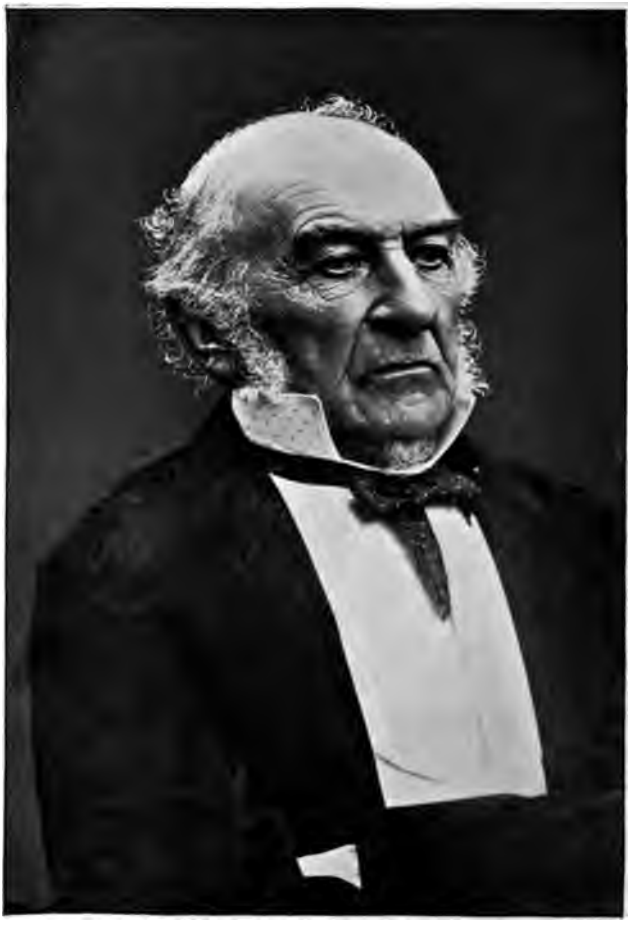
Compare him with Mr. McKinley. They are in many respects the very opposite of each other, and yet they are both honest in their opinions. Bryan has attitudes, is statuesque, and all his speeches show that he has studied how to capture the eye. McKinley cares nothing for attitudes, addresses the ear, and is anxious to inform, to convince the understanding. Bryan's mission is one of reconstruction of the old, and upheaval; McKinley's mission is to renovate and to restore the lost prosperity. Bryan is the representative of a force that would sweep away with a whirlwind's power customs and laws which for twelve centuries have been the great factors in the civilization of the world; McKinley is the representative of a power which would put something good in the place offered. Bryan stands for the present, and cries aloud for

justice; McKinley has a more immediate respect for the future, has faith in a silent and powerful influence which must benefit mankind. Bryan is the harbinger of the tempest; McKinley is the harbinger of calm, deep, and enduring peace, which will open on the world when the storm and darkness shall have passed away.

To return to Mr. Bryan as an orator. He combines rare talents, a good voice of powerful compass, a clear and distinct intonation. When he speaks you are sure to catch every word, and even in his most impassioned moments his articulation is distinct. He never recalls a word, nor seems at a loss, and when he warms up with his subject his eye kindles with fire. In sarcasm he is most cutting, but never coarse or vulgar. I have heard most of the recent public speakers of the country, but I question much if any of them possess more of the essential qualities of a stump orator than Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bourke Cockran has more originality, Ingersoll a more pictorial style, Schurz is more accomplished in facts and arguments, Cannon more cutting in sarcasm,—but where a bold and independent execution is demanded for an out-door crowd, Bryan surpasses them all. It has been charged that he repeated the same speech. My son, Charles M. Pepper, who, as representative of the New York *Herald*, traveled with him for four months, and heard him three and six times daily, says that there was no repetition of his speeches.

Wherever he is best known, Mr. Bryan is held in high esteem. I spoke at Ewing, a pleasant college town in Southern Illinois, and a strongly Democratic place. It was the home of Mr. Bryan. The hall was crowded, and for fifteen minutes after I began to speak there was respectful attention; then the interruption became so con-

stant that I changed my position to the center of the building. I referred to Mr. Bryan's oratory, and the audience cheered. It had the same effect as when Demosthenes pronounced "Marathon" to the noisy Greeks. Then I referred to McKinley's history, his original poverty, school-teaching, and how like their own favorite, he surmounted difficulties. This reference was greeted with cheers. The next morning I attended the college prayer-meeting. The leader, in his prayer, referred to my presence, and prayed that God would bless the stranger who came amongst them to preach righteousness to a sinful and perverse generation. I addressed the students in the college upon the "Pains and Penalties of Public Life," and the terrorism of slander through which candidates for office must pass, and the talk was rapturously received. I thanked them, and only regretted they did not give some of their cheers the preceding evening. In conversation with many of them, I found that they confidently believed that Mr. Bryan would be elected. I replied that no orator had ever been selected for that high office; that Clay—the ash and hickory groves of old Kentucky are yet vocal with his eloquence—tried it, and failed. It is said that Clay was sick when the news of the Democratic nomination reached him; but raising his head from his pillow he asked, "Who is nominated?" "Frank Pierce," he was told. "Who is he?" exclaimed the dying statesman. "My God, we are beat!" So Webster, that powerful and magnificent man, although worshiped by his party, could not attain to the Presidency.



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

Chapter XXV.

MR. GLADSTONE AS AN ORATOR, STATESMAN, PHILANTHROPIST, CHRISTIAN.

IF we were asked who is the greatest Englishman of the century we would answer, William E. Gladstone. While to the great soldiers and inventors of the time we render all honor, and to the great scientists the respect which their profound discoveries have demanded, we can find no other man so largely possessed of those qualities that to our minds constitute true greatness than England's "Grand Old Man." If the students of true greatness be in search of one upon whom their calmest judgment will teach them to dwell with pleasure, they will not find a purer or more heroic personage than the great Englishman, who has been identified with the great reforms of his country for the last half a century. The memories of such illustrious men are the true treasures of a nation. The statesman deserves the hero's death and the martyr's monument. They are the real tutors of generous youth, and in lands where such memories are not found, there faith can never dwell. Rottenness hath eaten into the core of those nations, and as sure as the rootless tree perishes, they will fall, and as they fall, all reverence and love fall forever!

There has not been a political movement in England, I might say in the world, with which Mr. Gladstone's name has not been identified. I know he has been charged with changing his principles; but, to his honor be it said, all his changes have been upward and universal.

His advocacy of the cause of oppressed peoples is the most glorious to be found in the annals of the world. His last days were a sublime close to a rare and wonderful life!

His enemies have doubted many things of Gladstone. They have doubted whether he had any principle; they have doubted whether he had any real party attachment; they have doubted whether he had any drift beyond that of the merest demagogue,—but they have never doubted that he had no real sympathy with the masses; they have never doubted that he did not know the state of the political world, an eye or a nose for calculating political probabilities and forming plans, so as to follow closely the popular demands of the hour. He belongs to the list of illustrious men to whose name panegyric would be fulsome. No one thought of panegyrzing Alexander the Great, Napoleon, Washington! Gladstone was emphatically the greatest man of the century. He justly merited his rival's (Disraeli's) definition of greatness: "The great man is one who affects his generation, whether he be a scholar in his cloister agitating reforms, or a monarch crossing the Granicus and giving a new character to the pagan world." A great orator is of no use unless he is also a great man. Nay, the most eloquent orator can never become great if deficient in moral power. This was the secret of his power as a speaker—he impressed all who heard him with his absolute sincerity. He held his integrity of character higher than the exigencies of party. In a period of war excitement, he had the courage to say that England's greatest interest was in peace. "Paint me as I am," said a great Englishman to the artist, "or paint me not at all." Gladstone was one of the few public men who held that a politician's opinions should be founded alone on principle.

Gladstone's oratory was powerfully helped by his style, which changed with the character of his subjects. His Home Rule speeches were delivered with a musical cadence and recitative, a style in which, Coleridge has said, "every noble and beautiful thought seeks expression!" One of his severest critics wrote of him: "It was not until he had his victim in the deadly grip of his argument that the stately and melodious swing of his elocution left him, and then in bursts of vehement rhetoric his words sped from him in the natural language of passion."

Gladstone's voice, with the exception of O'Connell's, was the most magnificent ever heard in Parliament—it rang like a trumpet for an hour or two, and at the close it was as musical as the song of birds! I thought as I heard him several times of what the farmer said of him, "He could talk a hen off her nest." His voice had an extraordinary variety of intonations. Every line was made instinct with life by a change of tone. The hearer was first dazed, then charmed by a vast variety of solemn and swelling sounds. The Grand Old Man was never more brilliant or impassioned, and never held an audience in greater admiration by his wonderful power, than during the Home Rule debates. He reached the lofty level of his own description in his book on Homer, where he describes oratory as being "the speaker's power to receive from his audience in a vapor what he pours back upon them in a flood." Whatever oratory needs to make it pungent and attractive, Gladstone possessed—the living picture, the novelty of color, the graphic terseness, the sting of irony, the power of climax. But his best orations possess more than this—the body and substance of all natural power, the talent of giving back to your audience their own thoughts and feelings and beliefs in a form that

fixes them ever deeper in their own minds. He did not indulge, like Disraeli, in "jewely hemorrhage of words," never using such words as his rival puts in the mouth of one of his characters: "I never smoke," says one of his heroes, to the father of the young lady he is wooing; "tobacco is the tomb of love."

Gladstone is prodigal of his gestures. They are as varied as his themes. When he commences, his table is carefully arranged, his notes being usually placed in the center. As he becomes animated he leans forward and shakes his hand in the direction of his opponents. If any one objects, he then puts both his hands behind his ears to catch the words. If he hesitates for a word, he will sweep his left hand through his hair. When he has spoken an hour, he pauses, and takes some stimulant from a small bottle which Mrs. Gladstone has carefully prepared—a yellowish fluid. His gestures frequently become violent. Beaconsfield once said of him, that he was glad that a table was between him and Mr. Gladstone during the speech to which they had just listened with mingled admiration and terror.

The great deficiency in Gladstone's oratory is a lack of humor. But although he never tells a witty incident, he enjoys one. While awaiting his arrival in Parliament, I mentioned this defect to one of his enthusiastic followers. "Yes, that is true," he replied; "but he laughs heartily when one is told. For instance, an Irish physician, the first of his profession in Dublin, and a Parnellite, upon arriving in London recently, was asked the question, 'Would you like to live under a Home Rule Government?' 'I will answer your question,' said the eminent physician, 'by this story. Recently I was called to the bedside of a dying patient. One of his friends said, "John, are you not

afraid to die?" "No, I am not." "What, John," said another, "are you aware that you are going to leave us, and where you are going to?" "Yes, I am going to leave you," said the sick man. "John, are you not afraid to face the King of Terrors?" asked a third, his brother-in-law. "No; for I have lived thirty-five years with the Queen of Terrors, your sister," replied John. 'Now,' said the Dublin doctor, 'if I have lived under the English Government for so many years, I am prepared to take my chances under a Home Rule Government.' "

One of Mr. Gladstone's friendly English critics says there are three things to be considered in estimating his character as a statesman: First, he is a Lancashire man. It was in Lancashire he learned that profound appreciation of the right and might of capital, without which no creative financier can be made. It was the blood of the Lancashire spinner in Sir Robert Peel, the first great modern reformer of English finances. The same feeling was strong in Gladstone—he mused on the money market, pondered on the low rate of interest, which might affect the utility of the Government. He did his work in the Treasury, not as a matter of business, but as a matter of love. As a novelist's mind swarms with expedients for bringing out the points of his favorite characters, Mr. Gladstone's mind swarmed with financial ideas, small and great.

The next fundamental fact in estimating his character is his Oxford training. It widened the scope of his genius. In his "Church Principles, Considered in their Results," perhaps the most difficult book in the English language, can be seen the traces of Gladstone's university life, the Oxford before the movement of 1833; the Oxford which made the Aristotelian dogma, that "virtue is the half-way

house between two opposite vices," its ethical rule; the Oxford which had not yet begun to dig after the roots of principle, tended his mind to consequences rather than to first principles. This habit, while it secured for him a practical tone, denied him the highest triumphs of oratory. Bright excelled him as a mere orator, because Bright received his inspiration from the deepest fountains of human passion; Gladstone did not sink his rhetoric wells deep.

The Peelite education of Mr. Gladstone was the third fundamental fact in making him what he was. Sir Robert Peel's influence tended to tame the wild craving in Gladstone's youth. It made him look at things with the eyes of a prudent, cautious, country gentleman. Peel's influence again fostered the pacific and commercial side of Mr. Gladstone's imagination. It strengthened the administrative power of his mind, balanced it with whatever of caution and judgment it had. His championship of Italy has made that country his friend forever. An English gentleman was taken violently sick in a remote part of Sicily. He asked his physician after his recovery, "What is the fee and expenses?" "None," answered the doctor, pulling out a photograph from his breast of the Grand Old Man. "He paid it all."

Gladstone was the last of the great orators of England. As an orator he has been surpassed, but as a debater never. The Parliament, the bar, and the pulpit all shrank from the eloquence and power of this extraordinary man. His logic was always equal to his eloquence, and his eloquence equal to his logic. In him there was no affected warmth; none of that superfluous zeal which speaks from the lips and never touches the heart; none of that stupendous energy which argues only for effect. But its chief charm was that it was at once enriched and invigo-

rated by the noblest imagination and decorations. It was ornamented; but its force was no more sacrificed to its ornament than the solid steel of the Greek helmet to its plumage and sculptures. Mr. Gladstone's career will be differently estimated by a variety of critics; but none will deny that he was the first great Englishman in a hundred years who applied to the administration of civil government the immortal principles of the New Testament.

Chapter XXVI.

IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT—JOHN BRIGHT, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, AND OTHERS.

THERE are many ways of securing admission to Parliament: By bribing a policeman; by having a vote taken—this requires about ten days, and Americans seldom tarry long enough for this method; and by the personal friendship of one of the members. The latter was the plan by which I enjoyed the privilege for several nights.

The Parliament buildings are built in an oblong form, and they can entertain about five hundred members. The number of members is six hundred, so the balance have to find room in the galleries allotted to visitors. This House of Parliament is not the old historic place where Chatham thundered; where Pitt and Fox, the great rivals, fought out their political duels; where Edmund Burke poured forth his splendid speeches; where O'Connell pleaded for the rights of Ireland; and where blushed the youthful chivalry of Raleigh. There were no spells to awaken the profound emotions of the heart, no mighty memories to thrill the soul; yet here was the seat of that great Empire, vaster than the Roman legions covered, stretching from the Bay of Bengal to the Himalaya Mountains, administering laws to a population of over three hundred millions, including some of the finest races of men in the world. The House of Commons is now more of a representative body than it was in the past. A few years ago

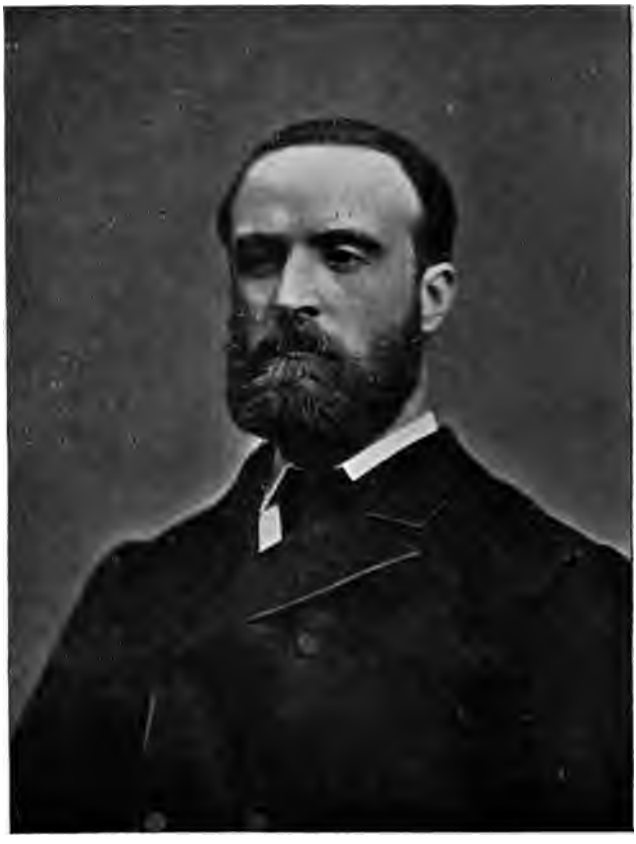
a stranger visiting it and asking, "Who is that man?" would have been told he was a marquis, and that there were several of them; of another he would be told he was a viscount, and that there were several of them also; of others he would be told that they were earls or lords, and that there were many more of them in the House; that there were, in fact, fifty lords and seventy baronets,—altogether, three hundred persons connected with the peerage. The House of Commons, although still largely dominated by the aristocracy, is now more a reflex of the people. The vice of its constitution was like the deformity of the poet Pope, who was constantly exclaiming, "God mend me!" and who was on one occasion heard to say to himself, "God mend you, you little deformity? It would be much easier to make a new one altogether!"

Englishmen have looked to their Parliament for ages with passionate reverence and affection. What an exciting picture it presents to an American who views it for the first time, though not the same where Burke took his stand by the immortal rebel, George Washington, and vindicated the American cause in words of eloquence which will endure forever; not the historic place where Lord Chatham stood before American independence was proclaimed, and enunciated the grandest speech that ever shook the walls of that edifice with its eloquence, in the memorable words, "My Lords, America has revolted, and I rejoice at it!"

Americans, and, indeed, all foreigners when they visited Parliament formerly, inquired at once for Gladstone. There he sat, straight as an ash, with splendid brown eyes, hands clasped, limbs stretched out before him, and having the appearance of a man asleep; but he was far from being

asleep. Now and then the eyes opened widely, and he rose to reply to one of his legion of encores. As he talked, all the members began to take their seats, and there was something grand as he proceeded, step by step, to overwhelm his antagonist. There were no noisy, gorgeous fireworks of a mere rhetorician; but solid, thorough, wide research and resistless logic. A voice soft and gentle or overwhelming, now it was like the breathing of a flute, now like the hurricane that shakes the pine-trees of a continent; an eye like Mars or Apollo, the finest ever set in a human head; magnificent gestures, when every part of his body was in motion, his eyes, his feet, his hands, each a language in themselves. And as to the effects of his speech—he not only killed his enemies, but scalped them!

Next to Gladstone was John Bright. He had a commanding figure, a massive presence, and a voice of marvelous compass. His voice had a wonderful musical quality, and it was like listening to a song to hear him speak. His slightest tones could be heard distinctly, and when he raised his voice to its highest notes, it filled the whole house. His gestures were few and simple. Of all British reformers, he stood foremost; not because he was the profoundest thinker, but because his sympathies were ever with the masses. They not only were with the English and the Irish, but they traveled across the winds and the waves of the Atlantic! During our Civil War he uttered those brave and hopeful words: "I see one vast confederation, stretching from the frozen North to the glowing South in unbroken line to the Gulf, from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, and I see one people and one language and one faith, and all over that wide continent the home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every clime."



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

But the man above all others who attracted Americans, and, indeed, all visitors, was Parnell, the leader of the Irish Home Rule party. As a political agitator and statesman, men of all nations have formed various estimates; but none will deny that he was the first great Irishman who compelled John Bull to pay heed to the grievances of the Irish. Such judges of men as Gladstone, Morley, and Justin McCarthy have assigned him a conspicuous place in British history. He had to contend with more formidable difficulties than any previous Irish leader. He was charged with all manner of crime, that he was dismembering the British Empire. His life was frequently so much in peril from the mob when he left Parliament that he was compelled to reach his hotel through lanes and alleys. A few years afterwards, so great was his popularity, he had to take the same route to escape the ovations of the multitudes.

In stature, Parnell was slender, and he looked, when I first saw him, before his head was bowed, like a Calvinist professor; but his eye, when aroused, flashed like a sparkling diamond. He commenced his speech in a halting, hesitating way, frequently using the English "hems and haws," "ye know," etc.; but in the very tempest of his passion he was measured and self-possessed in his delivery, and, to outward appearance, cold and calm, yet his speech was elaborately bitter and studiously hostile to the English government of Ireland. It was delivered without fire; it betrayed no inward emotion; it had all the external coldness of snow; but inwardly it had all the fire of a smoldering volcano; it was everywhere inspired with a vein of common sense and logic. It was no wonder that Gladstone said of him, "Parnell is the only man who knows what to say, and when he has said it, stops."

The first time I met him was at Toledo, Ohio. For years I had been endeavoring to set before the American people the true nature of Ireland's complaints. Most of them believed that all the Irish agitators and revolutionists were Catholics, and that Ireland's hostility to England arose from that country being a Protestant nation. This was the popular belief, but it was not true. The Irish Revolution, like that of the Volunteers in 1782, when one hundred thousand seized their guns and demanded independence, was exclusively Protestant. The Roman Catholics then could not own a gun. So it was in the rebellion of 1798; the organizers and all the principal men were Protestants. Parnell was a member of the Church of England, an Oxford graduate, the grandson of Commodore Stewart, of the American navy, and the great-grandson of Sir John Henry Parnell, the member of the Irish Parliament who sent cheers to Washington. His accession to the Irish cause was equal to a hundred thousand men.

When Mr. Parnell closed his speech and retired to his seat, the cheers of the immense crowd increased until the roof rang with their acclaims, which Irishmen alone can raise when their hearts are in their voices and every throat pours out a soul in every sound. The speech at Toledo was devoid of all rhetorical or oratorical ability; but the evident sincerity, the practical good sense and honesty captivated the Americans. The hall was packed. I was late in arriving; but some of the ushers, recognizing me, took me immediately to the platform. General Steadman, the old warrior of Chickamauga, presided. After Mr. Parnell finished, I was called upon to speak, and finding that it would be useless to refuse, made a short speech. A Rev. Mr. O'Brien, a gifted and benevolent priest in

the audience, had been called upon, and putting down $500 for the Irish fund, remarked, "I am glad to see here the 'Uncrowned King of Ireland.'" I opened my speech by saying that the time when God anointed kings had passed away forever; that the only king in this country was the sweat that lay upon the blistered brow of labor. At these words a cheer went up from the crowd. I then told an incident that had happened in Ireland, and a Presbyterian clergyman's remarks upon it. It was a case of eviction, and when the Christian gentleman saw the unroofed houses, the furniture of the occupants thrown out and smashed, the gables and walls standing like tombstones in a graveyard, the poor people huddling together in the distance, "Will God," said he, "hold guiltless the men who, with worse than beast's cruelty, can thus traffic in the body and souls of their fellow-men? Under the spring of the tiger the struggle for life would be but momentary; but here is life prolonged that existence may be embittered, and men, women, and children, under the visitings of hunger and cold wooing death, but death fleeing from them. The effect of a believed gospel is this, 'I was an-hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me.' The effect of Irish landlordism is, 'I was an-hungered, and ye let me die; I was a brother, and ye turned me out; clothed, and ye stripped me; sick, and ye cast me into the ditches and the miserable outhouses which were beneath the notice of the demolishing Crown-bar Brigade.'" I proceeded to give a history of Parnell, saying that in his veins flowed the blood of Irish and American heroes; that his grandfather on his mother's side was the gallant sailor, Commodore Stewart, the heroic commander of old *Ironsides;*

that his great-grandfather on the paternal side was the incorruptible John Henry Parnell, whom British gold could not buy to betray his country; and that Americans ought to love the name of Parnell, for this gentleman, when Franklin appeared at the bar of the Irish House of Commons with a message of sympathy, rose and said, "This is Benjamin Franklin; let Ireland rise up through her Parliament and give three cheers for Washington." The crowd became tumultuous in their applause when I told this incident. In closing, I turned around and saluted Charles Stewart Parnell, not as the Uncrowned King, but as the first citizen and President of the Irish Republic. Amid the cheers that followed, Parnell, the 'man of ice,' jumped up and threw his arms around me, saying, "I wish to God you were in Ireland, although I fear your strong republicanism would get us all into prison!"

In the famous trial which took place in London, this speech was read by Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General of England, and quoted as evidence against Parnell. When he was asked if he had known me, his answer was: "Yes; Mr. Pepper is an excellent Christian gentleman."

The next day after the great meeting in Toledo, I traveled for several hours with Mr. Parnell, and gave him some copies of the Chicago *Tribune*, which was then a most powerful and influential advocate of the Irish. Mr. Joseph Medill told me afterwards that he was convinced, after an hour's talk with the Irish leader, that he was the most remarkable man he had ever met, and that his method for the relief of the Irish tenants was the most practical of any that had been presented to his knowledge. The paper which Mr. Medill founded, and of which he is

still the proprietor, has never failed in the defense of the Home Rule cause. Mr. Medill still lives, in the enjoyment of a ripe and honored age.

Mr. Parnell's tour through the United States was an ovation. Congress opened its doors for him to state the cause of Ireland, an honor never before acceded to a foreigner except Lafayette.

A Toledo paper, in reporting the meeting, thus refers to my address: "The Rev. G. W. Pepper, a very able Methodist minister, of Bellevue, was called out and spoke most eloquently. 'Before twenty years have passed,' he said, 'the seed which is sown here to-night by Mr. Parnell will fructify into a golden harvest. Already I see the faint flush of the morning lighting into glorious day. The Irish people are more united than ever before.' He was 'glad to be present at this meeting; but after all that had been said, it would be an insult to longer detain the magnificent audience.' There were cries of 'Go on! go on!' and the speaker continued a few minutes longer, and was frequently interrupted by rapturous applause. In closing, he said that Mr. Parnell would not live to be an Uncrowned King, but the first President of a republic.'"

The Irish patriot is dead. His last days were clouded and sad. Parnell was a patriot; he was no mere street demagogue. He might have sold his country for place and power; he might have flaunted proudly in the court of Queen Victoria and died a wealthy baronet. He loved Ireland as the Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills, the Athenian the City of the Violet Crown. He lived a patriot and died a martyr! He had his failings—who has not? Calvin was a great theologian, but he listened without protest to the cries of Servetus; Whitefield was the seraph of preachers, and did the world good service, but

he apologized for slavery; Washington was a saint, but he swore a terrible oath once.

"Were David's songs less pure and sweet,
For his tempted heart and wandering feet?
Were the stones of the temple less fair and good,
That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?"

JOHN DILLON AND OTHER HOME RULERS.

John Dillon, kindly, honest, intrepid, and true,—the first time I saw him was at Toledo before a brilliant assembly, pleading the cause of old Ireland. The next time was behind the bars of a British prison, smiling and hopeful. No chains could crush that unconquered spirit. The last time was in the London Parliament. Then he did not appear to have suffered much from his long incarceration, although his pale complexion and long straight hair gave his face the appearance of care and anxiety. He spoke in clear and measured tones. From the outset he commanded attention by his evident sincerity and by his devotion to his country. He had spent several years in the United States, and was thoroughly conversant with our politics.

From my seat in the House of Commons I could hear the thrilling tones of T. P. O'Connor, a well-known journalist. Bold without bluster, his eloquence exhibited the highest qualities of the noble art. I lunched with Alfred Webb, a man of the tenderest sympathy and most enlightened brotherly love. Also Diamond, a strong and constant champion of temperance, a courteous gentleman, and a very industrious member of his party. Michael Davitt, the whole-souled hero, was in grievous suffering for his native land, that Ireland for which his gallant heart so constantly palpitated, and his eloquence so forcibly

vindicated. With such advocates spending two-thirds of their time in prison, Ireland can never be conquered. A distinguished Methodist clergyman of Erin once told me if all the Home Rulers had Davitt's broad and liberal views, there would be no question as to the unity of Irishmen. He is a fine speaker, and never fails to hold his audiences. His is not a pompous and verbose eloquence; but he is a master of speech, and always carries his point. I only heard a few of the speakers of this party. O'Brien, Arthur O'Connor; Sexton, a clear and emphatic orator; Esmond, Healey, Knox,—were all absent.

Dr. Tanner, a member of the British Parliament, to whom I was introduced, is a generous and picturesque character. He is a fine scholar, a successful physician, but eccentric to an extreme degree. No visitor to Parliament leaves without seeing him. He has a sarcastic way of saying things, which sting like an adder. For instance, when the allowances to the royal family were being voted upon, Tanner rose and made a brilliant but bitter assault upon the Duke of Cambridge, grand uncle to the queen. He was challenged to fight a duel by Major Jones. "In reply," said the major, "to your despicable attack upon the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction—Pistols!" Tanner replied: "Wire received, will meet you to-morrow in Constantinople, under the Tower of Galata, midnight. Being challenged, prefer torpedoes. Bring another ass."

About midway down the House of Commons sits a courtly old gentleman, who was frequently mentioned as Gladstone's successor—Sir William Harcourt. He has intellectual nerve, concentration of purpose, and a high appreciation of the duties of a member of Parliament. He was formerly the "Historicus" of the London *Times*.

the author of articles which produced a wide sensation at the time of their publication. To enter political life he relinquished a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year. In conversation with him he exhibited a great fondness for the United States, pointing to his wife as an American; she is the daughter of the historian Motley. As a speaker he is one of the best debaters in Parliament; as pieces of legal reasoning his speeches are unanswerable. His manner is not graceful, as he has the habit of pounding one hand against the other when he makes a telling point.

Joseph Chamberlain, the most conspicuous of the active Unionists, is a man of keen and penetrating aspect. In his delivery he is calm, deliberate, and, ordinarily, cool and motionless. Yet when excited he indulges in his usual rhetorical gesture—rising upon his toes and falling with force upon his heels. This motion somewhat resembles the action of a soldier when standing up and keeping time with the men. He is a tall, well-built man. His eye conceals not the intellect; for that glows within. The poet might sing of him as of the old Scottish king:

> "On his bold visage middle age
> Has slightly pressed the signet sage."

The London *World* recently compared him to Bismarck. There is no comparison. The great German never claimed to be an orator. His speech was always noted for facts and bluntness. Chamberlain conceals the stiletto beneath the velvet hand; Bismarck could not brook contradiction. The fiercer the warfare on Chamberlain, the calmer and more bitter he grows. I was informed by one of his townsmen that he practiced and

won his success as a ready speaker in the Birmingham debating club. As a specimen of his best style, before his desertion, as the Gladstonians term it, here is a sentence delivered in Birmingham in 1885: "I sometimes think that great men are like great mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude while we are seated close to them; you must go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above its fellows; and it may be that we will have to put between us and Mr. Gladstone a space of time before we shall know how much greater he has been than any of his competitors for fame and power. I am certain that justice will be done him in the future, and I am also certain that there will be a signal condemnation of those men who, moved by motives of spite in their eagerness for office, have not hesitated to load with indignities and insults the greatest statesman of our time."

It has become a habit of late years to sneer at Irish eloquence; but there is not one of the scoffers can produce from among themselves the equal of a thousand passages that live in the speeches of the fallen Parliament of Ireland, or in the records of the present Home Rulers. I regret that I only heard a few of them. They make no pretenses to the oratory of the great immortals of the past, but in directness of action, independence of thought, and in readiness of debate, they were equal to their enemies—the Unionists and Tories. The eloquence of these men differs from all previous displays of speech in its downright practicalness; there is no scope for poetic and lofty flights of oratory; the keynote of all their addresses in public and in private, is the land for the people. Judged by O'Connell's saying, "A splendid speech is a very fine thing, but the verdict of the jury is *the* thing,"—they have

achieved results unknown in the history of Ireland. These Irishmen are the most logical and practical of speakers. There is not the overwhelming rush of words falling over each other which once prevailed. The magnificence of the old oratory has given place to a more simple and effective style. Sexton is a splendid speaker, having a large command of words, a flowing utterance, and he is very self-possessed in his delivery, and beyond all comparison stands far above meager and mouthing English members. His speeches are a flat contradiction of Charles James Fox's maxim, "Speeches are made to be spoken, and not to be read." Sexton's pleas for Home Rule read as well in the closet, and produce the same effect as when delivered in public. Healey was absent when I visited Parliament. I was anxious to hear the man who so happily followed Gladstone after his great speech, offering Ireland the olive-branch. Healey said: "When I heard the honorable gentleman's address, I could not help but think of the royal prophet's words: 'How beautiful are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings and publisheth peace!'"

John Redmond was also away. I heard him once in the States, and in an hour he spoke the eloquence of Giles, of Burke, of Everett. While his speech lacked the brilliant rhetoric of Sheil, by its convincing arguments it carried conviction to the thousands who heard him. He held up no splendid phantom to the gaze of his countrymen—it was the life-and-death question of the possession of the land.

Justin McCarthy is as well known here as in Great Britain. He has been successful in every department of literature. I did not hear him in the House of Commons, but it was my pleasure to hear him deliver a lecture upon

the Irish peasant in a London hall before the Irish Literary Society, an organization composed of Irish authors, authoresses, editors, and many members of Parliament. It was a masterly delineation of the Irish peasant, interspersed all through with bits of Celtic wit and Celtic fire. I was recognized and called upon for a few remarks. I referred to the Irish peasants' sons in the United States, their progress and advancement, citing the cases of General Sheridan, Charles O'Connor, and James T. Brady of the New York bar. I spoke of the laurels they had won, lifting them up from obscurity to a dazzling height; but that in all their brilliant successes the blood which flowed in their veins never proved false to the rich fountain from which it sprung; that they were always proud to own themselves the children of Irish peasants. This part of my speech was received with cheers, but other utterances, more radical—to which I have already referred—were less favored.

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

I met James Silk Buckingham, a member of the British Parliament, a famous traveler and explorer, and a philanthropist of world-wide celebrity. He was among the first advocates of universal peace, and into the legal aspect of the temperance cause he entered with enthusiasm. He is a grand specimen of an English yeoman, standing before his audience, dignified and erect, solid-looking as a rock, with both hands firmly planted on either side of the little table before him. I also saw at this Manchester meeting the eminent chemist and writer, Dr. Lees, of Leeds. He was a tall, slender, scholarly man, and, as a speaker, among the best. He speaks simply, in nervous, straightforward Saxon. His sarcasm, I remem-

ber, was most galling. He visited the United States a few years afterward, and was my guest at Wellington, Ohio, where he occupied my pulpit to the delight and admiration of an immense audience. Dr. Lees was a capital story-teller in conversation, but in his public addresses seldom repeated an anecdote.

C. H. SPURGEON.

I have spoken elsewhere of Spurgeon, and he certainly ranked among the foremost pulpit orators of the world. What raised him to this high rank? It was not his learning. He was no scholar, and his success has demonstrated that a man can get along and be useful without it. Nor was it his eloquence. He had great fluency of speech; never seemed to hesitate for a word; but his style was homely, plain, direct Saxon. Nor was it any novelty of doctrine. His hearers were never startled by strange fancies in theology. And yet twenty-four thousand eager listeners heard him with delight every Sunday. George Eliot could see nothing in his sermons but buffoonery. "My impressions when I heard him," she writes, "fell below the lowest judgment I had ever formed of him. His method," she continues, "is utterly common, and empty of guiding intelligence and emotion. I was shocked to find how low the mental pitch of our society must be, judged by the standard of this man's celebrity." But there were others who were charmed by his oratory. "When he mounted the pulpit," said Lord Houghton, "you might have thought him a barber's apprentice; when he left it, he was an inspired apostle." "There is not thought enough in his sermons to fill a lady's thimble, but devotion enough to float Elijah's chariot," exclaimed the philosopher, John Tyndale. Many anecdotes are related of him. He raised a hornet's nest when he defended

smoking. "There is a Pharasaic system which adds to the commands of God the precepts of men," he said. "I smoke to the glory of God. When I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed, and calm, refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have thanked God and blessed his name." I heard of a certain Church that gave the collection to its pastor for his support; the collection after Mr. Spurgeon's sermon was unusually large. "Dear me," said the pastor, "what a large collection!" "What is your usual collection?" "Last Sunday it was two pence and a half-penny." "What is it to-day?" "Eight pence and a half-penny," was the reply. "Woe is me!" said Spurgeon, "for I gave six pence of it myself." C. H. Spurgeon belonged to the English world. He spoke their language with a simple and massive force which has only been equaled by John Bright. The power, simplicity, and sincerity of the man, and the flavor of a reliant personality which ran through every racy sentence, remind us that there is only one Spurgeon. When I first heard him he was of medium height, with a round, beardless face. His forehead was not high. It was his voice which was the only personal instrument by which he acquired such a marvelous power over the minds and hearts of his hearers.

Chapter XXVII.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

I FIRST saw President McKinley in the summer of 1884, at Augusta, Maine, when he had made his opening address for Blaine and Logan in that State. I was returning from Bar Harbor, where I had spent the evening with Blaine, receiving instructions as to the best methods of political campaigning. He spoke frequently of Mr. McKinley, referring to his advent into the State, and dwelt with enthusiasm upon his past services in Congress, designating him as "brightest of the men of the country who contributed to the political progress of the Nation;" that "he was endowed with a high order of intellect, and the destiny before him was grand and elevated."

President McKinley, from his tone of voice and from his personal appearance, resembles the late Sir Robert Peel; his voice, like Peel's, has but the compass of a few notes, within which he scrupulously keeps, maintaining the tone of private conversation—never rising above it, never sinking below it. He is not as eloquent as Peel; but in the weight of argument, the force and novelty of ideas, the concentration of thought that rivets attention, he has all the effects of eloquence, without being eloquent. Measured and self-possessed in his delivery, and to outward appearances cold and calm, yet his language is that of a statesman who loves his country. He uses metaphors sparingly, and his correct taste and sound judgment illuminate whatever subject he touches upon. What Roland said of Louvet may be appropriately applied to

President McKinley: "Courageous as a lion, simple as a child, a good citizen, in the tribune he could make Catiline tremble, and in the evening sup with the graces." His army speeches teem with allusions to Lexington, Concord, Fort Donelson, Gettysburg, Atlanta. He says very little of Anglo-Saxonism, of the glory of the mother country. Mr. McKinley has been censured and admonished by some of his own political party as being too extreme, going too far in the advocacy of a high protection for his country. If these opponents search the past, they will find that the American stands in illustrious company. When Wilberforce was awakening the horror of the civilized world, and shaking the walls of the British Senate with his brave anathemas against West Indian slavery, no doubt some candid friend was ready to say to him, "Wilberforce, your motives are excellent, no doubt, but do not be rash; you go too far." But Wilberforce persisted in going "too far," and, in the burning words of Lord Brougham, "The attention of the nation awoke, then indignation kindled and descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds." When Henry Grattan stood up in the Irish Senate to plead the cause of Irish rights and Irish independence, no doubt a cautious friend said to him, "Grattan, it is of no use; we are all delighted with your majestic eloquence and your talents and earnestness; you are quite right in the abstract; but, really, in the present circumstances, you go too far." But Henry Grattan persisted in going "too far," and Irish rights were won and Irish independence achieved. When the early Abolitionists commenced their agitation against slavery, their audiences were small; they were advised that their opinions were too extreme. The wise men were scornful, but the

obscure agitators pushed their cause before the public gaze. Then, when there were crowded audiences, the floodgates of slander were opened. But they persisted, and the pestilent manacles which oppressed millions were struck from the fettered limbs of slaves. And William McKinley, believing his cause to be just, would follow that bright star of protection to the American toilers, beaming from the heavens, whithersoever it might lead.

When I was in Italy William McKinley was running for governor of Ohio, and his name, so extensively mentioned in the American papers, was frequently copied into the Italian journals. Many of the Italians who were not versed in the intricacies of American politics, would say to me: "Who is McKinley? Do you know him? Will he be elected?" Everywhere in the great cities and the quiet villages, Americans would be confronted with the inquiry, "Who is McKinley?" I had sent my resignation to Washington early in the spring, and was impatiently awaiting a reply and the appointment of a new consul, in order that I might return home during the summer to visit the World's Fair in Chicago (my return did not actually take place until in December, so great was the delay in the matter), and the Italians in the household knew that I was anxiously awaiting news in regard to a new consul. One morning the portinai, or portress, of the building in which the consulate was situated, rushed into the office, and announced: "O Signore, I know who the next consul is to be!" "Indeed," said I, rather surprised that any one in Italy should know it before I did myself, "and who is it?" "McKinley!" she shouted triumphantly.

William McKinley is a progressive and far-seeing statesman. Only five years ago he was known as a strong

protectionist, and nothing more. At this time he stands before the world commanding the applause of European nations for his successful and magnificent leadership of the Cuban War. He has shown himself a statesman equal to every emergency. *Festina lente*, "Make haste slowly," is his motto. A statesman without apprenticeship, and fame without probation, are equally unsound. There were decided exceptions taken by many leading men of his party against his theory of intervention in behalf of a long-suffering people. But the results of the war have justified his actions. His career in this campaign has been a succession of great successes. In this and all his undertakings there was an inspired grandeur, very natural in a man who awoke one morning and found the world ringing with his praise. His remedies for industrial depression, a judicious tariff; his relief for the Cubans was the abandonment of the islands by the oppressors; his medicine for a monetary crisis was a sound currency; his encouragement to commerce was the return of American prosperity. He always watches the progress of events. When Sir Robert Peel submitted to the House of Commons that measure of emancipation, he heralded his change from his former views by a brief but remarkable confession, "I have watched the progress of events." When the Duke of Wellington recommended to the House of Lords silently to acquiesce in the Reform Bill, which up to that time he had stubbornly resisted, he also had "watched the progress of events." When, still later, Sir Robert Peel had for a second time sacrificed power, friendships, and the associations dearest to a public man, in order to achieve what he believed to be for the general good of England, he justified his act upon the ground that he had "watched the progress of events." He who

fails to watch the progress of events may enjoy a dignified seclusion, but he will never feel the glow of pride and satisfaction that accompanies the sense of public usefulness. He who lingers in the rear of his time, fondling his theory like some poor lunatic in his cage, while the world is marching on healthily active, may win the commiseration, but will never have the confidence of his fellows. To be abreast of the age is the first condition of the public service. Who does not feel that President McKinley is looked upon by his countrymen as the pilot into whose hands the Ship of the Commonwealth was wisely confided in this hour of storm and danger? And who is ignorant that the universal confidence is founded on the simple fact that throughout every plan of his life, through evil and good report, in office and out of office, he has never lost sight of the necessities of the Nation, or failed to "watch the progress of events?"

To omit all mention of Mr. McKinley's religious character would be most unpardonable, and a ground for just reproach. He is a devout Christian, an exemplary member of the Methodist Church. His Christian home-life appeals to the religious people of the country with an unmatched freshness. He is seldom absent from church, and is generally accompanied by his accomplished, high-minded, and courageous wife. In the excitement of the tremendous contest which he made for governor the last time, when he spoke at the rate of three times every day, an old comrade of the war, a minister of the gospel, met him, and greeted him, saying, "Major, you look tired." "Yes," replied the major, "I am tired; but there is not a day that I do not ask the help of God."

There is not a taint of religious bigotry in his nature; he loathes religious prejudices. During the Harrison

campaign a committee of Republicans asked a pious but narrow-souled Methodist bishop if he was a Republican. The answer was, "I am a Methodist, opposed to Romanism, and therefore I am a Republican." I saw McKinley a few days afterwards—we were both engaged in the same campaign—and called his attention to this fresh exhibition of Burchardism. He was indignant, and said, with feeling: "I, too, am a Methodist; but such utterances are abhorrent to my soul—they are un-American, anti-Republican, and opposed to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, an insult to the intelligence and liberality of the century. I am sick and tired of being held responsible for such atrocious statements."

Appendix.

THE NATIONAL CAUSE—ITS SANCTITY AND GRANDEUR.

A SERMON ON THE NATIONAL FAST-DAY, DELIVERED IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT KEENE, COSHOCTON COUNTY, OHIO, DECEMBER, 1861.

"If, when evil cometh upon us, as the sword, judgment, or pestilence, or famine, we stand before this house, and in thy presence, and cry unto Thee in our affliction, then Thou wilt hear and help us."
—2 CHRON. XX, 9.

A NATIONAL fast is a greater thing than the grandest spectacle of a National Thanksgiving. The one is spontaneous, requiring no effort; the other is a conflict with the selfishness of the human heart. An act of thanksgiving mingles with the gratification of our bodily services; but an act of humiliation is the subjection of the body and the elevation of the soul. Hence we affirm with truth that a Nation upon its knees in the act of humiliation is a far greater thing than the most dazzling and magnificent human exhibition of any public act of thanksgiving. A whole Nation, with the President at its head; senators, generals, ministers, soldiers, and people,—are joining with one accord to keep a solemn fast for the distinct recognition of an Almighty but Invisible God, assembling in all the churches of the land, and in the groves, God's first temples, confessing and deploring their sins; supplicating for mercy in the midst of the Divine judgments, and bowing down with humble submission to the will of the Omnipotent! How much more sublime and moving a spectacle is this, than the most gorgeous celebration of any earthly feast in the season of prosperity!

A Nation humbling itself is better than a Nation triumphing; a people praying is, in reality, a more glorious sight than a victorious army. O, how much brighter than the most brilliant illumination for a victory! The duty of fasting has been recognized in all ages. . . .

The skeptic, with a contemptuous sneer, asks why a national fast has been proclaimed? Is it not time to proclaim a fast on account of the *intense worldliness* that reigns in the land? Gold was becoming our supreme national God. The creed of the masses was, that life is the time to get rich; death is the time of speculation; heaven is a mart with golden streets; hell a debtor's prison for unsuccessful men,—the chief end of man is to glorify gold, and enjoy it forever. Is it not time to proclaim a fast when insubordination and rebellion at home have raised their horrid crests? Is it not time to fast when property and life are insecure? Is not a fast required of us by God to bewail the sin of slavery, a sin which is founded on diabolical wrong, and is maintained by an unrelenting outrage of all the sacred rights of humanity and a daring blasphemy against the laws of religion and of God? Is it not time to proclaim a national fast when an army of rebels, banded together by the most horrid oaths, are threatening the ruin of the noblest superstructure of civil government that Heaven ever vouchsafed its creatures? Is not such a memorial due to the patriot dead? The *patriot martyrology* is filling up its archives with no mean names. The "seal of the living God" touches many a brow, as noble victim after victim falls in this pro-slavery rebellion. These dead heroes are patterns to be studied. It is everything to point to their labors, great and splendid. Rich triumphs of heroism have they won; sweet and precious fruit have they yielded. We remember them with delight, because vindicating that eternal love of country, dear to every American heart. Who can quote their names without feeling the swift blood passing swifter through his veins? The youthful and heroic Ellsworth; the quiet and beautiful Winthrop; the impetuous Lyon; the illustrious Baker; the amiable Andrews, of

Kenyon, whom the soldiers loved when living, and wept when dead; the manly Haggerty, among the earliest to seal with his blood his unquenchable devotion to the land of his adoption; the intrepid Kearney, the one-armed hero of a hundred fights; the lion-hearted McCook, who, in the agonies of assassination, preached to his murderers the gosepl of Union; Mitchell, schooled in philosophy and science, trampling on the prizes of lettered ambition, coveting only to be a soldier of the Union; Cantwell, who defied the giant power of Rebellion at Manassas; Cass, O'Neil, Hogan, Donohue, Coney, Joyce, and Emmet, —all of Meagher's famous brigade; Perry, Weirich, Heskett, a noble trio, laying aside the noble vestment of the priesthood, died for their country; the veteran Sumner, having his soul's life in this great cause, the one medium of his thought and feelings, whose dying prayer was, "God save my country, the United States of America!" the ardent and gallant Lanning; the manly Patton; the brave Winlepeck; the names of Bechtol, Emerson, Crawford, Smith, Shannon, Cross, Mulford, Campbell, Denman, McMichael,—all gone! The memories of these noble men will be held by their friends. Long is the necrological list—sad, yet magnificent. These men felt it was sweet and glorious to die for their native land. The hands that grasped the flag are now stiff; the eyes that beamed with patriotic fire are now closed; the ears that caught the first sound of the advancing foe are forever shut; the voices that marshaled the men to action are forever mute; but the lofty spirit of patriotism that impelled them to deeds of noble daring can never expire; like the word of the holy man, it shall endure forever.

Should not such models of heroism and patriotism be so contemplated and copied that the country may never want defenders? The trophied Pyrgos of Miltiades on the plain of Marathon suffered not Themistocles to sleep. The monster statue erected by his countrymen to O'Connell, revived the expiring hope of Irish nationality. The monument in the capital of Belgium commemorates the virtues of the three hundred martyrs of

the revolution. Amid the wild scenery in the valley of the Tyrol, and by the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne, the glorious Swiss place the image of Andreas Hofer and William Tell. On upland heath, in pleasant dale, on polished Loch Katrine, the countrymen of Robert Burns celebrate the heroism of William Wallace and Robert Bruce. In Italy, in Poland, and in Hungary, the poets of the people in immortal verse rejuvenate the patriotic fires of these old nations, by pointing to the splendid deeds of Savonarola, Kosciusko, and the illustrious Magyar. Shall America be less grateful to her gallant sons? Let shafts of granite in every country town, emblazoned with imperishable sentences, picture the gallantry of the soldiers of the second American Revolution.

This day's solemn proceedings teach us that the trials we are now enduring are only a part of a great transitional development. No nations, however prosperous, but have had their adversities, sometimes resulting in their ruin. We see this principle plainly dated in the pages of every nation's history.

"Greece, lovely Greece,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,"

where Liberty first built her mountain throne, first called the waves her own, and shouted across them a proud defiance to despotism's branded myriads; Greece, the land of poets, sculptors, philosophers, and matchless orators, where and what is she now? It was believed that Ichabod could never be written over this powerful nation, then considered the university of the age, the eye of the world, and the emporium of eloquence and commerce; but her ruined altars, the fragments of her temples of snowy marble, her lost arts, and her dismantled fanes proclaim with emphasis that for two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth.

As we descend the roll of centuries, we find an empire which surely will be indestructible. Rome, manly and majestic Rome, baptized herself the mistress of the world, and her eagles glanced on the rising and setting sun.

She boasted that she was the Ocean Queen, gave laws to the world, and defied the mighty potentates of the earth. But the classical Gibbon has sketched the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. England, France, and Spain have had their seasons,—times when they arose, we know how; when they seemed to gather strength from every struggle, to rise superior to every competitor, to wax brighter and brighter until they arose to meridian glory; and times when they declined, we know why.

We, too, had our sunshine of prosperity. For years our progress has been wonderful. Arts and sciences have advanced beyond credence; the internal policy of our Nation, its laws, organization, its justice, its liberty, its commerce, its territory, its churches, and its schools. The sun, I believe, has never shone upon a land for which the Almighty has done so much as for Columbia—her immensity, her noble sea-line, her mountains, forests, prairies; her valley-beds, whose fearful concaves seas must once have filled; her tremendous denudations, which seas might fill again; her estuaries, which give navigation to her inmost heart; her sealike rivers, more glorious highways than the proudest military or princely pass; her outlets and embouchures,—all exhibit nature on its grandest scale. There the often tried experiment, over which freedom has sighed for ages, has suceeded. The most sanguine anticipations of the men who signed the charter of Independence is more than realized, when within the lifetime of the present generation of men their successors are making laws for over thirty millions, covering an extent of territory stretching from the billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main. The metaphysical Berkeley sang:

> "Westward the star of empire takes its way;
> The four first acts already passed,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

During the lengthened period of peace, when the ægis of Divine protection preserved us from the sleet of

foreign war, our country was making majestic strides in the onward path of national prosperity. The whole world was crowning us as the proud Queen of Nations. Nature was pouring all her treasures into the lap of Freedom, and nothing was wanting to proclaim the grandeur of the crisis; but while we were thus prospering, beating our swords into plowshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, the Southern disunionists were planning this frightful rebellion against the Constitution; and to the amazement of the world, the aristocracy of the kingdom of cotton had struck its first blow at American republicanism. The head and front and backbone of this Rebellion is slavery. This is conceded by all the advocates of the South. The Convention of South Carolina declared that the blow aimed at the Union had been gathering head for thirty years; thus did they blaze their hypocrisy to the world. In addition to the guilty system of slavery, the immediate cause of the Rebellion, is to be found the pestilent heresy of State Sovereignty. This theory of State Rights, upon which the revolted States have planted themselves, is unconstitutional. After the Revolutionary struggle was over our patriot fathers formed a Union of the Colonies, under a compact known as the "Articles of Confederation." As the Nation increased, this compact was found to be wholly inadequate to secure the efficient carrying out of the ends of government. Experience taught that such a league was worthless. This led to the formation of our present Constitution.

This instrument took effect in 1789, and never contemplated the withdrawal of a State once entering. If a State has the right to secede, so have the counties of every State, and the towns of every county, and the citizens of every town. We owe it to every citizen, to our posterity forever, to the struggling nations of the earth, to every friend of humanity, to every hater of monarchy, to the precious memory of the slaughtered patriots, to God and the world, to annihiliate the doctrine of State Sovereignty forever. Mr. Stephens, the expounder of the

new order of things, says that slavery is the corner-stone of the Confederacy. The like was never known before. Revolutions have had for their watchword and war-cry, "Liberty or Death!" To save the liberties of Rome the imperial purple fell. For this Hungary agonizes; Italy organizes; Poland strikes; Ireland pants to crush the perfidious aristocrat; and for this Jefferson wrote the immortal charter. A government based on slavery can not succeed. The throne of God is against it, and the universal cry of despotism's captive millions, "*Down with slavery forever!*"

Great and splendid names may indeed be numbered among the votaries of the Slave Confederacy,—names which have acquired high renown in the annals of philosophy and genius.

The slaveholding Confederacy derives no luster from the rank or fame of its disciples. The disciples are but sunk by the vileness of the political heresy they have embraced; and O, it is mournful beyond expression to think of men whose talents might have advanced the noblest of objects, and whose memories might have been perpetuated in pure and imperishable fame, but who, by becoming the advocates of such a monstrous Rebellion have darkened their own glory and poisoned their own happiness, and committed themselves to the execrations of mankind throughout the world! The systems of slavery and secession—wretched compounds of every crime known in the catalogue of depravity—are, under all possible aspects, to be held up to unmingled and unmitigated scorn. The Catilines of the Republic have been educated at its expense; been laden with its honors; been fed at its treasury. We may say, with the poet, over the stricken eagle,

> "Keen were his pangs, yet keener far to feel
> He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
> While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
> Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

In the day of judgment the bloody deeds of Nero, Caligula, and Brant will be venial in comparison with the

perfidy, perjury, and savagery of the instigators of this wicked insurrection.

> "The common damned will pass them by,
> And know themselves as fiends less foul."

Next to the South, the Union of these States has its most formidable foes in the governing classes of England. The able statesman and accomplished diplomatist, William H. Seward, has said, had it not been for the sympathy and national aid of the English aristocracy, this Rebellion might have been subdued in three months. This incomparable Government has always been an *eyesore* to the British Crown and Parliament. The steady and splendid progress of the freest and most popular form of government that ever was established in the world, struck the most lively alarm into the hearts of all aristocrats, who were anxious to have it established that the sovereign people were not capable of self-government. Before Europe and America I solemnly and deliberately charge England with the tremendous crime of perpetuating this Rebellion, and of widening the Constitutional Union of these States. English intrigue, backed by English love of gold, is trying to accomplish what English arms could not accomplish in 1812, the destruction of the American navy, to regain for herself her old maritime supremacy. If the American Union is destroyed, England has a new lease of power,—she will have California and its golden treasures. Our destruction is worth more to England than twenty Waterloos. Well does the old hypocrite know this; long has she labored, therefore, to effect the ruin over which she now rejoices. The present England does not remind me of the England of Clarkson, of Wilberforce, of Buxton, and of O'Connell, who proscribed the foul traffic in human flesh, and threw down millions as a ransom to extinguish slavery in her Colonies. But I am reminded of the England whose deputies betrayed, poisoned, stabbed, and assassinated Irish princes in the good old days; of the England whose generals slaughtered Irish peasants by tens of thousands, or put them into

scuttled ships to sink at sea, or sold them to West India planters; of the England whose Clive and Hastings murdered Indian kings, plundered their revenues, decimated their people, and exposed their wives and daughters to insult in the public market-place; of the England whose officials butchered the Chinese because they refused to consume the deadly drug of opium; of the England whose hired mercenaries executed the heroic Emmet for the simple reason that he could not learn to chant the litany of slaves; of the England whose packed juries forever ostracized from a land they adored, the gallant Meagher and brave Corcoran; of the England whose oppressive laws produce periodical famines, and which to-day fill the houses of Ireland with lamentation, mourning, and woe. The cheap policy of exterminating the Irish, which England has adopted for years, is soon to end; for the news now is, that all over Ireland there can be heard the tramp of thousands drilling.

A day of reckoning is coming. Already Ireland is awakening from sleep, and a flash of electric fire is passing through her millions. The refusal of the students of the Dublin University to illuminate their halls in honor of the Prince of Wales's marriage, and the immense meetings held in all parts of the country to sympathize with America, demonstrate that Ireland is preparing to strike the grandest, meanest, falsest tyranny that ever deformed the world.

It only remains to suggest a few of the bright features developed by the present war.

What sublime lessons of wisdom may we have been learning from that rude instructress, war! In reviewing the past two years there are many bright lights in an otherwise dark picture. Behind the darkest material cloud there is still the sunlight that has shone on from the earliest moment through ages of undiminished brilliancy. In like manner the present desolating war has its bright lights. The high-minded and Christian reluctance of the Government to embark in the actual horrors of the contest, and their earnest, judicious, and honorable though

unsuccessful efforts to avert, by diplomatic negotiation, an appeal to arms, is the first bright light in the conduct of the Administration. If it be the rule of Christian duty for an individual, it is equally so for a Christian Nation. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." We could ill have spared the comfort of that retrospective reflection amid the sad disasters that have ensued. It was not until the eleven batteries manned by eight thousand Confederates made the murderous assault upon the gallant Anderson and his heroic crew that the Government had recourse to the sword. The thunder of cannon in Charleston Harbor aroused the Nation. Evil as war is, it is still the less of two evils. Better the crash, the fiery bolt; better the wild torrent from the mountains, sweeping away the corn and the vines, than the stagnant pool, breeding deadly pestilence.

Another bright light is the patriotism of the people. Patriotism is a virtue of the highest order. There is a splendor about it which causes it to commend itself to all men. It is a beautiful and glorious thing. The love of country is a noble sentiment. It is this principle that binds man to man; which associates with itself all the sweet charities of home; which speaks the same language, recognizes a common interest, sits down under the protection of the same laws; which causes the Laplander to prefer the eternal snows of his wintry life to all the splendor and profusion of Asia, because it is his country. He who would not dare and do for the land of his birth is deficient in the elements of greatness, and deserves to be a slave. More than seven hundred thousand patriotic American citizens, faithful to the counsels and memory of Washington, are under arms by land and sea, to defend the Nation's integrity and life. In the records of the world such a sight has never before been seen. Since the day of Pentecost such a baptism has never fallen on the world,—the people are inspired.

The valor and splendid exploits of our gallant soldiers is another bright light in the present war. How sublime the lessons of heroism already given us by the noble

Ellsworth! Already a race of heroes springs from his blood. There has been illustrated in gory lettering on many an ensanguined field the hereditary courage of the heroic past. The story of the Pilgrims, of the Revolutionary Fathers, is no more a dead victory, but a living power. It is easy to speak thrillingly and rapturously of deeds of human enterprise, and every tongue is ready to swell the praises of Columbus, who went forth on the waste of waters, burning to snatch a New World from the grave of centuries; and to echo the fame of William Tell, who bade the splendid land of lake and cataract and mountain spurn the base yoke of foreign despots. Every one admires, every one extols these daring purposes of master and fiery spirits; but think ye that the sublime patience of the army exhibited in the bitter night watches, in the trenches, and their unyielding valor in the contested field, are not as equally deserving the applause of every lover of free institutions? The man who would withhold the laurel from our brave defenders is in mind a fool, or in heart a traitor. If the pulse beats not high at the recital of the daring deeds displayed at Lexington, Antietam, Stone River, a kind of polar spell must have chained the life's blood.

The war has brought out one fine result,—it has shown that the weaker sex, though born to wealth and luxury, are ready to renounce every comfort and brave every hardship, that they may minister to the suffering, tend the wounded in their agony, and soothe the last struggles of the dying. God bless the Sisters of Charity in their heroic mission—I had almost said their heroic martyrdom! And I might have said it; for I do think that in walking through those long lines of sick-beds, in giving themselves to all the ghastly duties of the hospital, they are doing a harder thing than was allotted to many who mounted the scaffold or dared the stake. Where did the Roman youth get their *amor patriæ* so that they came forth with eagerness to fight the battles of the State? Daughters caught it from their mothers, when they heard them speak with exultation of the ex-

ploits of their fathers in the field; sons caught it when their fathers returned from the battle, as they doffed their helmets and hung up their shields, and said that the first duty of a citizen was to the State.

The matrons of America, baptizing their sons and brothers with their tears, bade them grasp the gleaming steel in defense of their imperiled institutions. These heroic women are the inheritors of all the glory of Cornelia, and they possess all the sublime self-sacrifice of the Spartan who said: "Dear are these my children, dear are the charities of home; but my country is dearer than all."

The grand Union army is an impressive and beautiful illustration of the profound affection entertained for a republican Government by the foreign-born citizens of the country. In the army of the Union are to be found Italians, who fought under Garibaldi for the unification of Italy; Hungarians, in whose ears linger the inspiring tones of Kossuth's voice; Poles, who yet dream of an independent Poland; Germans, whose love of liberty is proverbial,—the names of the gallant Sigel, the brave Osterhaus, and the noble Stahls, are as familiar as household words. The Irish element in this war is significant, and is suggestive of a few observations. Doubt was felt in some quarters whether foreigners, especially Roman Catholics, would respond to the Nation's call. This suspicion was groundless; for they have furnished a splendid percentage of the entire army.

In speaking so highly of the Irish regiments and their leaders, I am not invidious; for the common glory belongs to all. All hail to the thousands composing the Union army! No matter under what sky they drew the breath of life, they will receive, as they richly deserve, the thanks of every republican throughout the world.

"From the vineland, from the Rhineland, from the Shannon, from the Scheldt;
From the ancient homes of genius, from the saintly home of Celt;
From Italy, from Hungary, all as brothers join, and come,
To the sinew-bracing bugle and the foot-propelling drum;

And proud beneath the starry flag to keep and to secure
The liberty they dreamed of by the Danube, Elbe, and Suir.
Here Scots and Poles, Italians, Gauls, with native emblems fight,
Here Teuton corps, who fought before, *Für Freiheit und für Licht*,
While round the flag the Irish, like a human rampart go,
They found Cead Mille Faillhe here: they'll give it to the foe."

In this union of races and beliefs I see an omen of success. These bright features of the war are cheering things in our destinies—tokens that we are neither forgotten nor forsaken by God. But nevertheless I can not conceal from you my conviction that we have arrived at a momentous crisis in the history of our country. The ruthless hand of Rebellion is making a powerful effort to tear down this beautiful fabric of Christian civilization, to undermine the splendid columns of our free country, and everything we hold valuable is at stake. It is, humanly speaking, for you to say in what condition the future generations of this country shall be born—whether the new immortals, as they spring into life, shall find themselves surrounded by the bulwarks of freedom, or the untamed ferocities of a slave empire. I conjure you this day to ignore partisanship, and imitating Themistocles and Aristides on the plains of Marathon, unite and repel the enemies of your country. There were two great parties in the Roman Commonwealth when Hannibal came down like an avalanche from the Alps and was marching to the Capital. The Senate was confounded; the venerable Sempronius exclaimed: "Gods! which of the two shall we choose, slavery or death? I am for war!" It was enough; the timid became heroic, and united to carry the war into Africa with triumphant and swift success.

Let us imitate and emulate their action. I summon you, by your sentiments of patriotism; your quenchless spirit of liberty; the welfare of the Nation; by your allegiance to the Government; by the memory of the heroic dead, whose bones are bleaching on the Southern plains; by the smoking blood of your brothers and kinsmen; by a slaughtered army,—to place this day upon the altar

of your country such an offering of patriotism as will prove to the world that this Union must and shall be preserved. I bring, as it were, the banner of beauty and glory, with magnificent emblazonry of stars, to the shrine of this sacred place, and unfurl its radiant folds before you. Look upon it as it waves in your midst. It has floated in many a breeze; it has been borne in many a battle; many a fierce day has it waved; over many a battlement has it been made to float in triumph; many a brave hand has grasped it; and many a warrior's eye has kindled, and many a warrior's heart has throbbed, as, looking upon it in all its bloodstained beauty, and reading the motto, "By this, conquer!" he has followed it into the scene of warfare and of death. When I have seen this flag in other lands and gazed upon its stainless stars, my heart has melted within me, as I remembered that under it Washington fought, Taylor planted it on the heights of Monterey, and Scott over the halls of Montezuma. That flag has been dishonored. The living Jehovah; the brilliant group of patriots, reposing in eternal peace; the spirits of departed worthies, bending down from their lofty dwellings; illustrious martyrs of all countries; and Columbia, your country,—address you, and by a signal synonymous with triumph, conjure you to lift up that banner, to advance that flag, until its stars shall gleam from California's Gulf to Hudson's Bay, and from the Queen of the Antilles to the domains of our august friend, the Czar of Russia.

I have spoken of the first time I saw your splendid banner. It was when the Green Isle was burdened with a slaughter which excited a world's sympathies. As its folds were waved over that ship with bread for the starving, I read your grand history. The past rose up before me. A Nation's flag is a Nation's history. I saw Samuel Adams, the prophet and the guide of the rebels, write the immortal sentence, and fling it to the bending heavens and to the listening earth, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." I saw that august body—which Lord Chatham declared the noblest assembly ever convened—the Conti-

nental Congress, and I saw the tall and princely form of Charles Thompson, its secretary, read the Declaration of Independence. I saw General Washington, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, take command under the old elm-tree at Cambridge. I saw the Revolutionary soldiers, barefooted and weary, track the frozen ground with their blood as they marched to Valley Forge. I saw the patriotic women of New Jersey, when the cartridges gave out, invade the churches, fill their arms with hymn-books, saying to the soldiers, "Boys, give them Watts; boys, give them Watts." I saw the Liberty Boys of New York take down the brass statue of King George, and I saw their wives and daughters melt it into forty thousand bullets, and send it back to the king in the bodies of his red-coated soldiers. I saw the English army after Yorktown disappear. I saw the gaunt frame and heard the sublime oath of Andrew Jackson, when he swore "that this Union must and shall be preserved." I resolved then and there to become an American, to cast my lot with this people, and the services I have rendered that flag have been the happiest recollections of my life.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

Delivered on the 30th of May, 1896, in New Philadelphia.

VETERANS of the Grand Army! You are the orators of the day. Your bronzed faces, your shrunken and withered forms, your white hairs, your flowers, your tears, your glorified wounds,—all speak more thrillingly, tenderly, and eloquently to the human heart than any words of mine at this sacred and memorable hour. It is indeed a holy and a solemnly-beautiful scene. Lovingly, in the midst of green leaves and the opening splendors of the summer, assemble the pride and beauty of the country to crown with sweet flowers the sepulchers, and to keep green and fragrant the heroic memories of the dead heroes of the American Republic. Decorating the graves with flowers, grown in nature's virgin purity, is

a good old custom. In Virgil's splendid epic we read that when the funeral pile of Marcellus was preparing, the aged Anchises said to his son:

> "Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
> Let me with funeral flowers his body strew;
> This gift which parents to their child do owe,
> This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow."

It was done for the Grecians slain at Marathon. But neither in Greece nor in Rome was there ever such a floral offering as takes place to-day throughout our broad and magnificent land. Thirty millions reverently and gracefully lay their tributes of pure flowers, sweet emblems of all that is beautiful and true, upon the dust of three hundred thousand martyrs. O, sacred devotion to duty! O glorious patriotism! Brilliant though this scene be, it is only a small and insignificant part of that mighty chorus which commemorates in speech and song the gallantry and peerless courage of the patriot dead. Throughout this vast Commonwealth there are songs sung, fervent eulogies delivered, there are prayers offered to the Throne, and there are tens of thousands of brave hands and fair hands decorating every grave spot with beautiful chaplets! Upon the banks of great rivers, in the valley of Sacramento, in the golden gorges of the Yuba, on the red hills of Georgia, throughout the broad plains of the Carolinas, and on the green hills of New England, is this day hailed as the festival of the redemption of Liberty. The dead soldiers of the Union! How suggestive the text! They went to death with all the radiance of true chivalry. In the honored graves in which they sleep, they are far above the arguments of the living crowd; and though many of them have no grand mausoleum to enshrine their ashes, yet there memory is sweet and their deeds, like the higher stars, shall shine forever. That the land of Washington might be free, they laid down their lives, and even with a patriotic rapture, implored the stroke of martyrdom.

It may be justly said of them what an eloquent Euro-

pean said of those who fell before the walls of Buda, the consciousness of doing right impressed upon their dead features proved them to be the nameless demigods of Liberty. Since that fatal April morning, rich with roses, when the first flash of the traitorous guns sent the blasphemous challenge to the Stars and Stripes, many noble and gifted soldiers have gone to a better and brighter world! With souls unflinching and with hearts as brave as ever beat, they died for their country. When the illustrious French soldier, Latour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, as he was simply and honorably called, fell in the service of his country, his name was still retained on the muster-roll of his regiment, and when called out by the commanding officer upon service days, as if he were still present, the oldest soldier would step out of the ranks, and, amid the solemn silence of his comrades, reply in these touching words: "Dead on the field of honor." And so when the muster-roll is read out to future generations, to their names shall be added as their best and most appropriate epitaph: "Dead on the field of honor." Long is the list, sad, yet magnificent. The youthful Ellsworth, the quiet Winthrop, the heroic Lyon; Mitchell, with his genial face and kindly heart, schooled in philosophy and science; McCook of the lion heart, breathing out his life, and preaching in the agonies of death, the gospel of the Union; McPherson, having his soul's life in the great cause, sinking beneath the cannibal blows of assassins! Who can recall that name and not be impressed with a sense of stainless chivalry? His was a master mind, his was a consuming zeal. There was in him an assemblage of qualities which raised him to a parallelism with the noblest confessors of freedom. How does the wave of the Chattahoochie seem to redden with his name and murmur with his blood! He was raised to a higher command—that of the celestials. Surely the gallant soldier is there, listening to the harpers harping with their harps. Lytle, of the brave 10th Ohio, wielding a power to which all difficulties yielded; great as a soldier, but gentle as the flower which he loved to train!

Smith, the stripling commander of the 43d, who defied the giant power of the Rebellion in its strongest defenses, planting the banner of the Union where no power can ever again trail it in the dust! Then those master spirits, Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Kearney, Sumner, Corcoran, Reno, Rawlins!

The spectacle of our martyrology grows upon us! Pale, dreamless sleepers, their memories are pious, glorious, and immortal. The victories of the war were those of the privates. I would not take one laurel from the brows of the great captains who led our hosts to victory—the persistent Grant, the Crichton of our armies; from the chivalrous and fighting Rosecrans; from the accomplished McClellan; from the brilliant Sherman; from the intrepid Sheridan, whose cavalry charges rival those of Murat; from the high-spirited and dashing Hancock; from the heroic Meade; from the great host of generals who gathered around the "banner of beauty and glory," as Napoleon's marshals did around the imperial eagle; but, nevertheless, our success must be ascribed, under God, to the stout hearts and iron arms of the enlisted men of the army. We are here to honor them by strewing their graves with these rare flowers. Would that they remained of perpetual beauty, bloom, and fragrance! Their sepulchers by day shall be watched over by the sun, and by night by the constellated stars! Wherever Freedom plants her standard, these deeds of magnificent heroism shall be mentioned with devotion. The trophied tomb of Miltiades, on the plain of Marathon, would not suffer Themistocles to sleep. On the scene of the battle was erected a spotless shaft of marble to the memory of the fallen Spartan heroes, who sent back the glorious answer to Xerxes when he demanded their arms, "Come and take them!" and on that monument was written an inscription by Simonides: "O, stranger, tell it at Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to her laws." Their statues in Greece stir the heart. Fiery young Greeks often exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep."

Our honored dead, like the Spartans, felt it was sweet and glorious to die for their country. Though the hands which grasped the sword are now stiff, though the eyes which once flashed with patriotic fervor are now closed, though the ears which caught the first signal of the advancing foe are forever shut,—their lofty spirit of patriotism can never expire. Their fidelity, courage, brave endeavors, and self-sacrifice shall live forever.

> "They shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die."

This festival memory, of love, of truth, reminds us of the undying devotion to Liberty which animated the souls of the illustrious dead. It was the thrilling and momentous cry of Freedom endangered that caused every light to burn with beacon fires. It was love of Liberty which inspired your fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, to face, with the composure of a summer's rain, the red hail of death. For six thousand years tyrants have tried to crush it out of the hearts of humanity. Their fagots, their inquisitions, their star chambers have been in vain. The half million of patriot soldiers who died during the war splendidly vindicated the growth of Liberty against dungeons, bayonets, starvation, and the battalions of slavery. Our gallant brothers were driven to starvation and death. But there was one blazing torch which could not be driven away, which the prisons, the graves, and oppressions of the Confederates could not extinguish. It was lit when the sun darkened over Calvary. The battle-fields of the South flowed with the blood of the men in blue; but the immortal spirit of Liberty wafted the red surge and foam, pointing the sinking spirit to eternal rest. When the flag of Washington, the illuminated scripture of the Nation, was assailed, a million men, with the love of Liberty in their hearts, shouldered their muskets. Noble and elect women, with tears in their eyes, glowing with sacred enthusiasm, standing on their

thresholds, imparted their farewell benedictions. In the name of the Lord of Hosts, a charge, a grand charge, was made for Liberty, dear Liberty—lovely and sacramental as heaven's wide rainbow! Liberty, God's best and costliest blessing! Liberty, the oppressed's last and fondest hope! Liberty, the world's crowning and eternal triumph! Liberty, for which Emmet proudly mounted the scaffold! Liberty, for which Henry pleaded! Liberty, for which Warren, Montgomery, and Pulaski died! It was the last word stammered by the dying soldier as the heavens opened to receive him. And so upon this day of grace we go forth to celebrate with music, poetry, eloquence, art, orations, and monuments the sacred memories of heroes and martyrs to whose dazzling deaths in the blaze of war a mighty nation owes its existence.

This beautiful festival also reminds us of the matchless patriotism of the people! Patriotism is a term suggestive of the most charming memories. It is invested with the rich and warm associations of that holy spot that sheltered us in infancy, and where we imbibed and exchanged some of the purest charities of the heart. Dynasties may change, governments may be swept away; but love of fatherland will be as tender in the world's gray age as in its primeval morning. What can be sweeter in its pathos than Virgil's tender sketch of Andromache flying from the wrath of gods and men, and building up in her new land a little image of her ancestral city of Ilium? Lord Byron, the greatest poet of the English tongue, in his splendid tragedy of the "Two Foscari," illustrates this principle. How often has the American, wandering over the earth, said with poor Jacopo:

> "Ah! you never yet
> Were far away from Venice, never saw
> Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
> Whilst every furrow of the vessel's track
> Seemed plowing into your heart; you never
> Saw day go down upon your native spires,
> So calmly in its old and crimson glory,
> And after dreaming a disturbed vision
> Of them and theirs, awoke and found it not."

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The Poles never forget their own beautiful land. They cling to it with a rare and heroic devotion. Through the broad streets of London they followed the hearse of Thomas Campbell, and when he was entombed they threw upon his grave some holy clay brought from the fields of the Vistula. It is a tribute not less sacred than the wedding ring to the genius which gave voice to the dreams, the great conspiracies for Freedom which, for centuries, had made Poland the worthiest of the European nations. How grand the patriotism of our own American citizens! Never on our soil was there a prouder day. The march of the thousands to the seat of war was a passage in our history never to be forgotten. Glorious patriots, your bodies were the illustrious and adamantine rock against which the overwhelming surges of treason dashed in vain! All classes responded with lavish enthusiasm to the bugle call. Democrats and Republicans, natives, adopted citizens, Catholics and Protestants, fought with equal desperation. They stood together in the same field of death; they scaled the same battlements; they advanced in the same forlorn hope; and, to use the fine expression of a gifted poet, they looked proudly to heaven.

This fraternity of nationalities suggested to the poet Scanlon the following spirited lines:

"Comrades! around our campfires bright,
Here's to our starry banner,
That flies across the brow of night,—
God's choicest blessings fan her;
And while men worship Freedom's name,
They 'll man each deck and cannon,
And fight for Freedom all the same,
By Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon."

In the grand armies of the Union might be seen a picture worthy of transference to the imperishable page by Prescott's luminous pen! There were the woodsmen of Maine, the raftsmen of upper Mississippi, the farmer boys of Vermont and Wisconsin, the factory hands of

Massachusetts, the mechanics of New York, the miners of Pennsylvania and Illinois, the flower and chivalry of Ohio, and amidst this brilliant gathering were the laughing voices, the kindling eyes of Erin's sons, and the Germans.

They marched to the music of the Union, as it swelled forth in the grand measure of "Hail Columbia." They victoriously carried the ark of the American covenant through the fire and tempest of war, expanding the dome of the temple of Liberty, perfecting it, and leaving it erect, stately, august, and adored.

We are reminded by this sacred festival of the splendid bravery of our dead comrades. Their courage is the admiration of the world. Infinitely bright are the halos of glory which encircle the brows of these triumphant warriors of Freedom. They marched to every battle with high-crested spirits, and everywhere came out of it adorned with the superior wreath of valor and morality. When the lightning of war gave place to the divine branch of peace these merchants, farmers, lawyers, mechanics, ministers, returned to their former pursuits.

I wish to pay a tribute to those noble women who gave their husbands, brothers, and sons in defense of a Nation's life. Cornelia, the Spartan mother of fifteen sons, gave them to the cause of her country, saying, as she placed her hands upon their heads, "Dear to me are these, my children, dear to me are the fruits of my home; but my country is dearer than they." So American mothers laid their hands upon their sons' heads and said, "Though they are dear to me, my country is dearer than all." God bless the American women and mothers! All over the Union to-day there are women giving their time and flowers to deck the soldiers' graves.

While decorating the graves of the Boys in Blue, do not forget to drop a tear of sympathy into the graves of the Southern soldiers. They proved themselves the most masterly revolutionists of the age! They were Americans and heroic, though mistaken, men. Sprung from the same stock, trusting in the same redemption, believ-

ing in the same God, and candidates for the same immortality,—they were our brothers. Now that the war is over, let their errors and follies be buried out of sight forever. Nature draws no distinction between the Gray and Blue. The grass is as green and the sun shines as brightly over their graves as over ours.

The spirit of democratic government is everywhere in the ascendant. Nation is answering unto nation. The elder world is enacting dramas more brilliant than any ever produced by stage or canvas. The very Cossack has caught the sacred contagion, and has become the champion of the oppressed. Turkey, that lair of savages and laboratory of assassins, is doomed. God-speed the Czar! I kiss the hem of his garment. I bid you hearken to the funeral knell of the Turk, the tolling out of the message that his destruction is near! The night of Mohammedanism, which has blasted the fairest portions of Europe, is far spent. Already the Russian cavalry are watering their horses in the sacred waters of the Ganges! The tinge of gold on the mountains of a long-oppressed world marks the coming of the Sun in his strength. I hail as the dawning of truth, the awakening of the masses from their long sleep, the coronation of liberty and the glimpse of blue through the dark thick cloud. The spirit has gone forth! It is the resolve of a great and outraged people, uttering the accents of freedom in a strain of majesty. Its echoes roll from hill to hill, catching the response from every heart till in the swell of its mighty volume it shall awaken the supine and arouse the dormant energies of millions. Gladly would we see Liberty crowned in every land. Gladly would we see it in Germany. Gladly would we see it more prevalent in France—in France, made gay by nature and reflective by seven heroic revolutions against despotism! Gladly would we see it combined with the pure and lofty enthusiasm of Spain—Spain, as it shall be when governed by her great souled Castelar! Gladly would we see it in England, when the men of England—Bright, Dilke, Mill, and other such shining advocates of humanity—shall control the

destiny of that once mighty empire! Gladly would we see it in Ireland; and on the ruins of her desecrated and dismantled temple of 1782, a glorious edifice arising, a temple of independence, of freedom, and of peace! Then the graves of her murdered patriots would become the stepping-stones to immortality! Gladly would we see the splendid combinations of nationality, freedom, justice, blending with the peculiar characteristics of every nation on the earth, and the triumphs of republicanism announced in more languages than have ever been enumerated by a Barring or a Barritt.

Though thirty-six years have rolled into eternity since I was at old Camp Meigs, I am still the same as when, in the morning of life, I left the spot that sheltered me in infancy and bore me across the waves. Still the same as I was when for the first time I looked with admiration and wonder upon the handsome cities, the merchant princes covering the Atlantic with their fleets; the stately buildings and grand opportunities of this magnificent Republic. Still the same as when, in the earlier years of my ministry, I commenced my work of a Methodist preacher in your section. I miss the kindly hand and hearty welcome of many old friends—Judge Patrick, Simpson, Harmount, and others. Still the same as when the bugle call to arms rang in my ears, and I preached a war sermon and a hundred noble men responded. Still the same as when, with the gallant Bartilson and Robinson, I invoked the young Democrats and the young Republicans of the country, and when, amidst the thrilling acclamations of hundreds, we marched through the streets of New Philadelphia to the war for the Union. Still the same as though no hopes had fallen like withered leaves; as though no star had fallen from the heavens to which I looked; as though my home had not been a vacant place, voiceless, lampless, and hung with mourning; the same as when joining with the surging chorus I called the patriotic young men of this and adjoining counties to arms, and from arms to liberty.

I might say to you, in conclusion, what a great poet

makes Antony say of Cæsar when he pointed to the wounds that had been inflicted on the Emperor's body, "Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor dumb mouths." So the dumb mouths of the dead conquerors of the American Republic have each a tongue, and plead with piercing and prevailing eloquence for the fine and magnificent country in whose behalf they perished, and which they loved so well. If I could call up to your view our glorious dead; if I could crowd these sacred grounds with the forms of those who in the somber years of war made a rampart of their bodies against the encroachments of slavery and secession,—with what awe and veneration would you gaze on the noble army of martyrs! How would you gather fresh strength and patriotism from beholding Lincoln, McPherson, Mulligan, Ellsworth, in withstanding every national sin which gave to death so illustrious a group! I know that their beautiful memories wake the pulse of a holy love of country, and that the breathing of their names, like the trumpet peal of a righteous war, sends the throb of a high resolve throughout this brilliant assembly! Now, as you look on this stirring spectacle, breathe forth a prayer as fervent as any that ever passed from your heart for the land of Washington, that the wrongs of the oppressed may be redressed; that the soldiers' widows and orphans may be cared for with no niggardly hand; that the ports may open their gates; that the rusted machinery of toiling millions, the steel armor of civilization, may once more beat with the vitality of trade; that temples of industry and religion may rise amidst the wastes of war; that the lofty principles of equal and civil rights may continue in every section of the Union as long as the sun endures; that the deadly art of war may give place to the gentler arts of peace; that American freedom may yet strike off the world's chains; and that the future of the United States, the country of our birth and adoption and love, may be coeval with the advent grandeur of the Son of God!

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF A NATION.

BY REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER, CHAPLAIN 40TH U. S. I., DELIVERED AT RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, ON JULY 4, 1867.

MY COUNTRYMEN,—This is indeed a brilliant and beautiful scene. This is a propitious and consecrated day. The summer sun in its journey to the west looks on no more impressive sight; on no grander spectacle. Why have assembled here in the shadow of these stately oaks, gallant men and fair women—the hope and struggle, the glory and the joy of life? Should a stranger viewing this grand assemblage ask, "Why is all this enthusiasm? why these splendid banners floating in the breeze?" we would tell him that the loyal masses of North Carolina were met to celebrate the most august event which ever constituted an epoch in the political annals of mankind; not to celebrate the birthday of a despot, but the birthday of a great Nation. No thunder of cannon, no roll of drums, no blare of trumpets, no empty pageant of regal grandeur, summons us hither. How simple, how sacred, how sublime is the occasion of our meeting! The impressive prayer that the God of our fathers would be with us; the public reading of the great charter, the Declaration of Independence, which has given a radiant immortality to the day; the enthusiasm of this vast multitude; the inspiring strains of patriotic music; the presence of gallant men and women,—all these delightful surroundings combine to clothe this anniversary with grace and splendor.

All over the earth to-day, over the North and South, on mountains and on plains, among the poor and the rich, the natives of Columbia and the friends of liberty hang out their banners—the Stars and Stripes—hold high festival, and renew their recollections of the land of Washington, now made doubly dear and sacred to them because it is the resting-place of the great and good Abraham Lincoln. Good man, he now sleeps in the grandeur of eternal

peace. Honor to his beautiful memory! Americans everywhere at this hour are celebrating, amid the roar of cannon and the pealing of cathedral bells, not only the deeds of our Revolutionary fathers, but the greater glories of the last few years. By the St. Lawrence, by the Hudson, by the Thames, by the Mississippi, by the Ganges, by the Nile, by the golden shores of the Bosphorus—as well as on the banks of the Liffey, the Shannon, the Barrow, and the Suir—there is good cheer to-day, a feast of reason and a flow of soul; one voice and one heart animate the citizens of this bounteous land. This is the holiday of the whole Nation. We find monumental structures raised to enliven the patriotic virtues of nations. The patriarchal pillars of stone, and the Pythian, Nemean, Isthmian, and Olympic games were institutions of this character. The various feasts of the Jews were the evidences of this principle. To those established by God they added a feast of the dedication of the Temple and also the Feast of Purim, to commemorate their wonderful deliverances. Mark, too, the Heaven-ordained ordinances of the Israelitish Passover and the Christian Eucharist! Like a blazing line of fire, they perpetuate through all time the infinite condescension of God. And so it is in regard to this festive, joyful, glorious day. The 4th of July, 1861, beheld the hardy sons of the North and South brightening their armor for the combat. Their battle-ground was a continent, their audience was the world. The 4th of July, 1862, found the North in mourning over the slain of the Chickahominy, the South rejoicing in success. The 4th of July, 1863, and the North had shattered into atoms the legions of the South at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. On the Nation's birthday, 1864, both sections were ready for the final struggle. Ere another anniversary, the North is victorious, the South is vanquished, democracy and freedom have triumphed, rebellion and slavery have died.

I need not review the struggle which preceded and succeeded the Declaration of Independence. Your own minds are familiar with the terrible privations of the Revo-

lutionary soldiers, who, amid the snows of Virginia winters, amid the deadly malaria of the Carolina swamps, amid the bleak winds that sweep our ocean shore, amid the deadly heats of the Mississippi, confronted the mercenary men, butchers of Brunswick, and the ingenious masters of the scalping-knife and tomahawk from the banks of the St. Lawrence.

See these undaunted patriots in their obscure caucus gatherings, in their town meetings, in their provincial assemblies, in their Continental Congress, breathing defiance to the British Parliament and the British throne, marching with their raw militia to the conflict with the trained veterans of the Seven Years' War. Witness there a group of Colonies, extemporized into a Confederacy, entering with a calm self-possession into alliance with the oldest monarchy of Europe, occupying as they did a narrow belt of territory along the coast, thinly peopled, partially cleared, hemmed in by the native savages, by the Alleghanies, by the Ohio, and the Lakes behind them, dilating with the grandeur of the position, radiant in the prospective glories of their career. Contemplate this, as Everett truly says, and you will acknowledge the men of Seventy-six to have been the noblest men of progress the world has ever seen.

We commemorate, in the first place, the greatness of our physical and territorial advantages. In the performance of this sacred duty we have an illustrious model; for we find that Moses, when viewing the promised land, described it as a good land; a land of brooks, of depths, that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of oil, olive, and honey. Israel is compared to a valley full of fertility, and watered by unfailing streams; to a garden by the side of rivers, covered with beauty and luxuriance, and sustained in perpetual fertility, a forest in which the trees are planted by God; to the lion which, ever cunning, no hunter can approach, but which terrifies the forest. All of which images, though they may not affect us, yet to the Eastern imagination unquestionably conveyed ideas of exquisite loveliness, the most extraordinary power, and the most

singular fertility. In like manner we American citizens might speak of the peerless position, of the rich variety of plain, hill, and dale; of our productions, so varied, so abundant, so valuable; of our lakes, rivers, mountains, prairies; of our cities, in wealth, population, and in magnificence rivaling the oldest in the world. Where throughout the wide-extended globe is there a country more blessed by all the gifts of nature than our own? Columbia is a grand and beautiful country—a land of unexampled fertility—traversed with wonder by the stranger who sees tract after tract of cultivated ground, like one vast garden, courting his gaze in every direction. The immigrations to the United States are without parallel in the history of the world. From every nation they are flocking to the West. They come,

> "As the winds come, when forests are rended;
> They come as the waves come, when navies are stranded."

If the ratios of our past increase can be relied on, the population of the country will be, in 1930, more than one hundred millions. A step further in the calculation presents a prospect still more sublime and wonderful. In 1960 this mighty mass of commingled races will have swollen to the stupendous aggregate of two hundred and fifty millions, one-fourth the present population of all the earth. Where is that prodigious increase of numbers, this vast extension of emigration, to end? Where will its mighty boundaries terminate? They will crowd each hemisphere, they will spurn both tropics. Its watch-towers will shine on every shore, and be reflected back from every deep. Nature has set no bounds to the round growth of this mighty Republic—a new world, swelling upwards, cradling all the arts of life, and inviting rapid immigrations. Ours is, indeed, a wonderful country—vast in the immense extent of its territory, vast in the magnificent scale and grandeur of its scenery, vast in the unparalleled riches of mineral resources, vast in its majestic rivers and lofty mountains. We realize on an ex-

READY TO DESCEND INTO THE MINE.

traordinary scale the splendid description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles:

> "Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge and bound the whole."

There may be other countries where more of physical beauty and variety charms the eye than in America; where less of variableness and gloom marks the atmosphere; where softer gales fan and sweeter flowers perfume; where more enameled meads display themselves, and more melodious waterfalls murmur on the ear; where more of the luxuriance of nature is blended with a greater triumph of art; and where more glorious skies and constant weather bestow elasticity and health to the human frame. And there may be lands where the stream of philosophy has a wider sweep and deeper flow; where learning finds more devoted adherents; and where liberty, at least in theory, is more highly prized. But there is no other land, in either hemisphere, which, on the whole, can vie with Columbia. She stands, as she has long stood, the fairest form of Government ever known on earth.

We commemorate also to-day the civil and religious liberty so largely enjoyed by the American people. There are two different and somewhat inconsistent notions of liberty prevailing in the world, of which one is of Greek and the other Teutonic origin. According to the first, liberty consists in a share in the Government, while the Government itself demands from the individual the most implicit obedience to its laws; in fact, according to this theory, the subject was absorbed in the State. The working out of this principle in its extreme results has been seen in Sparta and in the ancient Greek and Italian Republics. This notion was carried into Gaul by the Roman Colonies, and enters largely into that French idea of liberty which is connected with submission to an absolute Emperor. The Teutonic idea of liberty, on the other hand, was that of freedom in individual action. That is the

best Government, according to this idea, which governs the least. It was this idea of liberty which inspired our patriotic fathers to raise the standard of revolt, and enabled them successfully to defy the licentious legions of England. Liberty is, then, the power of acting according to our own will, and on our own convictions, in any manner not inconsistent with the interests and well-being of the community to which we belong, without hindrance and without injury either from the public laws or from the passions of individual men. The history of the race presents but one long record of efforts to secure this priceless and splendid boon. It is the darling theme of every freeborn man. To procure it, thousands have died on the battle-field; to maintain and preserve it, thousands more have bled upon the scaffold.

The watchword, Freedom endangered, inspires heroism in every heart, nerves every patriot to gird himself for the battle, and causes every height to flame with its beacon-fires. The most brilliant epochs of nations are the heroic struggles in behalf of civil and religious liberty. The grandest efforts of mind, the noblest achievements of arms, the most sublime ministrations of charity that have adorned and illustrated the history of our race, have all sprung from this principle. Liberty is the very fairest flower that can grow upon the soil of nations.

Columbia's greatest glory does not consist in her political economy; in the number of her ships floating on the ocean,—her greatest glory is civil and religious liberty. It is our inheritance to an extent and with a security which we believe to be utterly unparalleled in the history of former times. The heresy of secession, which sought to overturn this liberty, is the adversary of God and of man, the murderer of all virtue, the parent and nurse of impurity and vice, the progress of which can only be traced in pollution and blood, and the triumph of which can be celebrated only over the utter wreck and ruin of all that is dear and dignified and holy, alike in the life that now is, and also in the life that is to come. If the legal right of secession had existed, it was a crime,

morally, to have exerted it at such a time. Our national prosperity exceeded that of any other people. What a grand spectacle did we present to the nations! A great people, governing themselves by their own laws; increasing in all the elements of national grandeur. How remarkable was the character of our Government then, when compared with the most enlightened countries of Europe! Take, for example, England. This Government is said to be the most advanced in civilization of any of the monarchies.

Facts are more valuable than arguments:

United States, the supreme power in a Constitution clearly defined by a written instrument; England, the supreme power in a queen, lords, and Commons, defined by the laws of Parliament. United States, the executive power in a President, elected every four years, having a salary of $25,000; England, the king or queen, hereditary, with an annual salary of $3,500,000. United States, senators chosen every six years by the States from the masses of the citizens; England, House of Lords, composed of the hereditary nobility, appointed by the sovereign. United States, representatives elected every two years, directly by the people; England, House of Commons, elected during the sovereign's pleasure by privileged boroughs. United States, the Church distinct from the State, and wholly dependent upon the voluntary support of the people; England, the Church incorporated with the State, independent of the voluntary support of the people, and the clergy enjoying revenues varying from $150 to $150,000 each annually. United States, the municipal laws of the country enacted by State Legislatures, entirely distinct from the General Government, the members of which are chosen by the people, according to State constitutions; England, the municipal as well as other laws are enacted by the Parliament, in which the people are only partially represented. United States, all the people on an equality, in regard to power, privileges, and distinction; England, the Executive and senators irresponsible to the people, having interests adverse to them.

United States, the Executive, senators, and representatives responsible to the people, from whom they are taken, and to whom they speedily return, and with whom they have an identity of interest. United States, the income of the people free from compulsory taxation for religion; England, the income of the people taxed for the support of that gigantic swindle, the Established Church. United States, land and wealth generally equally distributed amongst all classes, and no law to perpetuate them in the hands of a few; England, land and wealth generally confined to the aristocracy, and laws made to perpetuate them in the hands of a few families. United States, a tendency on the part of the Government to place every man on the same level; England, a tendency of the Government to make distinctions among the people, and to separate class from class, and laws enacted to maintain such distinctions.

Taxation in England on every article is fourteen times as heavy, and on many enormously higher than in the United States.

It is no vain or arrogant boast which assigns to Columbia the first rank amidst States and Empires. I love this Government. I love it in its origin. I love it in its supremacy. I love it in its individuality. I love it in its personal power. I love it in its determination and will. It seems to me to have gathered the gems from all regions to make this new, last crown of a great Republic. One of the greatest difficulties in other nations is found in the impediments to the general diffusion of knowledge. Education here is free. In the United States there are over two hundred colleges, from which issue 4,000 students annually. The annual expense for instruction, including board, is $150 yearly. In England there are few colleges, in which the expenses average $800 per annum. The people of this country voluntarily spend forty millions of dollars to sustain education and religion. We publish 1,900 newspapers—more than 150 daily. The number of newspapers and periodicals published in this country exceed the number published in all Europe, which, in proportion to the population, gives the people of the United

States an advantage of thirteen to one. Let the stranger appear when he may in all this land, he will never get beyond the pale of rational information.

We commemorate, also, the grand patriotism of the loyal people of the North and South.

The American heart goes out with the rapturous language of the Scottish bard:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

Columbia, the fairest and youngest member of the great family of nations, seemed dying. The kings were rejoicing over the prospective downfall of their only rival, and the brilliant pen of Bulwer, deeply dipped in gall, was recording the failure of the great democratic Nation. But, blessed be God, the stalwart, young empire did not die. The trumpet sounded, and a wild and unprecedented feeling of patriotism dashed through the masses of the people, which nothing could stop. The force of that sublime enthusiasm nothing could measure.

Hark! what wild shriek pierces the fitful blast! It is the mighty struggle of an outraged people, hastening to avenge the shot aimed at the Nation's life. The blood of Massachusetts soldiers on the streets of Baltimore sends up the first wail of freedom's martyrs. From the old Bay State, from ship-building Maine; from the Green Mountains of Vermont; from Rhode Island, small but comely; from New York, from Ohio, from Pennsylvania, brave thousands rush to the defense of the starry flag of liberation. The Nation rose up as one man. The husband left his wife; delicate maidens, in their flushed and exulting beauty, bade their brothers grasp the gleaming steel. Soldiers enlisted for the war, and parents consecrated their children on the altars of liberty.

> "Throughout the land there went a cry;
> A sudden splendor fills the sky;
> From every hill the banners burst,
> Like buds from April breezes nurst;

In every hamlet, home, and mart,
The fire-beat of a single heart
Keeps time to strains whose pulses mix
Our blood with that of Seventy-six."

This glorious patriotism of the people was the sublimest passage in our history. Sight unseen before,—more than a half-million men standing to arms for an undivided nationality! Those splendid battalions marched to no impudent Dixie, but planted their measured tread to the music of the Union, as it swelled forth in the grand measure of "Hail Columbia," or waved in the flowing strain of the "Star-spangled Banner," or accelerated the double quick with the nervous thrill of ancient and homely "Yankee Doodle."

The fidelity to the flag of the loyal men of the South is worthy of all praise and commendation. I never meet these patriotic heroes but with a brother's heart. Prominent leaders of the foul Rebellion tell us that those Unionists were the scum of the country, and that they were recreant to the South. If recreant to the South, they were true to the Union. What care these devoted men and women for the flippant assaults of miserable ingrates, who would wade through slaughter to a throne? The elements of the Union party of the South were industry, patriotism, and heroism. This gallant party moved under no alien or doubtful standard, but they followed the glorious flag of the Union, with its four and thirty flashing stars. These brave Unionists, in standing by the Union of the States, risked more than the loss of goods or political honors; for, sooner than raise their hands against the old Government, they would have thought it happiness to die. Branded as confirmed traitors to the Confederacy, robbed and plundered of their property, and punished by the hired agents of the Davis despotism, yet they never blenched at danger; but were as true as steel, as constant as the sun, in the discharge of every duty to the Republic. Driven from their quiet and peaceful homes, they fled to the mountains and to the caves of the earth, saying, "Welcome confiscation, robbery, plunder, even

death itself; but we will stand by the Stars and Stripes to the last drop of our blood, and to the last beat of our hearts." All hail to the loyal men and women of the South! History, on her brightest page, will preserve and perpetuate their honored names.

I remember, when passing through your noble State with Sherman's army, that I met a Union woman who was true to the flag. She was connected with one of the leading families of the State. She did everything in her power to prevent the secession of North Carolina, writing letters to prominent politicians, and using her personal influence to prevent the consummation of the horrible deed. She had always preserved the Stars and Stripes in her house, and when we reached her beautiful mansion, there was flying to the breeze the banner of beauty and glory. Howard's column halting, this devoted lady, going up to the flag of one of the regiments, knelt down, exclaiming, "Flag of my fathers and of my country, I bid you welcome! welcome!" and she kissed it, and bathed it with her tears. Among the most conspicuous and honored Union men of North Carolina, stands the peerless name of W. W. Holden. Champion of the poor, true patriot, gallant man, faithful friend, in the name of the loyal millions, I greet you! God bless these full-souled Union men and women! They had abiding faith that the wicked Rebellion would be utterly subdued, and that the Stars and Stripes would again wave in triumph over the land of Washington and Franklin. The valor and patriotism of the Greeks, whose message to their enslaved country was, "Go tell the Spartans they are free, for we died to deliver them," has made Thermopylæ the sanctified shrine of patriotism through all ages; the patriotism of the brave old Carthaginian, who, hoary and worn-out in the service of his country, took his child to the temple, and on the altar made him swear eternal hostility to the enemies of his country,—these are beautiful and thrilling evidences of heroism. If we look at the battle-fields of the Union, we behold all the traits of ancient valor reproduced in the grand army of the Republic.

What tongue can tell, what pen can record the heroism that has been displayed by the loyal soldiers of the North and of the South? A host of brave men, who left home and all the treasures of affection, ended their days by the sacrifice of their lives. Grandly and peacefully they sleep in their holy graves. May their memories be glorious, pious, and immortal!

"They struggled, fell, and their life-blood stained
The cruel Southerner's hand,
They clasped their country's flag and cried,
'God and our native land.'
Let Angels spread their wings above,
Let flowers forever bloom;
Let bays, green bays, spring forth to mark
The martyrs' sacred tomb."

Dead heroes, may the flowers of the Sunny South bloom over your graves; may they be of perpetual bloom and fragrance! First, be spring there; last, may summer linger! May no factious word be ever spoken over ground so holy! American, Teuton, and Celt, in the honored graves in which they sleep—in one red burial blent—they are far above the arguments of the living crowd.

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

There is another element of our greatness, which we commemorate to-day; the number and variety of our great and good men. In the original settlement of this grand Commonwealth, God sifted three nations for seed to sow on the virgin soil. There were such men as the gallant Catholics of Maryland, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the steady and cautious Germans, and the fiery spirits of the Emerald Isle, whose love of liberty was kindled by the burning arguments of Grattan, of Curran, and of Robert Emmet. The iron Saxon, the chivalric Frenchman, the volatile Italian, the heroic Pole, and the

impulsive-hearted Celt, were all combined in the building up of this magnificent Commonwealth.

Nowhere on the page of history do we find such an assemblage of full-souled men as those who laid the broad foundations of this temple of freedom in the Western World. The councils of infant America present a brilliant array of talent, piety, and patriotism. There is Thomas Jefferson, the prophet and the guide of the Colonies. There is Franklin, the savant, who tamed the lightning of heaven and made the thunder sweet music. There were the Lafayettes, the Starkes, the Pulaskis, the Montgomerys, the Pinckneys, the Hancocks, the Carrolls, and the Lees, illustrious statesmen and brilliant orators. There was John Adams, a colossus in debate; and the noble Virginian, Patrick Henry, whose eloquence could even charm the serpents of despotism. Byron pronounced him the forest-born Demosthenes of the New World. There, too, was the noblest Roman of them all, the illustrious Washington, whose fame, like the higher stars, shall shine forever. It has been beautifully said that these were the men who graved the deep lines of the Revolution upon the tablet of the eighteenth century, and bade the clock of eternity pause, until they notched the century with the imperishable lines of a mighty destiny. Around their brows the laurels cluster that belong to him who hews an age into a shape of moral beauty, and fashions a huge fragment of time after the great models of eternity. To express the moral grandeur of these illustrious men a Phidias, a Praxiteles, and a Thorwaldsen might carve,—a Raphael, a David, and a West might paint. But they only fashion block, and breathe beauty into tableau, but the men of American independence were the creators of an age. They rolled back the dial of the dark years, and wound up destiny to a better course.

It was in 1848, when the brilliant constellation had passed its meridian in England, that Sydney Smith, in the pages of the Edinburgh *Review*, asked the question: "Who reads an American book, or looks at an American flag, or beholds an American statue? What does the

world owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? Who drinks in American glasses, or eats from American plates, or wears American coats, or sleeps on American blankets?" It is not forty years since these sneering questions were flippantly propounded, and can we not now point to a galaxy of names whose light is as clear, as large, as bright, as strong, as any of those which shine in the firmament of English literature?

In the field of illustrious lexicography, the fame of Webster and Worcester more than rival that of Johnson, Walker, and Sheridan. In history, Bancroft, Hildreth, Prescott, Motley, and Godwin equal Hume, Lingard, and Macaulay. By the side of her statesmen we may place Madison, Hamilton, Calhoun, Hayne, Clay, Seward, Sumner, Greeley, Stevens, Lincoln. As lawyers, our Marshall, Jay, Kent, Chase, and Story will compare with Boyle, Hooker, and Blackstone. In the sciences we have a Silliman, a Hare, a Morse, and a Mitchell, entitled to no ordinary level in the niche of fame. In the sublime field of oratory we can point to Webster, Prentiss, and Henry Clay—orators whose eloquence was like the tornado that sweeps the pine-trees of a continent. During the last forty years we have achieved wonders in the arts and sciences.

Confining ourselves to that period, we would ask our transatlantic critics where are the Grimkes, Emmets, Bascoms, Maffitts, Stocktons, Channings, Tyngs, Beechers, Simpsons, Chapins? Where their authors, Bachs, Liebers, Fields, Morses, Agassiz? Where their Whipples, Gileses, Willises, Saxes, Reads, Carys, Longfellows, Holmeses, Bryants, Irvings, Coopers? Where their Hugheses, Purcells, Choateses, Taylors, Everetts, Sumners, Chases, Fessendens, Bankses, Trumbulls, Schencks, Wilsons, Binghams, Douglases, Langstons? Where their Greenoughs, Hosmers? In the arts of war, where are their Scotts, Grants, Shermans, Mowers, Coxes, Porters, McPhersons, Kearneys, Corcorans, Mulligans, McClellans, Howards, Rosecranses, Hazens, Hookers, Osterhauses, Farraguts, Logans, Butlers, Hallecks, Burnsides,

Thomases, Meads, Sickleses, Kilpatricks, or the young and brilliant Miles, than whom a more accomplished and gallant officer the regular army does not possess, and of whose services the most martial and imperial nation might well feel proud? Where a Stanton—the tireless, earnest, hopeful, unconquerable organizer of victorious men, eager in sympathy for the right, nobly indignant at wrong, and full of inspiration? Where, during this forty years, is the boundless learning of Luther Martin? Where the silver voice and fervid genius of Wendell Phillips, pouring itself along *immenso ore?* Where the ripe and beautiful culture of George W. Curtis? Where a Clay, with his electric fire and impassioned eloquence? Where a Webster, calm, grand, majestic, sitting on the loftiest peaks of Oympus, darting lightnings and rolling thunders? Where the splendid rhetoric and sparkling oratory of Thomas Francis Meagher? Where the equal of the daring, bold, and unflinching Sheridan, chivalrous as Bayard and of colossal brain like Kleber—the intrepid outspeaker of truth, the eager, impetuous redresser of wrong, and the passionate lover of the Union—would to God that this gallant soldier were at the head of his fiery countrymen on the hill of Tara, that he might confront the mercenaries of Britain upon the curragh of Kildare,

> "With a hundred yards,
> And England's guards,
> Drawn up to meet us there,"—

or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the country and over the world, blessing and delighting mankind by their works, inventions, and examples! In so far as we know, there is no such parallel to be produced in the same time from the annals of self-adulating England. The history of Britain presents no parallel to the rapidity with which our present distinguished Chief Magistrate has gradually advanced from the humblest calling to the occupancy of the first position in the world!

We commemorate to-day the abolition of the monstrous crime of American slavery. Thank God, the great and guilty system of slavery has perished forever! Let it be buried with all its horrors and barbarities in the grave! Let it fade forever from the recollection of man! The proclamation of liberty to four million captives has rolled away a great reproach from us, and withdrawn a most serious obstacle to our progress. Let the world call it the extravagance of charity, or the romance of equity; it was a magnificent spectacle. It was a glorious day; a day in which years of shame and oppression were blotted out; a day in which a long despised and trampled race sprung into the grand proportions of free men; a day in which the armies of the Union halted on their march, looked toward the White House, and blessed the beautiful prediction of a splendid era. That page of history can never make us blush. That lofty deed can never shame us. It was the resurrection of the great Nation founded by the fathers. It was the awful march of justice; it was the majestic front of philanthropy frowning down oppression; it was the sublime embodiment of right treading down the plots and schemes of the lords of the cotton-bales and rice swamps; it was Freedom, clothing herself anew with the robes of '76, making her stately march through the arms and banners of a gallant people to open the prison doors of the enslaved, and to consecrate a free Republic. No more will an English poet rebuke us.

"United States, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame;
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!
Your standard constellation types
White freedom, by its stars;
But what the meaning of those stripes?
They mean your Negro's scars!"

A man may be a serf in Russia, a peon in Mexico, a slave in Ireland; but here he is redeemed, disenthralled,

and free! Banded despots and kingly ruffians were taunting us that our power was laid low, that our voice was to be heard no more in the hymn of nations. The old empires were watching for the death, and had made ready mourning weed and cypress wreath for the burial; they said that our sun had set forever! But Abraham Lincoln, the brightest of the bright and the purest of the pure, obeying the advice of the millions of the East and of the great Northwest, lifting his head above the tempest, wrote the immortal charter of universal emancipation. The Bourses of Europe were lost in wonder when they heard it. The crowned monarchs shook, and they talked no more of Columbia's faded greatness and prostrate might. Land of our fathers, land of benedictions, victorious hast thou been in battle; potential in negotiation; fruitful in benevolence; distinguished in art! But then was thy ascendant! Thy palm lifted itself to its tallest growth; thy glories culminated in that godlike act. The edict of freedom has resounded through all nations of the earth. Millions have gazed upon it with devout joy and rapture. It has shaken the thronedoms of tyranny, and has made the minions of slavery tremble. It has reverberated from empire to empire, from continent to continent, from hemisphere to hemisphere. The Laplander has heard it amid the regions of eternal snow; the European has heard it amid the fields and crowded cities of a refined and civilized population; the Arab and the Hindoo have heard it amid the gardens and spicy plains of Arabia; the peasantry in Wales, in England, in Scotland, in old Ireland, in Germany, and even the uncultured dwellers in Asia, have kindled with delight as they read the Anthem of the Free. It is recorded of Flaminius, the Roman general, that when he proclaimed, at the Isthmian games, that Greece was no longer tributary to the Roman Empire, but free and independent, the hearts of the plebeians were so overpowered with joy that they could scarce believe their own ears, for when the herald proclaimed their liberty they desired that the sweet word Liberty might be repeated.

"O, catch its high import, ye winds as ye blow—
O, bear it, ye waves, as ye roll—
From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow
To the farthest extremes of the pole;
And wherever the footsteps of man can be found,
May he bind the decree to his heart!"

What a splendid epoch does this grand deed constitute in the annals of the Government! The President was called to a difficult and perilous position, his influence extending over a broader land than the Roman eagle ever swept in all the magnificence of his flight. By this crowning act of moral duty the Springfield lawyer was silently lifted up before the nations as God's greatest, noblest man. His name hereafter will be emblazoned in the vast pantheon of Freedom's champions. How just and beautiful the eulogy of Meagher in one of his splendid orations, distinguished by a lofty eloquence, when he described the assassinated President going to heaven, bearing in his hand the broken shackles of four millions of slaves!

In our changeful sky, where so many glories at sudden intervals succeed the eclipse and the storm; where crimson clouds for years and years will float over a wilderness of martyr graves; where sunshine comes by fits and starts, chasing those clouds away, and, for a season, warms the shivering earth below into fruitfulness and joy,—in this, our changeful sky, we call that name our brightest star. On his brow it may be said with much more truth than of the Roman general, "*Annexit Africa Lauros.*" Though destitute during life of art and pomp, yet his was a radiant life and a noble death, and as he took his place among the immortals one might say: "Way, there, for the brave child of the people, the grand hero of to-day! Servant of the Republic, well done; take your crown and harp, and enter into the joy of your Lord."

I am hopeful of the Republic. Struck down in the morning of its bright career—in the bloom and promise of its youth—yet it shall live, purified and strengthened by the afflictions through which it has passed. The principles of Liberty shall never die; but, like the words of

the prophets, they shall endure forever. It is not easy to conquer a freedom-loving people; it is not easy to tear from a great Nation the honors which they have worn for so many years. Our mission is not yet completed. The dearest and most precious hopes of the race are interwoven with our existence. The predictions of prophecy applied to us, demonstrate clearly and strongly that the grand design of the Republic is to destroy all systems of monarchical Government, and to propagate the principles of liberty to the ends of the earth. The London *Times* in 1861 gravely declared that the United States was only suited for fair weather, and not for dark tempests. The British Government was unmasked, driven from her position of neutrality, and showed herself the ferocious monster that she has always been. The heart of every aristocrat was glad. Since the days of Waterloo no more welcome tidings reached them than when they heard the mad secession of the Southern States. Rawdon declared in the Commons, that the thunder-cloud had vanished—that the bubble democracy had burst. Lord Russell stated at an agricultural banquet that the North was fighting to enslave the South. The hoary-headed Brougham averred that the object of the war was infamous; and Palmerston, amidst the resounding cheers of Parliament, denounced the slashing Butler—the black man's friend—to be a monster. Have these aristocratic ruffians forgot that republics are more vigorous in war than in peace? It is prosperity and not adversity that is most dangerous to them. It was not in peace that Holland, from a community of clodhoppers, sprung up into the robust proportions of a great nation, renowned in art, in learning, in commerce, and in glory. The Roman Republic endured for four hundred and sixty-six years, during which time it ruled the world. Switzerland is now five hundred and fifty years old, and still the Little Giant of the Alps bears aloft above the haughtiest heads of Europe, amid the lightnings and the eagles of her mountains, the excelsior banner of republicanism.

Already our success in the squelching of the slave-

holder's rebellion is finding a response in the hearts of millions, who wait impatiently for the universal triumph of liberty. The Irish uprising has taken place as a result of our triumph. The present is the brightest period which the history of Ireland has exhibited for a hundred years. And it seems as if the hopes of the patriots of Ireland are soon to be realized. The work of Irish emancipation is gradually and silently going forward, and the peculiar advantages for successfully realizing such an end as the powerful Fenian Brotherhood affords, will tend to a consummation so long desired, so perseveringly sought by Wolf Tone and his compatriots.

"The splendor of her Emmet's fame
Is Erin's glory and her shame;
Her glory that he loved her well,
Her shame that unavenged he fell;
But soon or late that shame must cease,
Or Erin ne'er again may hope for peace."

Distant and beloved Isle—the land of Grattan, of Moore, of Sheridan, of Curran, of Corcoran, of Meagher, and of the great-hearted Burke—we hope to see thee again in commercial grandeur; thy magnificent rivers again white with the sails of trade; thy great warehouses swarming with life; thy manufactories, the laboring places of thousands; and thy Green Flag flying in the breeze, giving indications that Ireland is free!

I take hope from the generous sympathies extended to us by the masses of Europe. Among the nations that surround us, there is not one virtuous bosom that does not beat for us; the prayers of downtrodden millions followed our banners into the field; and the arms of the patriot soldier was blessed by voices that never reached his ear.

A dear and valued friend of mine, who served with distinction through the first three years of the war, fired by a love of liberty, crossed the ocean and engaged in the struggle for Ireland, that fine old nation, for whose independence Grattan pleaded and Emmet died. He was cast

into prison, and he assured me some time ago, that when he heard the newsboys crying through the streets of Dublin, "The North is victorious, Lee's army has surrendered!" he felt the chains on his body grow a little lighter. Thank God that generous voices in all lands were with us; from Ireland to Greece there was but one national throb. It beat for us. Hungary, the land of Kossuth, the beautiful and gifted Italy, noble Poland, the emancipated serfs, they cheered us in the struggle. Ireland, sitting like a widowed queen amidst the wreck of former glories, fought our battle. The presence of her Fenian men, drilling on the hills by night, did more to check the British Lion than all the diplomacy of Seward and Adams. I have said that the heart of every lord and crowned ruffian wished our overthrow. Have their predictions been fulfilled? Is the Union gone? And has that mighty Nation which the sword of Washington evoked passed away? No, this splendid temple of freedom, having the Stars of the Union for its coronet, and the Rock of Independence for its footstool, must stand until the first growl of the gathering shall be heard announcing the downfall of all thrones. The efforts of the rebels at home and foes abroad fell short of their terrible aim. They might as well strike against the heavens with their arms as lift them against the American Union:

> "As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
> Between the ocean and the land,
> As long as yonder firs shall spread,
> Their green arms round the mountain's head,
> So long shall cliffs and mountains be
> The proud retreats for liberty."

And while inflexibly demanding that the Reconstruction measures of Congress shall be heartily and promptly accepted by those recently in rebellion, let us also be magnanimous towards a brave but mistaken people. They have proved themselves foemen worthy of our steel; they stand before the world as the most masterly revolutionists of any age or history. Let us attach these erring

brethren to the Union, not by fear, but by the golden links of gratitude. Any other terms than those proposed by Grant in the surrender of Lee will overshadow the national cause with opprobium, and cast a cloud on the brilliant fame of the grand army of the Republic.

General Lee, with the truthfulness and independence of a great soldier, as he unquestionably is; General Johnston, whose sword was invoked at the last moments to save the drowning banners of the South; Generals Longstreet, Beauregard, and Thompson—these, and others equally distinguished in the South, have heartily acquiesced in the issues of the late struggle, and, with the good faith and frankness of brave soldiers, are now earnestly and sincerely engaged in co-operating with the Washington authorities to repair the breaches of the war. In behalf of the brave men who fought and conquered, I vehemently repudiate all ideas of confiscation, of making an Ireland or a Poland of the South; but, on the other hand, rapturously hail and welcome the South as one of the wealthiest and noblest sections of the American Union. The war being over, let there be no thorns planted where the olive has taken root. In a divine sacrament of forgiveness, love, and patriotism, let us dedicate this beautiful and superb domain to the growth of a stalwart democracy, to the everlasting brotherhood of those who had been foes upon the battle-field, to the triumphant reign of industry, and to truthful and glorious peace. Let us indulge the hope that the erring stars, now dimmed and darkened, will one by one reappear, until the old constellation, flashing out in all its ancient splendor on the night, again shall blaze, the pride and glory of the sky.

When I look abroad I am encouraged, and when I look at home my spirits are exalted. The Reconstruction measures of the Thirty-ninth Congress, and the grand enthusiasm of the people for equal rights and unversal suffrage—these are omens that better and brighter times will yet break on our land. To the immortal honor of the great Union party of the country be it said, in spite of

opposition from a thousand sources, it has conferred upon the black man the inestimable and God-given right of suffrage. You, my black friends, have voted in the past. You voted in that golden era of the Republic; during the Revolution the illustrious Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson walked up to the polls, and deposited their votes in companionship with your fathers.

In five New England States and in New York your race have been voting ever since. In such Southern States as Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, during the years of 1832, 1835, and 1838, Negroes voted.

Your enemies say that you are too ignorant to use the ballot. There is one thing you do know—the difference between a gray and blue coat. Well, this charge of ignorance comes with very poor grace, from a party of politicians who have always been connected with the most uncultivated voters of the country. In Ohio, my State, there was a shining apostle of the Copperhead Democracy who was very much aroused when the Freedmen's Bureau Bill passed Congress. He exclaimed to a Republican neighbor, "Have you heard the news that the Black Republicans have passed a bill giving to every Negro a bureau, and I have been married twenty-five years and have none yet."

All the black man asks is an open field and a fair fight. There is a story which illustrates his present position. It was in 1776, when the American army lay encamped at Morristown, that a young foreigner presented himself to General Washington with an introduction from Benjamin Franklin.

"What do you seek here?" inquired the commander-in-chief. "To fight for liberty!" replied the young man. "What can you do?" "Try me!" was the answer. Washington took him at his word. He was tried, and rose to the rank of general. Having fought for our independence, he recrossed the ocean and returned to his home. Americans, you can never forget him, for among the hills at West Point, overlooking the Hudson, a marble cenotaph still stands to commemorate the gratitude of the

people he served so well. His name was Thaddeus Kosciusko.

As he once stood before Washington, so now the blacks stand before the United States and the nations of Christendom, claiming recognition at their hands. To the African race, recently emancipated, the same questions are put as to Kosciusko, and the same answers are given. "What do you seek here?" "To vote, fight, and, if need be, to die for Liberty." "What can you do?" "Try me. By all my recent sorrows, by the wrongs I have suffered, by the bloody agonies which I have endured, by the fidelity with which I have preserved the immortal hope of final deliverance, by my friendship for the Union soldiers, by the fearful odds against which I have contended, by what I have done and suffered, ye nations of the earth, try me!"

This is what the black man claims. It is right that he should enjoy equal rights before the law, as well as the haughtiest slave-lord that walks the earth.

By their desperate fidelity to the fortunes of the Nation in many a fierce tempest of the war, a fidelity all the more heroic that they fought in chains, and with the devotions of martyrs repaid with torrents of generous blood the proscription and wicked bondage in which, under the Stars and Stripes, they had been for generations held; by their desperate fidelity and splendid soldiership, such as Fort Wagner and Port Hudson gave to their bayonets an irresistible electricity, the black heroes of the Union army are not only entitled to liberty, but to citizenship; and the politician who would deny them the rights for which their wounds and glorified colors so eloquently plead, is unworthy to participate in the grandeur of the Nation which these heroes did so much to vindicate.

Your rights and privileges as citizens, my friends, will be most intelligently, vigilantly, and gallantly maintained by the fearless commander of this district, General D. E. Sickles; who, on the field as well as in the legislative halls of the country, has proved himself an accomplished soldier and a wise statesman.

The black heroes are entitled to all the emoluments of citizenship. It is for us to recall the devotion, the courage, and the sublime heroism this proscribed race has displayed during the Rebellion. Have we not all one Father? The same essential elements alike of physical, intellectual, and moral being enter into the composition of his nature; the same heavens are spread over him; the same moon measures his monthly periods; and the same revolutions of the globe bear him onward to his future and eternal destiny. Is he not, then, my neighbor, my equal in all the essentials of humanity?

A word, and I am done. I speak to you to-day, my respected auditors, in the interest of, and in behalf of, that organization with which the proudest recollections of the last five years have been identified.

This magnificent National party, though young in years, is old in precious memories, hallowed associations, and unfading glories. Stand by it, for it has sent eighteen hundred thousand brave men to the field to fight for the Republic.

Stand by it, for it has expended four thousand million dollars to save our country from dishonor and death. Stand by the grand army of the Union, the pride and beauty of which are imperishably blended with the sudden blaze of victory that arose above Fort Donelson, and then traveled in unwavering lines of glory through the storm that shook the earth at Chattanooga, at Atlanta, and at Richmond. Stand by the Union party, for its triumph is the triumph of patriotism, the triumph of heroism, the triumph of democracy, and the triumph of that nationality which the Stars and Stripes so splendidly symbolize.

Arise, then, ye loyal men, arise! This is the hour when individual manhood is worth all the arts and science of diplomacy. By your love of this great land, by the stern memory of your wrongs, come and rally round the grand army of freedom, whose standard breasts the northern air, led on by the great captains of undying fame.

The people are the millions, and irresistible. The

disloyal of the North and their accomplices in the South are but the units to be scattered before us, like a single hunter before the whole forest at bay. They can stand before us no more than the grass before the lava, the brushwood against the avalanche. There is no neutrality in this crisis. You must choose your sides, and choose quickly. If you love slavery, stripes, and dishonor—if you are prepared to abandon your liberty—join the enemies of the Republic.

If you love justice, if your heart warms at the memories of this dear land, if it swells with the hope of her deliverance and her glory, God bless you! Your side is with the country, your rank is beneath the Stars and Stripes. We make our appeal in the name of your country, in the name of all heroic virtues, of all that makes life illustrious and death divine, in the name of your dead comrades, by your martyrs in prison-cells and felon-chains, in the name of God and man, by the listening earth and watching heavens, I call upon you to be stanch, to be firm, to be united. As you listen to these weak words of mine, and as your eyes grow dim with tears as the memory of your wrongs rushes upon your souls, even now lift up your right hand to Heaven, and swear by your undying souls, by your hope of immortality, that henceforth your services will be linked with the party of universal liberty. Gather round the standard of your chiefs; one bold, one decisive move, one moment to take breath, and then a rising, a rush, a charge from the east, north, west, and south upon the enemies of the Republic, and the country is ours. Do your eyes flash? Do your hearts throb at the prospect? Be Union men, and this fair land, which affrights the angels with its misery, will be one grand temple, in which we shall kneel as brothers—children of one God—heirs together of those blessings purchased by the blood of gallant men—a heritage of freedom, justice, independence, glory!

CAUSES FOR THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING SERMON, DELIVERED BY REV. G. W. PEPPER, IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOOSTER, NOVEMBER 24, 1870.

TEXT—Psalms xcviii, 6: "With trumpets and sound of cornets make a joyful noise before the Lord."

AMONG the glittering gems of Thanksgiving utterances, the one chosen to-day was the most universally admired for its beauty, comprehensiveness, and significance. Wondrously beautiful are the Psalms! They furnish sorrow with words of sweetest melody, despondency with expressions of hope, and gladness with strains of triumph!

Thanksgiving is as old as creation. There was a beautiful tradition among the Jews, that when God had created the world he asked the angels what they thought of the work of his hands. One of them replied that it was so vast and so perfect, that only one thing was wanting; namely, the creation of a clear, mighty, harmonious instrument, which should fill all quarters of the world with its sweet sound, day and night, to offer thanksgiving to its Maker for his incomprehensible blessings. The ancient Jews were distinguished for grand outbursts of gratitude. Their religion was not one of gloom. The Jewish people were a nation of thanksgivers.

Behold that triumphant host marching through the holy lands to appear before God at the annual feast! They come from purple vinelands; they come from invaded borders; they come from resounding victories.

In that illustrious throng might be seen prophets, warriors, young men in the morning of their beautiful dreams and sacred labors; maids of Israel, with the summer dawning upon their brows; little children, who beheld for the first time the grand and beautiful image of their native land.

Thanksgiving, as now celebrated, is five generations old.

Hail to the stiff Puritans! See them standing upon the ice-bound coast, and offering up their first thanksgiving! The grandest spectacle of a nation is its Thanksgiving celebrations. Millions upon their knees rendering praise to God is a brilliant scene. A mighty Nation, with its President, governors, senators, generals, admirals, soldiery, and citizens, assembled in their churches, acknowledging the Divine bountifulness, is a moving and an august spectacle. Throughout this glorious land of Washington bands of patriotic minstrels are singing the joyous chant:

"Praise ye the Lord,
For His mercy endureth forever."

The service of this day is peculiarly one of gratitude, and gratitude has been beautifully defined to be the memory of the heart.

It will do us good to forget the cares and businesses of life to-day—

"To leave dull earth behind us and take a flight towards heaven."

This Thanksgiving-day comes to us brighter and greener than any preceding one. Our autumn is fuller of sublimity; our mornings exhibit a boundless vista of splendors!

The mill-wheels upon a thousand streams are silent; the church-bells ring out their joyous invitations; the marts of trade are quiet!

This day stands like some fair mount in the midst of a rich and varied country, at the summit of which the traveler pauses to look on the region he has left behind, and forward to the prospect that lies before him. It is Tabor without its dazzling brightness, and Sinai without its terrors.

Can we ever forget New England? It is to the thankful piety of her Puritans that we owe this delightful service. Wherever throughout the wide world Americans to-day are scattered, they will travel back in loving memory to the old homestead—to the sacred spot that shel-

tered them in infancy. In a million American homes gray-headed men and venerable mothers will repeat to their children and grandchildren, that girdle them with beauty, the touching story of their early day; the privations, conflicts, and success. That mind must be dark, and that heart must be adamant, which, in reviewing the past year, can not behold the signal mercies vouchsafed to the Nation, to the family, and the Church. Put on your imperial robes, ye Christian citizens, and accompany me up to the mountain of thanksgiving, and there offer your praises to Jehovah for the blessings of the year. Come forward, children of the beneficent Father, look upon the bright lining on the clouds, tune your American harps to the strains of the Hebrew bard, and sing the praises of the Lord and his majestic glory!

THEMES OF THANKFULNESS.

We should thank God for the extent and variety of our grand national domain. Ours is a goodly heritage. God hath brought us into a large place. Let us look around and behold! We have a land more extensive than that of Alexander, when he thought the world lay at his feet; than of imperial Rome, when in the moment of her highest prowess Trajan swayed his scepter from the Tweed to the Euphrates; than of Russia in our day. Our glorious flag floats undisputed over an area of more than three thousand square miles, or one billion nine hundred million broad acres, a territory ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined. The food-producing States west of the lakes raised in 1860 about 642,000,000 bushels of wheat, and only one-fifth of the territory is under cultivation! Multiply these figures by five, and you have the astounding result of three billion two hundred million bushels of grain, the production of which is only a pleasure, as the farmer has only to tickle the prairie with his steam-plow, and it laughs and sparkles with a splendid harvest. An angel whose eye expatiated over the geography of a hundred nations, beholds no heritage so broad, no lands so fair.

We can point with patriotic pride to a country where the grand and the graceful, the awful and the lovely, the rugged cataract and the smiling brook, mingle together. Behold our splendid lakes, our fertile plains, our towering mountains, our charming valleys, our sweeping prairies, our entrancing landscapes, and our sky soft and blue at times as that which bends over the faded splendors of Italy.

That broad-thoughted French philosopher, De Tocqueville, in his work on the United States, says that "America is the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode." In fashioning this majestic edifice of freedom for the oppressed races, the Creator gave us not a barracks, but a palace; not a desert, but an Alhambra.

When Horace Greeley made his first visit to Europe, he advised his countrymen to be sure, if they contemplated a trip to the Old World, to take a long, earnest look at the sun, for the thing called sun in England only shone occasionally, and bore little resemblance to its American namesake. O that the crowned ruffians of Europe would come across the ocean, and behold the greatness of our national domain! America is the young athlete in the world. The fruits and fleeces of our immense valleys bid fair to rival the golden sands of our streams, as well as the treasures of our enchanted rocks.

"Great God, we thank Thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,
And yet till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!"

We should thank God for our system of representative Government. To show the infinite superiority of a democratic Government, let us climb up the political standard of the past, and compare the various forms of civil rule which have existed from the beginning. The first form

was monocratic, corresponding with the monarchies of Europe; the second form was theocratic, the rulers of which were called hierarchs; the third form was the autocratic, the few governing the many; the fourth and best was the democratic, God's great gift to our fathers. Theocracies, autocracies, and monarchies are founded on the comic notion of a superiority of blood! How grand the words of Vergniaud: "Nobility! That is, one class created to rule, another to be ruled; that is, one class to live in palaces, another to dwell in hovels. The nobility! The very term is an insult to the human race."

Right, eloquent Frenchman! There have been two widely dissimilar views of liberty in the world; one is of Greek, and the other of Teutonic origin. According to the first, liberty consists in a share in the Government, while the Government demands the most implicit obedience to its laws; the subject was absorbed in the State. The development of the principle is seen in the Spartan, the Greek, and Italian Republics! This sentiment was carried into Gaul by the Roman colonies, and enters largely into that French idea of liberty which is connected with submission to an absolute emperor.

That is the best Government which governs the least. Dean Swift, the Irish publicist, has expressed it in a brief sentence: "All government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery." Democratic liberty, then, is the power of acting according to our own will and upon our own conclusions in any manner not inconsistent with the well-being of the community to which we belong. It was under the inspiration of this great view of liberty that Jefferson wrote his immortal charter; that Henry IV, born Demosthenes, uttered his sublime challenge to the Lords and Commons of England; and which the artillery of Washington echoed on every battle-field of the Union. It is this indestructible love of liberty which is inspiring the surging millions of Old Europe to fling their naked breasts against the murderous bayonets of villainous kings.

Columbia's greatest glory does not consist in the ex-

tent of her virgin domain; in the gorgeousness of her unshorn forests; in the soldiers who have returned with the laurels of triumph from every field which their heroism has made magnificently famous; in her navy, whose flag has floated upon every shore; in her Congress, the eloquence of which rivals that of Europe; in the harmony and beauty of her Constitution, which, when the proudest elevations of society were overturned, rode triumphant on the storm, preserving for the world liberty, humanity, and justice!

Columbia's greatest glory consists in her civil and religious liberty. Here the Jew, the Catholic, the Protestant, and even the poor Infidel can offer his orisons according to the dictates of conscience. The nurse of freedom, the school of virtue, the home of the oppressed! I love this Government. I love its origin, bought by the blood of gallant men. I love it in its progress, the earliest three, now forty millions. I love it in its personal power; thirty millions stand ready to guard its flag from insult and danger. I love it in its supremacy; thirty-six States and several Territories own the imperial sway of its Congress.

I have met the representatives of this young and splendid Nation abroad. I have raised my hat in homage, and said:

Hail, brother of the West! you have driven back the savage, have swept away mighty forests, have built great cities as if by magic, and built an empire in a few years.

Hail, brother of the North! in the learned professions, and in all the pursuits of agriculture, trade, and commerce you have gained a proud pre-eminence.

Hail, brother of the South! you have preserved the ancient hospitality, you have made your highlands bloom with cotton, and your lowlands rich with waving fields of rice and far-extending tracts of verdant, luscious cane.

Hail, brother of the East! you have taught rulers how to educate the many, and employers how to bless the laboring poor. You have drawn wealth from snow-capped mountains and naked rocks. Harvard, Yale, and

Princeton are the classic founts of your greatness, and those are your ships that sit so gracefully in yonder harbor. And when I thought of the Nation's charms of beauty, its broad, geographical unity, its brotherhood of kin and caste, I have said with a full heart, "Hail, countrymen of Washington, partners in blessed memories and precious hopes!" and a prayer as fervent as any that ever passed from my heart ascended to the Throne, that this free land might be endowed with perpetual peace, and that its glory might remain until the coming grandeur of the Son of God! Contrast the so-called Christian Government of England with our own.

American Christians, thank God in his temple for your common schools, for the freedom of your press, and for the great and splendid names which already adorn the history of the Republic. Compare the British sovereigns with the illustrious men who have been honored with the Chief Magistracy of our Nation, and how contemptibly small they appear! With the exception of King William III and Cromwell, the rulers of England were a degraded and stupid race. How few were the statesmen and economists among the kings! Where is there one among them possessing the sagacity, the multifarious endowments, and the moral grandeur of the godlike Washington? Where the extraordinary abilities, the eloquent common sense, and the gigantic brain of Thomas Jefferson? Where, in the long line of these brutal kings, can you find statesmanship and generalship like that of the lion-hearted Andrew Jackson? We crown the splendid catalogue by the surpassing name of Abraham Lincoln! A brave, manly soul. With Cato the Censor we look upon kings as creatures who feed upon human flesh, regular cannibals. Our Government has its faults; but, comparing it with those of Europe, it is like a comparison of heaven and hell. Jefferson said that there is not a crowned head in Europe whose talents would entitle him to be elected a vestryman in any parish in America.

We should thank God for the patriotism and sublime valor displayed during and since the war. The roar of

cannon in Charleston Harbor aroused the dormant patriotism of the land! All parties and nationalities entered into a generous rivalry! Never, since the day of Pentecost, was there seen so grand a sight! Patriotism is a beautiful and lofty principle; it binds man to man in an august brotherhood; it recognizes a community of interest; it makes the Laplander prefer the eternal snows of his wintry land, because it is his country! There is no more noble answer on record than that which was given by a famous chief of a savage tribe to some Europeans who would have bribed him to give up his patrimony: "We were born," said he, "upon the spot; our fathers are buried here. Shall we say to their bones, Rise up and let us go hence?" The sentiment of patriotism is universal and indestructible. It matters not where we have been born—whether upon the sunny plain or upon the snow-covered summit of the mountain cliff—the feeling is the same. The Scotchman is affected by the sight of a thistle in a foreign land. It reminds him of the country of Bruce and Wallace. The shamrock, the chosen leaf of bard and chief, stirs the hearts of Ireland's children, suggesting beautiful memories of a heroic past. The Frenchman is aroused at a glimpse of the *fleur de lis*. It awakens pleasant recollections of sunny France. This loyalty to one's country is acknowledged and recognized by the fisherman as he sits by his cottage on the Atlantic or Pacific beach, and by the wild hunter of the Western plains. It is heralded in lands distant from each other, and different in political institutions, in the praise of a William Tell, a Washington, a Brutus, an Emmet, and a Mazzini. It nerves the arm and fires the bosom in every scene and vicissitude of life; and when the patriot's closing eye is turned for the last time to the sun in the heavens, whether amid the shock of steel, or from the victories of peace, his last thought is his country, and his last prayer is for its prosperity.

How grand the patriotism of our people! More than 700,000 under arms to guard the flag from insult and from danger! It is easy to speak thrillingly and raptur-

ously on deeds of high enterprise; and every tongue is ready to swell the praises of Columbus, who went forth on the waste of waters burning to snatch a New World from the grave of centuries, and to echo the fame of William Tell, who bade the splendid land of lake, cataract, and mountains, spurn the base yoke of foreign despots! Every one admires, extols these daring and fiery spirits! But think ye the noble patience, the unyielding courage, the unconquered devotion, exhibited upon the battle-fields of the Union, are not as equally worthy of the applause of freemen throughout the world? The man who would withhold the laurel from our brave defenders is in mind a fool, in heart a traitor. If the pulse beats not high at the recital of the daring deeds displayed at Lexington, Stone River, and Antietam, a kind of polar spell must have chained the life's blood! Lord Brougham once said, "That the American army was composed of the scum of all Europe!" No, my Lord Imbecile! The soldiers of the Union were the nobility, the flower, the chivalry of the land! They were its bravest soldiers, and many of them proved to be its sublime martyrs. Wherever they went, they carried in their bayonets order, liberty, humanity, and the loftiest example of stainless patriotism. Glorious in battle, illustrious in death, they stand higher than the crested lords of Europe! Glorious men! it is not for me to do justice to your triumphs. May the gratitude of your country be eternal! May you never have to say, with the Roman patriot, "I would rather have it asked why Cato had not a statue than why he had one!" Then our illustrious dead! Ye sceptered immortals, enthroned above the Nation's constellation, your memories will be glorious, pious, and immortal!

All Europe is catching the inspiration of our success. Freedom is everywhere advancing her dominions. She is coming forth from the dungeons in all the gorgeousness of a brilliant retinue, with the brightest diadem in all the world glittering upon her unblemished forehead! Before she attains the meridian of that reign whose morning looks so bright, she is hailed by the thrilling acclamations

of millions. Spain, the mother of Hebrew poets, looks up to the immortal Father. She has signalized her progress among the nations by taking down the statue of the detested Isabella, and putting in its stead that of Washington. We hail her deliverance from the Bourbon dynasty. Spain of Ferdinand has disappeared; the accursed Inquisition that devoured the fair Andalusia, converting the loveliest spot in Europe into a pandemonium, is abolished forever. The pinnacles of monarchy have been shivered into atoms by the lightnings of Castelar's grand eloquence! Austria's surging millions are progressing! The noble democracy of England are demanding, in tones of thunder, greater freedom and additional rights. The countrymen of Emmet are arming; they clasp their virgin bayonets, like virgin brides, to their breasts; their hearts beat with a holy palpitation; and when the great day of Ireland's deliverance shall come, their gallant blood will be poured out with a heroic prodigality.

In every region of the earth men are waking up as from a nightmare. The Moslem of the old Mogul Empire feels the scimiter stir in its scabbard, and he murmurs, "God is great." Japan opens her gates, and pagan millions receive the gospel from American tongues. China selects the gifted Burlingame as her messenger to the nations. The spirit of Washington is marching on! France, gallant, generous, polished nation; the land of quick thoughts, bright swords, and fair women; the France of Lafayette—honored name!—encompassed with so much fame, has unfurled the banner of republicanism, and has made her appeal to the God of Nations. The hands of the splendid but detestable Bismarck are red with Republican Frenchmen's blood. The French Republicans are fighting for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Against them are arrayed the Napoleons, the Bourbons, the Orleanists, and all the remorseless, marble-hearted tyrants of Europe. But despite of all opposition, despite of perfidy, despite of fraud, despite of European hostility, I believe that the Republic is unconquered and unconquerable. Be steady, Frenchmen! Better that your

splendid city be burned to cinders than that liberty should be extinguished in Europe. When I remember the magnificent heroism of Lafayette and his thirty thousand French warriors; when I remember that the friendship of France was a beacon-light to our fathers, every drop of blood that warms my heart is in sympathy with the brave, noble Frenchmen fighting for hearth and home. My voice is but feeble, and could I add millions to my own, I would pray God-speed the Republic of France; for its triumphs are the triumphs of democracy, the triumphs of liberty, and the triumphs of civilization.

We should thank God for the abundant harvests. The glorious promise of seed-time and harvest has been fulfilled. Farmers, a few months ago with long faces, predicted a prolonged famine. The beneficent Father watched the seed during its silent entombment in the bosom of the earth. He moistened it with warm summer showers, and shielded it from every destructive influence. He fostered, protected it, silently, invisibly, uninterruptedly, until it passed through its allotted stages of existence, as first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear, till at last Jehovah seems walking visibly over the smiling fields, dropping fatness and scattering garlands of rejoicing over every succeeding season. It is to the bountifulness of God we owe these harvest blessings. The fires of heaven might have destroyed our cities; the hail might have beaten down our fields of corn, as in Egypt of old; the frost might have cut the tender blade; the vapors might have spread the infection of a withering mildew; but, in the midst of all, mercy descends in the form of an angel, pouring from the rich horn of Providence blessings unnumbered over the land. How truly may it be said, "Thou waterest the ridges thereof;" that is, by the gentle exhalations of the dews or by the soft showers of the early or latter rain. "Thou settlest the furrows thereof; Thou blessest the springing of it," and watchest over it in its tenderest estate when just appearing above the ground, defending it from excessive heat or from the extremes of cold; till finally he bursts forth into the highly

figurative but still beautifully expressive climax, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drip fatness." With the sweet singer of Israel, may we not again say: "Behold He giveth food for cattle; the little hills rejoice together on every side; the valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing: The joy of the reapers, rejoicing in the harvest, is heard; the yellow corn falls beneath the sickle; the sheaves are piled in shocks; the graining train beareth its golden treasures to the homestead; the spacious barn is well stored, and the cheerful sounds of harvest home are wafted in repeated chorus, and echo among the hills and valleys of the land?"

A few years ago, when the Atlantic cable was successfully laid, Cyrus Field, full of gratitude to God for the triumph of his labors, sent five hundred dollars for the benefit of the poor of his native town in Massachusetts—Stockbridge. The gift was returned, with the explanation that the money was not needed, as there were no poor in the place!

We should thank God for home and social blessings. Home, thrice blessed word! For its pleasures it does not depend upon the elegance which art creates, nor upon the splendid pictures of the old masters which adorn castle walls, nor upon the curtains of richest lace through which the light streams by day, nor upon the golden chandeliers suspended from embossed and gilded ceilings, nor upon broad acres and magnificent apartments of crimson and gold. The best definition of *home* that I have ever seen, was given by a child when asked, "What is home?" Looking up at his mother, he answered, "*Where she is.*"

"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Where love is, there is home. Among the bright and beautiful creations of our religion is the charming spectacle of a happy family, connected by ties of blood, and having the same hopes, the same fears, the same interests, and the same joys. Look at such a delightful circle! There are the calm and the secret joys of the domestic hearth, that bright and sacred spot, where, in bonds of

holy affection, husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, mingle their purest thoughts and their fondest hopes in unrestrained fellowship.

No chalice of earthly bliss is so sparkling as that which passes from hand to hand in a million American homes to-day. These homes are Eden's little inclosures, favorite spots on earth's wide waste! In such a home there sits the father, the guide and protector of his household; there are the children climbing his knees, the envied kiss to share; and there in the circle sits the mother, radiant with maternal pride. A home like this is only surpassed by that Eternal Home, where the flowers never fade and the crystal waters never cease to send up their heavenly music.

"There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder beams emparadise the night:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened look benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
O! thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy *Country*, and that spot thy *Home*."

THE PERORATION.

My Thanksgiving sermon would be incomplete and graceless, did it make no grateful mention of the imperial benefaction, the gift of Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to be our Savior, and then crowned his mission upon the cross! Jesus a balm for every wound, a shelter in every tempest! Give thanks to the Supreme God for all the material, the rational, the physical, and the spiritual blessings of the year; for the extent and breadth of the national domain, grander and broader than that of Rome in its palmiest days; for the civil and religious liberty so largely enjoyed by every class and color of the Nation; for the heroic patriotism and the triumphant daring of the gallant soldiers, whose grand deaths in the blaze of battle shed immortal luster around the American name; for the thousand battle-fields made magnificently famous in our history, each one a Marathon or a Thermopylæ; for the gracious and abundant harvest which waved and glittered like a golden banner; for the signal prosperity of the Nation, the smoke of a million factories glooms the air, and the glimmering of our unconquered flag is gleaming upon every sea; for the iron band which binds the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, and belts a whole continent with a golden girdle of strength and union; for the joys of home, that magic and consecrated spot; for a free press, a free gospel, and a free land. The land of our love and affection stands to-day majestic and unapproachable amidst the devotion of forty millions of fervid, dauntless, enthusiastic hearts. Every nation in the Old World feels the fresh breezes coming from a country of freedom. Bright as a sun-flash and glorious as the God of day the radiant form of the Republic appears abroad. Think of the shining paragons, the founders of our Government! What a grand array of brilliant names! George Washington, an angel in human form; Franklin, who tamed the lightning and made the thunder sweet music; then the brightest jewel in our crown, the consummate flower of the century, Abraham Lincoln! Think also of our lit-

erary glories! We can point to such essayists as Emerson, Whipple, Holmes, Lowell; to such historians as Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, and Motley; to such soldiers as Sherman, Grant, Thomas, Meade, Rosecrans, and McClellan; to such statesmen as Trumbull, Sumner, Pendleton, Seymour, Chase, and Colfax; to such sculptors as Powers and Crawford; to such orators as the inspired Simpson, and Phillips of the golden tongue. Shall not the contemplation of these incomparable national blessings cause to arise from our united hearts, as from a living altar, the incense of adoring praise to the footstool of the Majesty Divine? Sons and daughters of the Most High, take down your harps from the willows, and break forth into singing: "Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power; praise him for his majestic acts; praise him and be exceedingly glad, men of the South, for the poisonous snake of slavery has been chased from your blooming plantations; praise him, ye Christians, for redemption, for a harp and crown in the eternal mansions; praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!"

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

DELIVERED IN PARIS, JULY 4, 1882.

WHILE in Paris I was called upon by General McAddras, a Hiberno Frenchman, who married an American lady of great beauty and wealth. He lived in great style. He offered to drive me out to Versailles, where there was to be a celebration of the anniversary of the French generals who helped Washington. I gladly accepted the invitation. He pointed out many of the historic spots so dear and yet so painful, many of them, to every Frenchman's heart! I looked with admiration at many of the peaceful glories, such as paintings, temples, and observatories, erected by the last Napoleon to hide his perjury,

his treason, and his murder of its best people. He was a perjurer in the deliberate violation of the solemn oath to uphold the Constitution. He was a traitor, in debauching the soldiers. He was a murderer, for he shot down three thousand Parisians like wild beasts. Few, indeed, who read his history will envy the life of Dictator Bonaparte. A poor Frenchman once stood over the coffin of a dead despot, saying, "He is dead; let him remain dead." So we say of the last of the Napoleons, "He is dead! Let him remain dead."

Having arrived at Versailles, the scene baffles all description. The woods, the flowers, the lakes, the ponds, the fountains, bronzed by the sheen of summer, sparkled as they never sparkled before. The beauty and quiet splendor was to me a rapture; the aroma breathed from golden blossoms, and the fragrance on which it was borne, was a luxury.

But to return to our delightful trip. After riding twelve miles through the most enchanting scenery, Versailles, with its magnificent fountains and statuary, bursts upon us in all its glory. I was met by a committee, and conducted to the statues, where a vast crowd had assembled. Several Frenchmen spoke; then my turn came, and I delivered this address upon Washington and Lincoln. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* cabled an account of the proceedings.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Not in words beautifully colored with the lights of this brilliant scene, this festival of memory, this festival of patriotism, this festival of Union, do I wish to speak of the illustrious man, whose name is immortally associated with the proudest recollections of the last thirty years of American history.

In responding to the part of the toast which your great goodness of heart has assigned me, I must confess myself humbled and exalted. Abraham Lincoln, the incomparable patriot, whose name is blessed in every land where civilization is understood, whose immortality is

established and revered where heads decked with earthly crowns are allowed to pass unheeded,—his honored name shall be a passport to every American journeying throughout the world forever. The young generations of the coming time shall rise up when his great achievements are recalled, and the old shall be proud of his memory. Blessings shall be eternally connected with his name. Flowers shall pave the way of his children's children, and the dark-browed race shall encircle his head as crowns of gold never encircled the heads of emperors.

Greece had her days of glory; but her own Pericles laid the foundation of that despotism around her, which was consummated by Alexander. Rome mourned the departure of her liberties, when her Cæsar passed the Rubicon. Carthage crumbled into nothingness from the insatiable ambition of her chiefs. The Republics of Venice and Geneva sunk unpitied and forgotten into the vilest servility before the blighting breath of a pampered aristocracy. It is to the immortal credit of Lincoln that he left the country stronger, freer, and grander than he found it. He found it verging upon ruin; he rescued it from destruction. He found it full of perils; he left it honored and respected. He found it cursed with slavery; he left it free and glorious. He found it disunited; he left it united. He found it weak and crippled; he left it victorious and triumphant.

Rise up, O Americans, and pay immortal homage to the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

Let Germany, the land of gorgeous imagination and of deep thought; France, the land of bright fancies and of brilliant men; Sweden, the land of the brave Gustavus Adolphus; Denmark, England, and Switzerland, join in the universal chorus! Let not Ireland refuse to pluck from her green bosom a rich shamrock, and place it upon our martyr's grave. Let all nations eternally enthrone the memory of Lincoln.

It is not necessary to speak of his acts; the grandest was his Proclamation of Emancipation—that New Testament of Freedom—which shook the world to its center.

It was everywhere hailed as a signal of hope and as an emblem of redemption. The African heard it upon his burning sands, and he felt his chains grow a little lighter. The Circassians, keepers of the gates of Asia, heard it on their mountains and proclaimed it through their valleys, telling them that though the Czar was great, Abraham Lincoln was greater. The Poles, generous and chivalrous, heard it, and they buckled on their swords once more to fight. Italy, by her vineyards and cornfields beneath her sapphire sky, heard it, and her sons from the white summit of Ætna waved boldly the torch of European revolution.

It was the immortal gift of freedom to the bondmen of the world; the same freedom which is implanted in all hearts by the good God; the same freedom which is enshrined by ten thousand glorious memories; the same freedom which nerved Brutus to drive out the Gauls; the same freedom that shines with heaven-born radiance in the darkest prison; that descends with the martyr into the fiery furnace, whispering words of divinest melody into his ears, and transforming the hot coals into flowers of rarest beauty and sweetest fragrance.

Where shall I begin to estimate the elements of his greatness? If his character were before me as a chart, where shall I put my finger? Among his many shining qualities, his honesty and sincerity were pre-eminent. He was honest to the core! The universal verdict of friend and foe was the famous saying, "Honest Old Abe."

The cunning artists of Italy boasted that they could make those Venetian drinking-glasses that shivered at the touch of poison! So the transparent crystal of Lincoln's soul recoiled from the insincere and the dishonorable! Did honesty stand alone? No! He was courageous! Never was there a braver heart! He would have died with the three hundred at Thermopylæ; he would have fought to the last with Washington; he would have mounted the scaffold with Emmet. He was a statesman; a statesman who saw that his country could not remain

half free and half slave; a statesman whose memory will be embalmed in the warm hearts of millions forever; a statesman whose name will be a household word and articulated in the first lispings of infancy; a statesman whose image will be borne upon the brow of beauty; a statesman whose life will be to the oppressed of Europe, in their poverty, captivity, and chains, resurrection, liberty, and glory. He was an orator of transcendent power; his eloquence, while lacking the classic and imaginative beauty of Sumner, the vigorous and commanding authority of Webster, nevertheless charmed, subdued, and instructed multitudes.

Perhaps the finest displays of his oratory were those debates with his illustrious rival, Stephen A. Douglas, an American full of electricity, full of passion, and whose dying message to his sons, "Stand by the Constitution and the laws," has endeared his memory to every loyal heart. He had much of the power—*foudroyante*—of Mirabeau, the French orator, who exclaimed of his opponents, "When right, I argue with them; when wrong, I crush them."

Abraham Lincoln! I see him afar off, dwelling in beautiful peace. He is where Miltiades, Tell, Hampden, Bruce, Tone, Emmet, are before him.

Proud be the flight of America's eagle over his tomb! May no foeman to the Republic ever plant a standard there! May the soft, warm earth that holds him never lack as honest and as patriotic a President! Sing his dirge in the words of Mrs. Ford, a true poet:

"Toll the bells, and speak in whispers,
For a hero lieth low!
Death has struck him down while hurling
Proud defiance at the foe!
But the life so steadfast, loyal
To its purpose, great and high,
In the land shall stay and triumph;
For the faithful never die."

If it be asked who bound the United States and unbound the slave, the answer will be, Abraham Lincoln!

If it be asked who saved the Union, one name will answer, Abraham Lincoln! If it be asked who raised the credit of the Nation and the prosperity of the Nation to an unexampled standard, one name suffices, Abraham Lincoln! If it be asked who, with the world against him, England against him, the devil against him, rescued the drowning banner of the Republic from destruction, and placed it so high that, like Mount Tabor, it is crowned with an eternal sun, the answer will be, Abraham Lincoln! If asked what conqueror ever exercised such generosity, such friendship, such magnanimity to a fallen foe, the perpetual warmth and brightness of the memories and the hopes of the chivalrous North, millions answer, "None so munificent to the conquered as Abraham Lincoln!" His was the task, and his shall be the renown. It was said of one of the ancient saints, who died a hundred years ago, that a votive wreath of flowers was buried with him. Recently, when the good man's tomb was opened, the body had moldered into dust, but the flowers were beautiful and fragrant. So it will be with our martyred President. All hail, thou greater than Washington! Washington and Lincoln—the one the founder, the other the savior of the Republic. Immortal Lincoln! Immortal in the warm hearts of the oppressed millions, who felt their chains grow a little lighter at the mention of his name! Immortal in the thanksgiving and cheers of the emancipated Negroes, whose eyes moisten as they recall his great Proclamation! Immortal in the incorruptible vitality of the Nation, the wealthiest and grandest, established upon an imperishable foundation! Immortal in the disgust and anger of despots, who hated him because the preservation of the Union meant their downfall! Let the oppressor die, let him be carried to the grave decked with all the trappings of splendor! I will visit the grave of Lincoln, and repeat the spell-word of weak nations, *Resurgam! resurgam!* Immortal in the glory of that flag carried by our soldiers into battle, where the Eumenides wave their torches and the trumpet of Alecto peals, nerved and quickened by the faith that the sun, bursting from it

in a flood of storm and glory, will maintain its light as did the sun of victory over the mountains of the Almonte! Immortal Lincoln, I salute thy memory with all the fervor of my soul!

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Revolutions are the landmarks of history! As the mountain springs from the dead level of the plain, so revolutions are monumental records of the progress and prosperity of nations. Sometimes these upheavals are the scourges and disasters of the race; but more frequently they are the pioneers of those blessings of civil and religious liberty which follow the wars for right and justice, when nations, crushed to the earth, rise with a heroic grandeur, and fling off the superincumbent weight of despotism. The Revolution commenced by that revered man in whose honor we are assembled, was for the uplifting and amelioration of mankind. Rising against a brilliant and powerful Government, Washington locked arms with an enemy possessing boundless power. Rise up, O Americans, and pay reverential homage to the fame of Washington! The birthday of such a man is a festival. It is a festival of memory, a festival of love, a festival of patriotism, a festival of truth. Brilliant and enthusiastic though this assembly be, it is only a small and insignificant part of the mighty hosts who, at this same hour, commemorate in speech, sermon, and song the virtues and deeds of the matchless and incomparable American. Wherever the stars shine to-night, upon land and wave, thousands and tens of thousands of liberty-loving hearts will travel back to Old Virginia, where he first looked out upon the grand and beautiful image of his native land; back to the banks of the Rappahannock, where he spent his youth; back to the wars against the French, where he felt the buddings of military ambition; back to that historic Congress in Philadelphia, where he was commissioned as commander of the Revolutionary army; back to Valley Forge, where his tears fell copiously as he looked upon the sufferings of his brave soldiers; back to

that sacramental scene, where he bowed and partook of those emblems which signify redemption; back to Yorktown, where the sword of Cornwallis was surrendered, and the banners of England went down in defeat; back to the Hudson, where some foolish and disreputable sympathizers with monarchy offered him a crown, but he proudly repelled the infamous proposal, anticipating by a hundred years the noble sentiment of the illustrious Hungarian, that any honest man would scorn to wear a crown; back to the splendid morning of freedom, when he stood upon the steps of the Capitol, and took the oath as President of the United States; back to Vernon's hallowed grounds, where his sainted dust sleeps in the grandeur of eternal peace. This is not an American celebration; it is the world's. Everywhere throughout the continents, the islands, and the cities of the earth, wherever there is a prisoner of liberty and a friend to humanity, his eye turns instinctively to these Western States, where millions, driven from their native countries by the rods and bayonets of their oppressors, have found a refuge and a home. For as one has beautifully said (alas! whose voice we shall never hear again!), that Washington's was a memory which can not be effaced—a bright and imperishable fact which perpetuates itself in every clime, in every season, year after year, with the promise that its vitality shall be enduring! In the fragrant land of the pine and the palm tree, where the bones of Columbus lie, there are hearts which beat fondly in the remembrance of this day. Beneath the dome which spans the coffin of the great soldier of France, the countrymen of Lafayette mention with French devotion the name of Washington. Far down the ocean, in those cities of the South, whose foundations were laid by the cavaliers of Isabella, Spain, the land of illustrious memories, in Castelar's thrilling tones, hears the echo of that voice which we, a century ago, heard declare to the desponding patriots: "I will raise a thousand men, equip them at my own expense, and march to the help of the men of Boston." By the Australian mountain lakes, where the waters mingle with the

yellow sands, the flag of America floats from a miner's home in that far-distant land. In Ireland there is not a city nor a town, from Cork to the Giant's Causeway, where the prayer does not bubble up in a million hearts, that the Republic founded by Washington may be coeval with the coming grandeur of the eternal Son of God.

Washington was born on the 22d of February, 1732, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. The father died when he was but ten years old. The care of the youth devolved upon the mother, of whom he ever afterwards spoke with loving tenderness. In his fourteenth year he contemplated entering the royal navy, but God overruled this arrangement. At seventeen he became a land surveyor, making twenty dollars a day. At twenty-one he was appointed aide to General Braddock in the war against the French. At twenty-seven he married the beautiful and accomplished Martha Custis, and settled down to farming on the banks of the Potomac. In 1774 he was selected delegate to the Congress which met in Philadelphia, when, at the nomination of John Adams, he was made chief of the national forces. England had no conception of the character of the men who inaugurated the Revolution. Her own degraded and impoverished subjects at home bowed the knee and bent the neck before royalty, and received their kicks without a murmur. It was expected that the Colonists would be as docile and cringing. "They misunderstood us," said Washington. Yes, indeed, it was a fatal misunderstanding. "We have thrown a pebble at a sleeping mastiff," said Walpole. "It can not injure him, but it may excite him to rend us in pieces." The prediction proved a true one, for George Washington snatched thirteen of the brightest jewels out of the King of England's crown, and planted them in the banner of American democracy forever. Americans know, or ought to know, something of the causes which produced the Revolution of our fathers. They know of the Stamp Act, which imposed taxation without representation, and that a man in Virginia said that the people of the Colony would not obey any laws which were not

made by itself. They know that certain Bostonians got angry at the taxation of their tea, and upon one fine morning they threw the chests into the sea. They know that when the news reached England, the king and his ministers were thrown into a royal fit. They know that war meetings were held, in which independence was boldly advocated. They know that the citizens of Carolina met in churches, and resolved to boycott those traitorous Yankees who were for the king. They know that the war came, and the result. They know of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, on which was inscribed the legend, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the dwellers thereof!" They know that the Liberty boys of New York dashed down the equestrian statue of the King of England, and that the gentle women melted it into forty thousand bullets, and sent it back to the stupid monarch in the bodies of his red-coated murderers. They know that Edmund Burke, the great Irishman, whose name renders our praise superfluous, the equal of Plato in the Academy and the peer of Cicero in the Senate, took his stand by the immortal American rebel, Washington, and vindicated in words of imperishable eloquence the claims of the Revolutionary States to virtue and liberty. It is the glory of Burke's countrymen that the first voice ever raised in the Old World to lift up the drowning banner of American Independence was that of their great countryman.

Time does not permit to review the deeds of Washington. The first important event of his soldier-life was the capture of Fort Duquesne from the French. Its importance has never been duly considered. Had the French been successful, they would have acquired a lordship over the entire West. Their customs and morals would probably have been stamped upon the people whom they conquered. It was in this campaign that Washington was first taught his faculty as a soldier; the advantages of natives fighting in the forests over foreigners; the help rendered by the swamps, the rivers, and the thickets; the utter helplessness of the most disciplined soldiers before the shrewdness of the hunter upon his own ground. In

these skirmishes through the wilderness Washington learned a lesson which he never forgot.

The second magnificent work of Washington was the foundation of this stately Republic. There were republics, it is true, before his day; but it was reserved for him and his illustrious compeers to give form and sinew to the new and better government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Patrick Henry, with his great Homeric eloquence, was a freshet in strength, a sea in abundance. Thomas Jefferson, calm, collective, was the brains of his age, and carved out of it the Declaration of Independence. Washington, brave, wise, and reflective, was the skillful master-builder.

The next and last labor of Washington was his Farewell Address, in which he laid down immortal truths for our imitation and emulation. He warns us against sectionalism, partyism, centralization, and military despotism, as the great foes of our institutions; commends morality, education, and religion as the safeguards of republican liberty. It was the rare privilege of Washington, not only to lead the armies of his country to success, but to give vitality to the idea of popular Government. This fundamental truth had been the dream of the sage, the song of the poet, and the theme of the orator. For this Locke unveiled the mystery of philosophy. For this Sir Thomas More reveled in bright visions. For this Milton struck the harp. But never until the foundation of our American Constitution was it made the basis of a free Government.

Washington was the typical American. It has occasionally occurred that a people has been incarnated in a single individual. Pericles has been set down as the representative Greek, Cæsar as the representative Roman, Hampden as the representative Briton, O'Connell as the representative Irishman; and American, George Washington! He is the foremost among the children of men. Now, although our country, in the hundred years of its existence, has many eminent names, yet before and beyond all others we rank the Father of his Country, and

him we would present as the consummate fullness of manifold perfections, immeasurably the largest and mightiest of all. Had he been among the old Greeks, he would have been worshiped as a god, and the name of Washington would, with the name of Hercules and Theseus, have taken its place among the eternal stars.

Washington was American in his patriotism. He loved his country as the Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills, or the Athenian the City of the Violet Crown. Her vast mountains, her picturesque lakes, her magnificent prairies, and her splendid landscapes were all dear to his heart. If Cromwell once said of Ireland, as he gazed upon the Lakes of Killarney, "Truly this is a land worth fighting for," so every American may be justly proud of his country, the land of Washington—the country of which Thomas Davis finely sang:

> "There are lands where manly toil
> Surely reaps the crop it sows,
> Glorious woods and teeming soil,
> Where the broad Missouri flows;"

of which Charles Phillips grandly said: "The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, find refuge, their industry encouraged, their piety respected, their ambition animated, with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, in which so many Irishmen's fortunes have been so resplendently redeemed."

The greatest element in Washington's life was his transparent sincerity. As a friend he was faithful, tender, and helpful. His private life was stainlessly pure. There were no skeletons in his closet. He hated shams, and his lofty soul recoiled from the appearance of anything like hypocrisy. The cunning artists believed that they could fashion their Venetian drinking-glasses that shivered at the touch of poison; and so the clear crystal of Washington's soul shuddered at the contact of the base and false. It is said that he spent $75,000 out of his private fortune to carry on the war, and that during his official life as President and general of the army he never accepted a

dollar for his services. Compare the British sovereigns with our Revolutionary fathers, and how insignificant they appear! Where among them all will you be able to construct a character of such symmetrical proportions and moral grandeur as that beheld in Washington? Gather into one the mental strength shared by this long line of contemptible creatures, and you could not construct one brain of such gigantic proportions as that exhibited by our imperial Jefferson. Glean from all along the pitiable harvest of this long succession of crowned heads all the statesmanship you can find, and there is nothing to be compared with our two Adamses. We hear much said by our dudes, toadies, third-rate preachers, every callow student and boy statesman, rotten before they are ripe, about the good Victoria. It might prove, as a Methodist bishop—Haven—once said: "A more difficult question than that of the most abstruse mathematical problem to demand of those who are so laudatory one solitary instance of real, positive goodness which has emanated from that woman in her character as sovereign during her whole reign." Negative goodness we may allow her; just the kind of goodness we should look for in a kitten. During her forty-five years' reign she has stolen from the British people over one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. With a salary of four millions annually, with fifteen hundred servants, with seventy chaplains and sixteen thousand bribed parsons to pray for her royal soul, she has never performed a noble and humane deed. Where among all these female monarchs will you find such a beautiful character as Martha Washington, or Julia Ward Howe, or Mrs. Delia Parnell, the daughter of our proudest naval hero, Commodore Stewart, and the proud mother of Ireland's matchless and immortal Parnell. We hereby challenge proof of the first great naturally beneficial act coming from any one of these royal ciphers, who, in the words of Cato the Censor, are "creatures who feed upon human flesh;" that is to say, regular cannibals. There is more true refinement of feeling, more resistless human tenderness, in any one of the moth-

ers, wives, daughters of soldiers and citizens, noble and elect ladies, who served during the war as bridesmaids at the marriage of Union and Liberty, and who own with exulting pride that they are the daughters of such a land!

I remember when in Columbia during the war a venerable woman, the Mother Superioress of a convent. She knew many of the Revolutionary leaders, and while she was giving her remembrance of those great souls, Washington's name was not mentioned. She was asked the reason, and if she ever saw him. She said: "Yes, indeed. I was speaking, however, of the men of the Revolution; he was an angel."

And now, before I conclude, let us look at the lessons of Washington's life. First, he was the champion of civil and religious liberty for all men. Despots hate it. It has been denied by kings and queens, and they were ruffians. It has been sneered at by eminent officials, and they were bought by gold. It has been denounced by State-paid preachers, and they were deceivers. The Russian, the Polander, the Irishman burns to realize the dream of liberty, which was the inspiration of great Washington's life.

The second great lesson was that no people can ever obtain their rights without fighting for them. O'Connell once said that no liberty was worth the shedding of a drop of blood; and his eloquent American compeer, Wendell Phillips, whom we have recently buried in tears and glory, says in his famous lecture upon O'Connell, that "muskets are the weapons of animals, but agitation is the atmosphere of brains." These eminent philanthropists ought to have known that tyrants never let go their remorseless grasp upon the throat of their oppressed serfs without the application of gunpowder. Holland won her liberty by the revolution in which she threw off the yoke of Spain. Greece gained freedom and prosperity by a war in which she shook off the Turkish and Mohammedan authorities. France achieved her liberty by several revolutions, during which she sent her pretenders to royal blood to the scaffold, where every ruffian of them ought to be sent.

There are those who are disposed to condemn Wash-

ington for his resort to the sword; but there was no other way to independence. This truth is finely expressed in the words of an English poetess, the noblest poem upon this subject in the English language:

"There 's a star in the West that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though it be not our own,
For liberty bursts in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem Star of the West?

He struck with firm courage the sword of the brave,
But sighed at the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Tho' he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

O, his laurels were pure! and his patriot name
On the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of an Emmet and Tell.
Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed
That his was the glory, and ours was the blood
Of the deeply-stained fields of the West."

As the centuries roll on, his fame will brighten with increasing splendor, shedding light upon the pathway of the heroes, the martyrs, and redeemers of mankind. As the old legend runs, St. Humbert died and was buried, and a green branch was laid upon his breast. At the end of a century the grave was opened, the saint's body had dissolved into dust, but the fair branch, unwithered, retained its perfect greenness. So with our Washington, centuries hence, when his beloved America is crowned like Tabor with an eternal light, his name shall abide imperishably green.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

THE first time I met General Sherman was at Paducah, Kentucky, when my regiment was ordered to his command. He intimated his desire to have the officers visit him. He was in his happiest mood, and inquired from what part of the State our companies were recruited and the name of the colonel. He spoke proudly of Ohio having done more than its duty in filling up her quota so promptly.

One of the captains thought he would take advantage of the general's cordiality, and began to ask questions. "Where is Buckner, the Confederate commander, and when do you expect to attack him? We are spoiling for a fight."

At this question Sherman lost his Christian serenity of temper, and abruptly answered: "A very improper question for you to ask, sir. You will have enough of fighting. The war is not yet commenced."

This pleasant and interesting incident, which took place after the battle of Chattanooga, shows General Sherman's knowledge of his men, his profound and touching allusions to the memory of those who had fallen in battle. It was at Resaca. The general visited the Irish legion; the soldiers uncovered their heads as they rushed in hundreds to catch a glimpse of their heroic commander, and hear what he had to say. General Sherman introduced McPherson, his successor in command of the Army of the Tennessee, and also General Barry; then inquired after the different officers of the legion.

General Sherman—"So the poor colonel was killed?"

Major Flynn—"Yes, general; and our lieutenant-colonel has not yet been able to join us."

General Sherman—"Why, was he wounded?"

Major Flynn—"Yes, very seriously."

General Sherman—"How is your chaplain? Is he still with you?"

Major Flynn—"No, general; poor Father Kelly died in Chicago."

General Sherman—"Have you many sick in the regiment?"

Major Flynn—"Not one."

General Sherman—"That is very good; still the situation here does not appear healthful, although your camp is very neat and clean. However, you will soon be leaving here now. In what State is your transportation?"

Such questions as these show Sherman's knowledge of and interest in his men.

In continuing the conversation, he said: "The road from Nashville to Decatur is now open. I have just been over it, and soon we will be ready to have another brush. As quickly as I can establish some more depots and get down enough supplies, we will be at it again. By the way, I had good news from Paducah this morning. The 'old war horse,' Colonel Hicks, defeated Forrest, who has about seven thousand cavalry up there with him; but General Grierson is in his rear, and will be sure to bag him."

At this point the band struck up "Hail to the Chief." The major made a neat little speech, congratulating the general on his promotion, and added: "I have just been reading in the Pilot that you are all Irish."

"Yes, Irish blood courses in my veins," remarked General McPherson.

"And for me," said General Barry, "my parents came from Cork."

"Well," said General Sherman, "I have never denied being an Irishman; and, besides, my wife is Irish. But we want to see the paper."

I never saw such a sudden change come over the face of any man as came over that of General Sherman after the battle of Kenesaw Mountain. In that terrible engagement several of the most brilliant officers had fallen, among them Harker, who commanded the Sherman Brigade, that had been raised by a brother of the general, Senator Sherman. General Sherman was terribly wrought up over this disaster. A Confederate prisoner was brought into headquarters, a soldier of some Savannah regiment. He was poorly clad, and looked wretched

when he was brought before Sherman; and as he beheld the stern countenance of the general he trembled with fear. "Where are you from, sir?" asked Sherman. "Ireland, be jabers! Gineral; and I wish I wor there to-day, sor," was the quick reply. Sherman laughed at the quick wit of the fellow, and had him clothed and fed, and for several days took a lively interest in him.

General Sherman possessed the true elements of greatness. He was ever true to his conceptions of duty. What a contrast to Nelson, who, on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, is reported to have said, "To-morrow will give me a peerage or a monument in Westminster Abbey." General Sherman would have said, "To-morrow will find me doing my duty to my country, or laying down my body on the battle-field where I have fought." There was about him another trait of character not often mentioned, his kindness and tenderness of heart. I have seen him frequently dismount from his horse, and share with a tired soldier the contents of his haversack. I saw him at Fort McAllister, when the sun was going down behind a magnificent grove of oaks, chastened by touches of solemn sadness, his cheek wet with tears as he beheld Hazen's brave division repulsed, and many a gallant soul hurled into eternity by the bursting of the hundreds of torpedoes which were buried in the earth. I have seen him in his tent listening patiently to the complaints of the private soldier, and never failing to have justice done.

The only time I ever saw him in one of his superb rages was in the city of Savannah, at the princely mansion of Charles Green. A British subject called and demanded protection on the ground of the neutrality of his Government. Sherman's face became white with wrath, as he exclaimed: "Do n't talk to me, sir, of your Government's neutrality! My soldiers have seen your Queen's mark upon every cannon and upon every gun of the rebels; and they can never forget it—no, never!"

After the war I was a chaplain in the regular army. My regiment was stationed in the Carolinas, where I had much to do with the establishment of freedmen's schools,

and with the measures of Reconstruction. The colonel of the regiment was a relative of Sherman by marriage, an accomplished and gifted man, who had won distinguished honors in the War for the Union. When I called upon General Sherman in Washington—he was then acting Secretary of War—I found him in a communicative mood, cordial, sociable, pleasant. His first question was, "How is ——?" referring to the colonel. I told him that many admirers were anxious for the colonel to enter politics; that "he could have a United States Senatorship." Sherman said: "That is impossible. Politics would ruin him. Besides, it would disgrace and blot out his fine record as a soldier. He must know, as every one knows, 'carpet-baggism in Southern politics is the very genius of humbuggery.'"

I mentioned to him that when at Savannah General Howard gave me a letter to a Methodist pastor, asking the use of his church for me to preach in to the Union soldiers. "Yes," said Sherman, "Howard is a Christian; he possesses a combination of personal courage and purity of character and Christian manhood seldom witnessed in war. In the darkest and most trying hours I always found him hopeful, cheerful, and ready."

Contrary to my expectations, he spoke in the highest terms of Logan, remarking that General Logan's oratory was not his only attractive quality. "I always liked him for his patriotism, for his eloquence. That one sentence of his at the breaking out of the war, 'The men of the Northwest will hew their way to the Gulf with their swords,' added thousands of soldiers to the ranks. He was not formed of the stuff of which parasites are made."

But it was for Lincoln that he had words of warmest praise. Lincoln was "the purest, the most generous, the most magnanimous of men. He will hold a place in the world's history loftier than that of any king or conqueror. It is no wonder that the Parliaments of Europe, that the people throughout the civilized world, should everywhere speak of him with reverence; for his work was one of the greatest labors a human intellect ever sustained."

I asked him his opinion of Lincoln's eloquence. His answer was: "I have seen and heard many of the famous orators of our country, but Lincoln's unstudied speeches surpassed all that I ever heard. I have never seen them equaled, or even imitated. It was not scholarship; it was not rhetoric; it was not elocution; it was the unaffected and spontaneous eloquence of the heart. There was nothing of the mountain torrent in his manner; it was rather the calm flow of the river."

During this conversation Sherman was full of enthusiastic admiration for the old soldiers. He was proud to be the commander of such men. He told with what a thrill of admiration the friends at home would speak in the years to come of their sieges, their battles, and their victories, and quoted Sir John Moore's dying words after Corunna, "I hope they will do me justice at home."

I told him that his soldiers were equally attached to their old general, and I gave him the following incident as one proof: At Raleigh, North Carolina, when his treaty with Johnston had been rejected, some of the professed religious journals of the North had written extremely bitter and untruthful articles as to Sherman's motives in accepting the surrender of Johnston, going so far as to say that the terms were inspired by Roman Catholic influences. These religious Cassandras scattered these papers all over the country; all the venerable old women believed that the country was ruined. Bundles of these newspapers were sent to the army; the soldiers at Raleigh were so enraged that they collected the obnoxious sheets in a pile, and set fire to them to the song of

> "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
> But his soul goes marching on."

This was the only opportunity I ever enjoyed of a long conversation with General Sherman, and my remembrance of him is as vivid and as fresh at this hour as when it took place. He was a soldier cast in the mold of Roman firmness, the very ideal of such a warrior as might have commanded the Tenth Legion. He combined with

qualities renowned in war others not less heroic; for no heart was more distinguished for kindly and generous affections. Under that singular, wiry exterior, nature had implanted a spirit of fire and an irresistible energy which reminds one of the Italian exploits of Lannes or the victorious intrepidity of Nelson.

"Free as he was in act and mind,
He leaves no braver heart behind."

A CULTIVATED MAN.

HE IS DESCRIBED TO THE METHODIST MINISTERS—AN INTERESTING SUBJECT DISCUSSED BY REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER, AT THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CLEVELAND.

AT the Methodist Preachers' Meeting Monday morning there was a large attendance. The order of the day was the discussion of "The Cost of a Cultivated Man," by Rev. George W. Pepper. The subject was delightfully handled by Mr. Pepper in his unique and inimitable way.

In his address to the ministers, Rev. Mr. Pepper said: "There is in the palace of the Louvre a splendid picture, of which the Siege of Troy, the living landscape of Homer's song, is the scene. Paris is beheld in silken dalliance with Helen, while his brother Hector is thoroughly prepared for the war. Contrast the disciplined, the fully-exercised, the well-equipped Hector with the softness, the self-indulgence, and the utter effeminacy of Paris, and you have the difference between the cultivated and the uncultivated man. He must pay a fearful price if he would attain to eminence. The loss of health, the self-denial of needful rest and comfort, isolation from society, and the almost hopeless distance of success,—these and a thousand obstacles interfere; but he may surmount them all if he be as one of the Titan-souled storied giants who, of old, heaped rocks upon rocks, and climbed upon this strange ladder above the clouds.

"The cost of a cultivated man: in the estimation of

his value we must refer to what the Supreme Being has supplied, the love with all its splendid capabilities. Everything had been created but man; the earth glowed in beauty and the heavens rolled over it in grandeur. The Almighty said, 'Let us make man.' Then there are the educational, philanthropic, and a thousand other appliances which must be considered. In the cost of a well-furnished man there must be the outlay of thought, the concentration of all his powers, patience. Nothing durable was ever improvised. What produced that wondrous host of Italian artists, which rise upon the sight like a golden cloud of beautiful spirits? What made Venice, Rome, England great? It was sublime patience, then the exercise of will. A man may be a good memorizer and be a fool, a great scholar and be a theorist; but will is the efficient factor in the production of a cultivated man."

The speaker described the cost of books, of travel, of observation, of the mind being well stored with facts. He said that matter was more important than manner; that in education, geography, history, and biography should come before grammar, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, abstractions, discussions, entities, and quiddities. These served but to disgust the pupil. The most serious evil of modern education was based upon a fashion. Debating societies were the nurseries of orators, the rehearsals of illustrious men. The most cultivated man he ever met was Gladstone; the most cultivated woman was Ada Rehan. She possessed a soul which was full of enthusiasm in all that is beautiful and noble. As an illustration of the triumphs of a cultured man and orator, the speaker quoted from Gladstone's address to the London preachers, in which he placed Richard Lalor Sheil—the last of the rhetoricians—as the greatest orator of the English Parliament. If Sheil's genius had the eagle's flight, it had the eagle's courage, too; if it could soar to the loftiest crag, it could wheel in the sunlight and pounce upon the stealthiest prey. He married a great beauty without fortune. The son of a wealthy father, he would not hang upon him for support. He would bake his own bread.

He had the honest daring to take the hand he loved, though the white finger wore no jewels. The great evil of modern culture is the cramming of memory. The scholar, instead of finding the schoolroom a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, finds rather an asinine feast of thistles. Memories crammed, fatigue and weaken the mind. As Humboldt says, "The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a cultivated man."

LECTURE ON IRELAND, DELIVERED IN ASHLAND, APRIL 25, 1888.

(From the Ashland Gazette.)

SUCCESSFUL in every detail and particular, was the verdict rendered by the vast throng of people which passed under the shadows and the many brilliant and parti-colored lights of the new Methodist Episcopal church on last Friday night, after the conclusion of the lecture on "Ireland as It Is," by Rev. G. W. Pepper. Never before in the history of our city was there such an overwhelming outpouring of the people to listen to a lecture, and never, perhaps, were our people better repaid than on last Friday evening, by the admirable and eloquent orator and minister, Mr. Pepper. It was an event of more than ordinary importance. The large window which adorns the front of the beautiful edifice is symbolical of the subject chosen by the pastor for his lecture. Parnell, Emmet, Gladstone. Three names interwoven with the struggles of Ireland for independence, right, and justice, and representing truth, patriotism, and manhood. These names will live in the memory of all Ashland Methodists as long as the magnificent new structure stands as a place of Divine worship. Long before the hour at which the lecture was to commence, the seats of the auditorium were filled by Ashland's best people; it was an audience typical of Ashland's society. The mellow lights from the chandeliers reflected on the beauty of the fres-

coed walls and ceilings, the vast audience, the spacious church, and, above all, the three names—Parnell, Emmet, and Gladstone—which met the observation of all in their lofty altitude, lent to the scene and the occasion an impressiveness and interest rarely experienced by our people. On the rostrum, supported by an easel, hung the Harp of Ireland, adorned with greens and flowers. Back of it was a large bower of hothouse plants, all giving forth an aromatic odor, which contrasted strangely with the chill April weather without. The chairman of the evening was Dr. J. P. Cowan, who announced as the first thing on the program, a song by the choir. The choir was composed of the Misses Ella Greenamyer, Mary McKean, Mary Curtis, and Messrs. Theodore McNeely, Harmon Grindle, and Ed Miller, who sang one of the Church hymns with more than ordinary effect. Miss Mattie Sprengle, as organist, and Mr. Frank Greenamyer, as cornetist, added materially and effectually to the splendid manner in which the choir acquitted themselves. Mr. Ed Miller then sang his solo, "The Wearing of the Green." To an Irishman's heart this national ode awakened all the memories of his Fatherland. Mr. Miller, with his known musical talent, fairly excelled himself. He sang as if impressed with the words which he uttered; his tones were clear, harmonious, and musical, and perhaps there was not one in that large audience that did not breathe with quickened breath, as he closed the splendid rendition of "Wearing of the Green." Mr. Pepper then came forward, and was greeted by great applause as he stepped for the first time on the rostrum of the new Methodist Episcopal church, the construction of which is owing, in a great measure, to his untiring energy.

It is needless to dwell upon his lecture, as it is given in full below. Suffice it to say, by way of comment, that his old-time vigor, enunciation, and the lofty flights of rhetoric for which he is noted, were displayed in their strongest light and to the best advantage. For two hours Mr. Pepper held his large audience; for two hours he alternately produced laughter and sighs; and when his

grand peroration was finished, we dare say that there were none in the audience assembled, that did not pity the condition of the Irish people, revere them for their love of home and native land, and with the firm determination to emulate their virtues and their patriotism in the future.

Mr. Dill Lamborn sang that grand old Irish ode, "The Harp," as a finale to the night's proceedings. All our citizens are familiar with Mr. Lamborn's style and eloquence, but upon this particular occasion he outdid himself. His broad, fluctuating, and tremulous voice lifted that grand old song from a few lines of words into a living and moving being. He surpassed himself, which can only be the verdict rendered by all.

The success of the lecture and the credit of it is largely due to the Methodist ladies of the Social Union, the officers of which are: Miss Grace Hughes, President, and Mrs. A. Jamison, Secretary. Miss Arbi Brown and Mrs. Will Carter, both members of the Social Union, materially aided the success of the project, by their untiring energy and application.

We can not close without mentioning one very essential and important feature of the night's entertainment—the charming lady ushers. But for them the immense gathering would have jolted and jarred each other to such an extent that all relish for the lecture would have been lost. They were the Misses Jennie Waggoner, Nettie Krebs, Edna Brinton, Blanche Kunkle, May McClain, and Annie Mason. After the audience was dismissed, Sheriff Flannery, of Mansfield, put seven dollars in Mr. Pepper's hand, to aid Ireland's cause.

* * *

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is the beautiful ordination of the Divine Creator that nations should each have their characteristics. The Hebrew was mighty by the power of faith; the Greek by knowledge and art; the Roman by arms; but the glory of the American is in his love of liberty. The pride of the Hebrew was in his religion; the pride of the Greek was in wisdom; the pride

of the Roman was in power. For the American, belief is not enough; ideas of liberty are not enough: nor is mere work. The age is an age of freedom. Though the American covers the land with factories and puts a mill on every stream; though he sifts the gold and silver of the hills, these golden grains contain the seeds of empires. He covers the ocean with ships, but every sail that shivers in the breeze has the promise of freedom in the sound.

The lecturer dwelt at length upon the three Irelands which he saw there five years ago,—the southern Irish, with red blood in their veins, who are unconquerably opposed to landlordism; the lords in Ireland, nine hundred men, owning 15,000,000 acres, and taking from the land annually $80,000,000.

The Scotch-Irish were eulogized for their republicanism, thirty of their best ministers dying upon the scaffold for Ireland. Parnell was eulogized by the greatest living statesman—that he was raised up by heaven to dig up the foundations of British despotism. The objections to Ireland possessing a Parliament were reviewed and refuted. Here the speaker took occasion to denounce the slanders of Ireland's enemies; that if the Irish Catholics could, they would exterminate the Protestants. The lecturer declared that "Ireland did not want London rule nor Rome rule, but home rule." This sentiment was loudly and enthusisastically cheered.

The Rev. Mr. Pepper rapidly sketched the traits of various nationalities. The German was thoughtful; the Scotchman intensely national, carrying with him over land and sea fond memories of the banks and the braes which the genius of Burns has made immortal; a land hallowed by the deeds of Bruce, whose helmet bears the scars of freedom's battles, and whose brow is blazing with the glory of one thousand years. The Englishman was characterized by devotion to duty; it was this love of duty that invested English womanhood the world over with grace and beauty. The speaker paid a high compliment to the democracy of England, and predicted the time was coming when young England would rise re-

splendent and glorious. He then spoke of the traits of the Irish people as he saw them when he revisited Ireland. They were earnest, eloquent, patriotic, and brave, and a gallant race. After seven hundred years, Britain is compelled to keep forty thousand sodiers there to prevent the people from rising in rebellion.

History has written it as our proudest eulogy. Geographically considered, it is but a small island, with an area of thirty-two thousand miles, and yet to most of her sons, scattered over the earth's wide surface, there is an indescribable charm and fascination in the very name. There are so many delightful associations over which one lingers in enthusiastic love, and which suggests to the mind illustrious memories of a time when it produced warriors, poets, saints, and orators. The climate is so charming, the scenery is so full of noble beauties, the soil is so fruitful, the men so brave, and the women so fair, and the whole people so brimful of wit and of a generous hospitality, that even the iron-hearted Cromwell exclaimed, while viewing the beautiful valley of the Nore from the cupola of St. Canice, "Behold, here indeed is a land worth fighting for."

Geographers tell us that the world may be divided into hemispheres, one of water and the other of land. Ireland is the center of the land hemisphere. A most admired poet says "that her back is turned to Britain and her face to the west," indicating that Ireland is favorably situated to become the great entrepôt of commerce between Europe and America. The Irish claim that the glory of discovering this continent belongs to one of their saints, St. Brenden, and that Ireland was the first, as she is now, the most friendly and trusted ally of the great Republic. That no other country visited by travelers approaches Ireland in natural attractions, is the belief of every Irishman. Where else do we behold so many great and characteristic features? Where such mountains as the magnificent chain of the Connemaras? Where gardens so sylvan and lovely, with winding walks, like those in forests, fountains, and springs? Where lakes

like those of Killarney, where savage wildness ceases to be terrible, because it is inconceivably lovely? Where cathedrals and churches of such grandeur and awe-inciting vastness? Where such a soil, fruitful enough to support fifteen millions of people? Where else can we feel in every air which blows the spirit of health, the freedom from the world, the communion with one's self?

Glorious old Ireland; the temple of nature where man casts off for a time all thoughts but of her, and drinks deep of the purest and loftiest source of enjoyment; mighty and grand in thy unrivaled beauties; wonderfully beautiful in thy enchanting loveliness, and thy mountains noble and magnificent images of eternal power and grandeur.

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Ireland is a heroic nation. The records of liberty are full of the praise of Irish valor. Satirical Voltaire, the cynic of the human race, may ridicule their gallantry, saying they fight everybody's battles but their own. Can Greece, Rome, Switzerland, Holland, or even America, present more glorious fields, or more gallant struggles for freedom? Their sieges are so many eulogisms, the most heroic are those of Derry, where the brave Walker held out against pestilence, famine, death, until God himself fought for him; and that of Limerick, where the immortal Sarsfield splendidly defied the bullets of the enemy. "Show me the man," said the Queen of Navarre, "that tells the nations that I am beautiful, that I may shower honors upon him." We love Davis for singing of Ireland's charms:

"O, she is a rich and rare land! O, she is a fresh and fair land!
She is a true and dear land, this native land of mine."

The patriot Irishman loves to refer to the glorious period of the United Irishmen—producing a host of bril-

liant men, among them poor Emmet, the beau ideal of a soldier, a patriot, and a man. Pity smiles through her tears on the strange and checkered scenes of his life in connection, not only with the scaffold, which he made radiant and glorious as the cross, but also the tender and touching separation from him of the young and beautiful daughter of a well-known Irish barrister.

TRIBUTE TO EMMET.

It was the evening of a lovely day; a young and beautiful girl stood at the prison gate, and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be a humble supplicant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive door; then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall, with downcast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him; the girl whose sunny brow, in the days of his boyhood, had been his polestar; the maiden who made him think the world was all sunshine. The clanking of his chains sounded like a death-knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her to his heart. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when he was gone. He spoke of bygone days, the happiness of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious.

"Hark! the church-bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of separation. The jailer entered, and, after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned; their eyes met; they could not say farewell. The door swung upon its heavy hinges, and they were parted forever. The next day, a pale girl, with golden hair, lay upon the bed of death. O! it was hard for her to die in that beautiful Erin, where the flowers

bloom, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul! O! no, her star was set, her heart was broken!

"When ties have been formed upon earth, what is more heartrending and agonizing to the spirit than to find the beloved is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing floweret? Enough, she died, the betrothed of Robert Emmet."

The muse of Byron has immortalized the maid of Saragossa; why should the amiable Sarah Curran, the betrothed of Robert Emmet, be denied equal honor?

COMPLAINTS OF THE IRISH.

The eloquent Gladstone, in his recent speech, ascribes Fenianism and all the troubles of Ireland to the misgovernment and oppression of England. Ireland complains that her land for hundreds of years has been deemed legitimate plunder for the rapacious and needy servants of the British crown. She complains that the most cruel tortures and the most savage measures have been used to force on her people a detested Church, where its members only form one-twentieth part of the population; that Henry II put the people to death because they did not want to be Catholics; that Henry VIII did the same because they would not become Protestants; that Cromwell, the saint, "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," put them to the sword because they were loyal to the king.

She complains that Elizabeth fomented revolts, murdering a million of the Irish, in order that there might be estates enough for each importunate courtier.

She complains that William of Orange, he of glorious memory, turned out four thousand families to die upon the road, and then established a penal code worthy of Herod.

She complains that the second George disfranchised five-sixths of her population, and drove a hundred thousand to the army of France.

She complains that her clergy were hunted and massacred.

She complains that seven millions of money, supported by a hundred thousand bayonets, united Ireland to England.

She complains that, when the sword failed to exterminate, England, the Christian nation, organized periodical famines in the years 1817, 1831, 1837, 1847, reducing Ireland from a population of eight millions to half that aggregate.

She complains that the frightful wars of 1644, the revolt of 1798, and the insurrection of 1858, were created by England for the extirpation of the Celtic race.

She complains that confiscation, banishment, and the gibbet have been used by the Government of England for the speedy and complete destruction of the Irish people.

She complains that for five hundred years the flower of every generation of Irishmen have been killed on the battle-fields, or murdered on the scaffold, or driven into desolate exile for love of Ireland.

She complain that the sacred character of manhood, without which our life is lower than the dogs, is trampled under the feet of her foreign lords.

Ireland, in the face of Europe, in the face of America, in the face of the great Creator, is amply justified in entering upon a war with England. The people can do so with a free conscience, and a full assurance that it is heaven's work.

It is Ireland's last resource, long evaded, long postponed. The rights which she sought in vain to purchase with her tears, she springs up at last to purchase with her heart's blood. In the coming onset the Irish people will have the sympathies of the true and good. The earth is weary of their groans.

They fight for liberty to live. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen would again die in the tortures of famine if they continue to bow their necks to the Parliament of England. They fight for the liberty to retain the rights of manhood; that, in common with every nation in Europe, they may possess arms to defend themselves. They fight to resist outrages more grievous and dishonoring

than those for which an English king was brought to the block; outrages which, in this hour, would cause the swords of France to spring from their scabbards to strike dead the audacious author. They fight because they are denied peace, except at the price of dishonor; because their hero leaders are doomed to the prison and to the gallows. They fight because the honor, the interest, the happiness, the necessity, the very existence of that ancient nation depends upon the valor of the present time. If the Irish at home cower, flinch, or falter, then the hopes are gone for which their fathers gave their life's blood—gone in the stench of dishonor and infamy, that will cling to it forever. In God's name, let the struggle begin. O that my words could burn like molten metal through your veins, and light up the ancient heroic daring which would make each Irishman a Leonidas, each battle-field a Marathon, each pass a Thermopylæ!

American history is full of the Irishman's achievements.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, were Irishmen. One-third of the Revolutionary soldiers who defended New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts from the British hosts were Irishmen.

Chivalrous Montgomery was an Irishman. Thomas Addis Emmet, the polished diamond of the New York bar and attorney-general of the State, was an Irishman. The Pennsylvania legion were Irishmen. Wellington, the great military captain, was an Irishman. Curran was an Irishman. The humorous, witty, and patriotic Dean Swift was an Irishman. Edmund Burke was an Irishman. Daniel O'Connell, mighty in eloquence, and whose commanding majesty of soul embraced within the circle of his sympathies all religions and races, was an Irishman. John A. Logan, the heroic commander of the Army of the Tennessee, is a decidedly Irish name.

The Churches of the United States are under eternal obligations to the Irish people. The innumerable Roman Catholic cathedrals and churches are evidences of their religious devotion. Philip Embury, the first preacher of

Methodism in the country, was an Irishman. Rev. Francis McKennie, the first Presbyterian minister, was an Irishman, born in the romantic county of Donegal. Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Church to which the lamented Garfield belonged, was an Irishman, born and educated in the county of Armagh. Charles Thompson, the founder of the Sons of Liberty, and the first secretary of the Continental Congress, was from the county of Derry. Let the names of defamers perish; but may the memories of the illustrious Irishmen who stood by our magnificent country be glorious and immortal!

Mr. Pepper made an earnest appeal for American sympathy. He showed that in every war for the Union Irishmen were in the vanguard. In 1776 Franklin wrote a letter to Thomas Cushing, of Boston, saying, "The Irish are our friends." Lord Morentsjoy exclaimed in the House of Lords, "You have lost America by the Irish." Lord Chatham declared in his great speech, "Three millions of Irishmen are on the side of the Colonies."

In 1861, when England was ready to go to war with us about Mason and Slidell, when the entire press of London was against us, Bishop Haven was then there. He wrote a letter to the Methodist organ, the *Watchman*, defending our Government. The editor only published a portion. He went to Ireland unattended, when sixty thousand Irishmen "*Resolved*, If England goes to war with the United States, Ireland stands by the Stars and Stripes forever."

Goldwin Smith, in a letter to the London *Times*, has asserted that Americans are against Ireland. I boldly affirm that our great men in Church and State, of the present and past, no matter to what party or to what Church they belong, are with the Irish in this holy cause.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S WORDS.

Is not William McKinley, just elected President, an American? Hear him:

"Get for Ireland what you can to-day; to-morrow get what she ought to have. The United States was always

on the side of liberty, and the Irish people are always on the side of the United States."

Hear the eloquent champion of the Methodist Church, Bishop Simpson: "I thank you for your address on Ireland. God hasten the time when the oppression in Ireland and the world will cease!"

Listen to Bishop Hurst, of the University of Washington: "I believe there is no danger to Protestantism in the adoption of Home Rule for Ireland; on the contrary, I believe Home Rule essential to the extension and propagation of Protestantism in Ireland."

Hear Charles Sumner, the pride and glory of the American Senate, a few years ago, in a letter I received from him: "Justice to Ireland is a British necessity. In every effort for Ireland there is but one side for my sympathies."

EULOGY UPON GENERAL MEAGHER.

Here the speaker reviewed the achievements of the great champion of Ireland's cause, dwelling at length upon that illustrious patriot, Meagher.

Thomas Francis Meagher, in appearance, was a fine specimen of a genuine Celt. He was of medium height, a captivating *personnel*, a florid face, brilliant eyes, glowing with the fires of patriotism. His countenance was thoroughly Milesian, large, open, genial, plump, and ruddy. His voice was the music of freedom. Meet him in sociable moments, he was overflowing with wit and humor of the rarest kind, caustic and cutting against intriguers, speculators, and political charlatans; but genial and flowing towards his friends; full of buoyant vivacity, wit, and historical lore, he was a genial, instructive, and delightful companion. He was as pleasant a friend as Lover ever painted in any of his novels; his strongest weakness was a devoted love of the social pleasures. This was the head and front of his offending. In the light of his heroic sacrifices, we may well forget the errors from which no mortal is free, and rank his name high in the list of those who have deserved well of their country, and made their mark upon their day and generation.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Its chief object is the resurrection of Irish nationality. It advocates civil liberty, religious toleration, and education, believing that a people to be free must be educated. Its grand principles are those of Swift and Jefferson: "That all Governments, without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery." Its immediate mission in Ireland is the establishment of a Republic based on that sublime truth, grand as the heavens stretched over our heads, "That all men are created equal." During the eight years of its existence it has excited the sympathies of mankind everywhere for Ireland; it has spread its ramification all over the British isle; has called forth the admiring applause of the American Congress; has shaken the wooden walls of old England, and has created a sentiment in Great Britain and throughout the world, which demands that justice be done to Ireland. There is a grand battle impending in the old land; but while Irishmen's sympathies are so contracted and their hearts so full of prejudice, they will never see it.

There may be a disposition to doubt the possibility of accomplishing the freedom of Ireland. It may be considered as the promoting of a sanguine constitution, and the day-dream of an ardent and vivacious fancy. That there are immense difficulties to overcome, that to the progress of liberty there is opposition such as no other system can encounter, is instantly and candidly acknowledged. There are religious divisions and long-continued and deeply-rooted prejudices to be crushed. There are thousands of foolish Orangemen who dance attendance upon the landlords, who, for their own aggrandizement, countenance the disgusting mummeries of Orangemen. There are hundreds of English and Scotch peasants who could wear the British crown. There is the aristocracy, and an army of spies, detectives, and informers. In spite of all these obstacles, I have a steady faith in the success

of our cause, and I affirm, without hesitancy, that the time will come when, grandly as of yore, Ireland, released from the grasp of remorseless Britain, will make her own laws, and be governed by her own children.

This is an enterprise worthy of our most earnest and indefatigable efforts. Strive to feel it, my countrymen, in all its grandeur; let the aspiration breathe in every scene; be it in the buoyancy of health, and in the languor of sickness, and in the closing agony of death, let your last prayer be for the deliverance of the old land.

Ireland will yet triumph. She will rise again like a young queen, proud and happy. Prosperity will run like fresh blood through the veins of her people. The green banner will be hailed in the port of Boston. Emmet's epitaph will be written:

> "O, the sight entrancing,
> When the morning's beam is glancing,
> On files arrayed with helm and blade,
> In freedom's cause advancing."

THE IRELAND OF 1848.

The young Irish Revolution of 1848 gave birth to a splendid crop of poets, orators, and patriots; was described by Thomas Francis Meagher, who was in point of eloquence the most captivating orator of the period. He was sentenced, like Emmet, to be hung, but made his escape to the United States, where he rose to be the brilliant commander of the famous Irish Brigade in our late war.

Thomas Moore is universally regarded as the national poet. Handel said he would rather have composed "Aileen Aroon" than any of his great operas. Byron wrote to Moore, saying, "I shall not suffer my daughter to read your 'Lalla Rookh,' lest she discovers there is a greater poet than her father."

Thomas Davis is more popular with the Irish than Moore. He wrote the war songs of the people. How the

Americans were thrilled in the War for the Union by singing his poems, such as:

"What rights the brave?
The sword.
What frees the slave?
The sword.
What strikes the crown of tyrants down,
And answers with its flash their frown?
The sword."

And

"Whether on the scaffold's height or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die is where he dies for man."

What can be sweeter in its pathos than these tender lines of Brennan's? He was losing his sight in New Orleans, and thus addressed his wife in Ireland:

"Come to me, dearest! I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time, in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome my waking which ceases to fold thee.

Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy oveliness, queenly and holy,
Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
Rise on my gloom, like the sun of to-morrow.

Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lips and a smile on your cheek, love,
Come! for my heart in your absence is weary;
Haste, for my heart is sickened and dreary;
Come to the arms which alone shall caress thee,
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee."

These are but samples in recent years of England's victims in Ireland, her transplanted felons, her banished scoundrels; but like the conscript fathers of the American Revolution, of whom Lord Hillsborough sneeringly said, "They deserve no terms, those Yankee rebels, but ropes around their necks," I say these Irish patriots and exiles, like your own sires, are God's true nobility.

"The man dies, but his memory lives," exclaimed Emmet, when, in the chains of a remorseless tyranny, he pronounced that grand and thrilling vindication of his conduct in trying to secure, as he says, for Ireland what Washington obtained for America. Never was Demosthenes more eloquent; never was Paul more intrepid; never was Sir Henry Vane, the pink of English chivalry, more courageous! Little did the lofty-minded patriot think that in a Methodist church, nigh a hundred years after his great soul had gone to God, his beautiful prediction should be realized. "Let no man write my epitaph until my country takes her place among the nations of the earth," is among his last golden sentences; but as the venerable Mrs. Welch, with ten generations of Presbyterian Irish blood in her veins, said to me this morning, "Emmet's epitaph is written in the hearts of the Irish millions throughout the world." Her father was a member of the United Irishmen; took their oath, like every Irishman of note at that time, near Derry, and escaped to the United States. He, like the venerable Dr. Clokey, a Presbyterian clergyman of this State, was engaged in the same holy cause, and to this day "Remember Clokey" is attested by the Irish. Yes, pure and chivalrous soul, thy memory lives. As long as these sacred walls shall resound with the divine truths of the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man; as long as this pulpit shall be filled with the sons of Wesley; as long as these magnificent windows shall be adorned with a splendor reflected from the sun; as long as there shall be a Methodist here, upon whose head I have poured the crystal waters of baptism; as long as the lawns surrounding this church shall wear the loveliest of green; as long as there is a heart to feel and a tongue to speak of patriotism and chivalry, the eye will turn to yonder "Home Rule" window, and lips will pronounce with emotion the name of Ireland's martyred son, Emmet. American Democrats will remember that Thomas Addis Emmet, the first attorney-general of New York, and who died while pleading the cause of a fugitive slave, was the friend of Jefferson.

American Republicans will not forget that the President of the first Republican Convention ever held was Judge Robert Emmet. American soldiers of the late war will think with patriotic pride of the two brave young Emmets, who, in the beautiful morning of life, in Meagher's Irish Brigade, poured out their blood, that the stars upon our banner might shine with a more triumphant splendor.

And now my last word is to Ireland. There she lies upon the western borders of Europe, rising from the ocean fair and beautiful as a dream in a maiden's breast; where the Shannon flows more grandly than the Hudson; where the mountains faint away from her embrace like a fearful, willing woman; where all nature is grand and exquisite; for nature is always grand to the unhappy! I believe that the sorrows of seven hundred troubled years are about to end; that Parnell will dig up the foundations of Irish landlordism; that the accomplished statesman, the devout Christian, Gladstone, will unite the democracies of both countries; that Erin will soon rise up, clothed in radiant health, and sacred peace, and solemnized with liberty, an eternal union; and may these ladies of the Social Union, under whose fair auspices this brilliant assembly has convened, yea, may all these ladies present, live to be the bridesmaids at that festival of liberty, patriotism, independence! It is told in Church history that the mother of Augustine was alarmed at the wild conduct of her son, and in her agony she cried to one of the fathers, "Is there any hope for my son?" The good saint replied, "The child of so many tears can never perish." So liberty lifts her tear-stained face to the heavens, and asks, "Is there any hope for Ireland?" The voice of Eternal Justice replies, "Ireland will not perish!" She will yet lift up her scarred but stately brow among the commonwealths of the world, redeemed and resplendent with the brightest crown in all the world resting upon her unblemished brow, the crown of freedom. Send it in my time, O Lord!

IRELAND'S MARTYR.

THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT EMMET CELEBRATED IN PHILADELPHIA —ELOQUENT ADDRESS BY REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER— O'CONNELL RECITES EMMET'S SPEECH.

THE one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, Ireland's patriot martyr, was celebrated by the Irish residents of Philadelphia, March 4, 1895, as it was in almost every city of the country. The chief interest of the day's observance centered in the monster meeting at night at the Academy of Music, where Rev. George W. Pepper, of Cleveland, Ohio, the brilliant ex-chaplain of the United States army, and late consul to Milan, Italy, delivered an eloquent address on "Ireland! Liberty Springs from Her Emmet's Blood," to an immense audience.

A full orchestra played the national airs of Ireland, and the songs of Erin were rendered by distinguished soloists. Maurice F. Wilhere presided on the occasion.

* * *

It was the proud utterance of a great Greek that there was a time in Athens when there was profound silence, and the stranger entering within the gates asked the reason, and he was told that Demosthenes was speaking in the assemblies of the people. So to-night there comes a voice to us across the waters of the Atlantic, speaking more eloquently in death than it ever did in life—the voice of the patriot, the hero, and martyr—the immortal Robert Emmet. This is a consecrated and brilliant scene. Brilliant though it be, it is only a mere sprinkling of the Irish millions who to-night upon earth's broad surface are traveling back in living memories to the spot which sheltered the childhood and youth of our hero.

Let us travel back to the scenes forever sanctified by the presence and patriotism of the man whose name to-

night rises to every Irishman's lips; back to that stately and imperial city where his dying legacy has left his name without an epitaph; back to that hospitable and elegant home in which his youthful patriotism was stimulated; back to that college where he acquired the eloquence which afterwards shook the British throne to its foundations; back to the Historical Society, where he made his first speech in behalf of free discussion; back to that old Parliament House, in whose galleries, when listening to the immortal oratory of Grattan, he pledged his life to the land he loved so well; back to Thomas Street, where he offered up his life; back to that venerable Episcopal churchyard, where his sainted dust sleeps in the grandeur of eternal peace.

Rise up, O Ireland, from the majestic Shannon to the beautiful Lee, and pay reverential homage to the memory of Robert Emmet! Let Spain, the land of illustrious memories, behold in her great-souled Castelar the incarnation of Ireland's patriotic son! Italy saw in him the spirit and the fire of her republican Rienzi! Switzerland associates his name and deeds with her own Winkelried; Scotland, the land of Bruce and Wallace and of Burns, will not refuse to lay a wreath upon the memory of one who was as brave and tender as her most honored sons. Americans, from the waters of Massachusetts Bay to the yellow sands of California, will, in speech, in sermon, and in song, forever unite his name with her immortal rebel, George Washington!

Let us, in the review of his brief but brilliant career, contemplate the time, the cause, the martyrdom, the man, and the lessons of his life! Robert Emmet was born the 4th day of March, 1778, in Dublin, the noble capital of Ireland. The old earth in those years was rocked by the earth-throb of democracy.

It was the time of the American Revolution, when the rebellious Colonists flung to the bending heavens and to the listening earth the banners of revolt; when Sam Adams preached the doctrine that resistance to tyrants

is obedience to God; when Jefferson wrote the Charter of Independence, teaching that gospel, grand as the heavens stretched over our heads, that all men are created free and equal. It was the time of the French Revolution, when the people rose in heroic grandeur, and sent every royal pretender, who blasphemously called himself lord, to the scaffold. Thanks to the brave Frenchmen who took advantage of our young American Republic to strike for liberty!

It was the time of the Irish Volunteers, when, in the splendid dawn of her freedom, Ireland, without hesitation, without comprehension, and without a thought of reward, rushed to arms, and eighteen thousand of her stalwart sons stood in line, with great and sublime defiance echoed by Nappi Landy guns, demanding legislative independence. That act of the volunteers forms, up to this day, the brightest jewel in her proud historic diadem.

Emmet was only four years old when the battle for Irish rights was fought and won. He must have heard from his revered father about the story of the eloquent war; how the majority of the inhabitants were disfranchised because of religious beliefs, which they deemed essential to their eternal salvation; how the prosperity of the country was ruined by the acts of Parliament prohibiting the manufacture of woolens; how the felt hats weighed heavier upon the Presbyterians of Ulster, exiling forty thousand of them to these shores; how the French appeared upon the Irish coast, and the British Government could render no aid; how the volunteers met in the old Protestant Church of Dungannon, and proclaimed that no power save the people of Ireland could make laws for the ancient nation; that the ships of every nation might enter the harbor of Ireland; that the infamous Penal Law should be not overreached. But, speaking of Dungannon, how many memories it suggests! Whatever may be the disgraceful condition of the Orange idols there to-day, the past at least is secure. Never in the history of poor Ireland was there a graver moment, and I indorse

with all my Protestant heart the patriotic words of Thomas Davis:

"More honored that church of Dungannon is now
Than when at its altars communicants bow;
More welcome to Heaven than anthem or prayer,
Were the rites and the thoughts of the warriors then there;
In the name of high Heaven, the delegates swore,
We 've suffered too long, and we 'll suffer no more!
Unconquered by force, we were vanquished by fraud,
And now, in God's temple, we vow unto God
That never again shall the Englishman bind
His chains on our limbs, or his laws on our mind."

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Never in the history of Ireland was there a brighter array of brilliant orators and statesmen than in the Irish Parliament. There sat Henry Grattan, of whom Lord Brougham said: "He was the first orator of his age, and it was the age of orators." How grandly he advances to the task of introducing his wonderful declaration of Irish rights, and fifty thousand bayonets were brought to the charge to enforce its passage!

"I will never be satisfied so long as the meanest cottage in Ireland has a link of the British chain clinging to her rags. He may be naked, but he shall not be in irons; the declaration is planted, and, though great men should fall off, the cause shall live; and, though he who utters it should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the feeble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the sword of the prophet, will not die, but survive him!"

When these words were uttered, it was a great day for Ireland! There was a spectacle of grandeur rarely witnessed. Hark! listen to that sound, heavy and deep as the rush of the springtide upon the ocean beach! It is but the rising to their feet of the Irish Parliament! Then a crash, causing those venerable colonnades to reel as if an earthquake shook them! Ireland had won her independence! There sat Henry Grattan, his white hair encircling

him with a crown of glory. When he rose to speak every whisper was hushed, every ear was attention. When he sketched the war in which the rights of the people had been secured, tears sprang to every eye.

There was John Philpot Curran, the polished diamond of the bar, whose eloquence was like the tempest which shook the pine-trees of a continent. When he asked in thrilling tones what shall be done in case our liberties are again imperiled, the hearers bounded from their seats, and in their hearts they felt like exclaiming, like the ancient Hungarians, "We shall die for God and our country."

There was Foster, the Speaker of the Parliament, the faithful friend of his country, and proud of her prosperity. There was Plunket, when all his words meant something, who delighted all hearts by saying, "I will fling the connection with England to the winds, and clasp the independence of my country to my heart."

There was Harry Flood, whose defeat and triumphant tribute to America is remembered: "A voice from America shouted liberty, and every hillside in Ireland answered liberty. The echoes of Bunker Hill rolled over the Atlantic, wakening Ireland from her disgraceful sleep of centuries."

There was Goold, the Patrick Henry of the Irish Republicans. He had held as with a scourge of fire the enemies of his country. Listen to his defiant and lofty periods as he denounced: "There are forty thousand soldiers in Ireland, and with forty thousand bayonets at my heart England shall not plant another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic! I want not the assistance of divine inspiration to tell me, for I am enabled by the unerring demonstrations of nature to assert that our country was destined to become free and independent. The patent to be a State comes direct from heaven. The Almighty in majestic characters has signed the great charter of our independence. The God of nature never designed Ireland to be a province of Great Britain, and by the eternal God she never shall."

THE CAREER OF EMMET.

Robert Emmet entered the University of Dublin in the year 1798, and while there he became a member of the United Irishmen. Auspicious event! Memorable era! An event which marked him as one of the redeemers of his downtrodden country. History will give that historic year a conspicuous place in its imperishable page, and in the coming years Irishmen, enjoying the blessings of it, and grateful to the heroes who sacrificed life and worldly prosperity for the freedom of Ireland, will do justice to the memories of those who have been its instruments. It is extravagance to anticipate that when a national emancipation has been achieved, honors shall be done to their memories, and that spotless shafts of marble in the cities and villages of Ireland shall proclaim the names of the leaders of the splendid Protestant rebellion of 1798. Never did the revolutionary period of Ireland present such a glorious assembly of patriots, soldiers, and martyrs as that of 1798.

I might speak of Theodore Wolfe Tone, the founder of that splendid organization. His masculine sense, his loving, fresh heart and powerful pen were a tower of strength to the cause. With his persevering appeals and diplomatic skill he rendered his country invaluable service. He taught the great lesson that union was strength; that when Catholics and Protestants were united, the result would have shaken Britain like a moral earthquake. Thousands of great men of every religious persuasion joined in a common brotherhood. Glorious day when this unity shall again be seen! Then will the morning dawn! Then will appear the Irish Republic! Then, I might speak of the elegant and intrepid Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The Almighty had raised him in the terrible hour of war, when his influence was worth ten thousand men in strengthening and building a national republican spirit among the class to which, by birth and ancestry, he belonged. Remarkable both for his filial piety and courage, he was a man of the most noble and disinterested heroism, whose

abilities fitted him to shine in any position had he not chosen to cast his lot with an impoverished, heartbroken people! Such was the love and reciprocal respect that this lofty-minded man had for his countrymen, that it might be said of them, as it was once said of that famous Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, that it was hard to judge whether he delighted more in having such a people, or they in having such a chivalrous leader.

I might speak of Thomas Addis Emmet, who, considered simply as a man, was a rare and perhaps an unparalleled specimen of human nature. He was capable without a struggle of taking the first place in nearly all the highest walks of human greatness. By nature he was a logician, an actor, and a consummate lawyer; in philosophy and medical law he was a master. He was equally adapted to shine on the judgment-seat in the Senate House and at the helm of State. In my new home here this wondrous combination of prowess, of beauties, gifts, and graces was exercised in the vindication of justice. Is it any wonder that such a marvelous man should die pleading the cause of a slave, and that New York State should erect that monument to his illustrious memory, which attracts the eye of every stranger as he walks past St. Paul's churchyard?

I might speak of William Orr, a man of the same class as those mentioned in point of talents, tact, energy, patriotism, stainless purity; he was not a whit behind any of the United Irishmen. We admire his fidelity to republicanism, and his virtues; his liberal and enlightened views; his pre-eminent services to Ireland, and his transcendent charity, as he was about to die upon the scaffold. Nearest to him and by his side stood a Roman Catholic servant man, faithful and attached, manacled and pinioned. Orr directed this man to take from his pocket the watch that he had worn till now that time had ceased for him, and hours and moments were now no longer to be measures of his existence: "You, my friend, and I must part. Our stations here on earth have been a little different, and our modes of worshiping the Almighty

Being, that we both adore. Before his presence we shall stand equal! Farewell! Remember Orr!"

The death of William Orr is one of the noblest incidents in history. Writers of all political parties agree in testifying that his character turned into an unparalleled grandeur and solemnity upon the scaffold. He exhibited that Roman fortitude which was the perfection of humanity, and in addition to it the Christian fortitude which transcends humanity. We will remember Orr! When we think of the hallowed name of the United Irishmen, we will remember Orr! When we think of the persecutions which have deluged earth in the holy name of religion, and which was the work of England, we will remember Orr! When we think of the outrages perpetrated by a brutal soldiery, we will remember Orr! When we think of the howl of intolerance raised by the landlords to continue the foul demonstration of tyranny, we will remember Orr! When we think of the disgraceful bigotry and virulence which would chill the warm hearts of the Irish Presbyterians towards their Catholic countrymen, we will remember Orr! When we think that all popular modes of coercion have been bred, the scaffold, the gaol, in famine and exile; when we think of the horrible inhumanity in the trial and execution of the gallant Manchester martyrs, we will remember Orr!

The speaker then described the insurrection in Dublin—the arrest of Emmet, and his trial. The speech was pronounced to be the most magnificent effort ever delivered; magnificent, eloquent, thrilling. It was a noble defense of Ireland, a burning rebuke to the inquisition and tyranny of England. It was clear in argument, elegant in diction, and contained some of the most masterly appeals to a jury that ever were delivered. It drew tears from the head lieutenant, who exclaimed, "Justice is too severe, and the sufferer is to be pitied." Lord Cornwallis declared: "Emmet is a lofty soul; he has drowned the ignominy of his rebellion by the magnanimity of his conduct." Mr. Pepper then described the scene of the execution, and his visit to the spot one year ago.

In closing his address, Rev. Mr. Pepper said: "When I was in Westminster Abbey a year ago, there was a tomb which greatly attracted my attention—a masterpiece of Italian genius. The doors of the sepulcher are partly opened; Death is represented as slowly but surely advancing to strike a female figure radiant in beauty and jeweled robes, reposing upon a shaft of marble. I gazed and pondered, and returned again to look at the significant monument.

"I was reminded that in every throne-room in Europe, Death was concealed; but the time was coming when out of all of them the King of Terrors would free his way, and that the old earth would shake like Sinai with the resurrection of the nations to republicanism, to life and health. The movement will be more stupendous and more glorious than when the bones in the valley put on radiant flesh. It shall come to Italy—beautiful and historic Italy—locked in her sculptured sepulcher! It shall come to Hungary, with the knife of Austria at her proud and beauteous neck. It shall come to Poland, whose devotion to liberty is more sacred than the wedding ring! It shall come to the African, whose greatest apostle, Douglass, has been laid away in glory and in tears.

"Animated by this union of patriots in all regions, we unite our aspirations in the spirit of one of the greatest of those living Republican apostles, and say: God of Liberty! Thou who didst lead the oppressed from Egypt and didst entomb the proud in the waters of the Red Sea; O God! who didst proclaim the dogma of Equality on the sublime night of the Last Supper, and anointed it with Thy divine blood in the tempestuous Evening of Calvary! God that didst evoke from the depths of unknown seas a New World, in order that its virgin sire might receive the confederation of youthful and progressive democracies; God who didst through the obscure deep guide that miraculous ship, the *Mayflower*, in which the Pilgrims journeyed, and also the Catholics of Maryland, exiled by monarchical England, to found a Republic in America; God who didst shine with so much glory in the rotunda

of the Capitol in Washington when slavery was abolished as on the peak of Sinai; God of the Redemption, God of the Washingtons, the Emmets, the Vanes, the Joans of Arc—we, too, place before Thee fettered Irish millions, and implore Thee that Thou wilt not refuse them assistance to this cause, which seeks to apply Thy eternal justice to human society, and to realize Thy spiritual kingdom on earth by means of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S ANCESTORS.

After paying passing tribute to the memory of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, William Orr, Henry Joy McCracken, and other founders of the United Irish Society and moving spirits in the stirring scenes of '89, who shed their blood willingly in the cause of liberty and for the independence of their country, Rev. Dr. Pepper continued:

"The same story may be told of Captain Francis McKinley, who dedicated his youth and manhood to the cause of Ireland. In his fresh and radiant youth he took the oath, and was soon elected captain of one of the companies. He plunged into the red sea of war, and fought most gallantly for his country. He was tall and handsome, with so much frankness and vivacity in his nature that everybody loved him. Two of his uncles, because of their hatred of oppression, had emigrated to the United States, and from one of these uncles the distinguished occupant of the Presidential chair has descended, and the lofty deeds of his patriotic namesakes and relatives are among the brightest glories treasured by the McKinleys of Ireland—the sweet remembrance that one of their number gave his life to make Ireland one of the commonwealths of the world. Captain McKinley was arrested and hanged, and his head was seen suspended from a public building in Dervock. The patriot was buried in Derrykigan churchyard, and for years pilgrimages were made to his honored grave. During this centennial year hundreds, if not thousands, of pilgrims from the United States

will visit his grave and the graves of other United Irishmen of Counties Antrim and Down. It is such men that kings fear, make life illustrious, and death divine.

JUSTICE FOR IRELAND'S CAUSE.

"O Ireland, my country! the land of my birth, the land of my affections, the land of my fathers, when will thy wrongs be redressed, thy sufferings be ended, and the crown of thorns blossom into a crown of flowers? That auspicious day will come when thy children are united! It will require time and patience, education and charity. Remember that the temper of a people is not to be changed by a wish! The disasters of seven centuries instruct us that a new method must be tried! All Ireland wants is justice. The application laid down for all ages, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' They would restore to her self-government. Many of the English people have at length resolved to try it. Justice to Ireland! This will give a power and a policy which England has never practiced, and it will carry Ireland into the hearts of the English people—a noble region where England's conquerors have hitherto never trodden.

"There is the progressive and liberal England of the democracy; this England we love and cherish. And there is the England of despotism; this England we detest and abhor. This is the England that has plundered Ireland, robbed India, and fought against the United States. Proud are we of the accession to our ranks of such men as lead the Liberals to-day in England. What but the justice of the Irish cause and a holy and irrepressible love of righteousness could have induced these eminent men not only to retire from the aristocratic association into which they were born, honored, and beloved, and to forego brilliant prospects, to link their futures with the despised and persecuted Irish, representing a cause 'everywhere spoken against?'

ENGLISH BIGOTRY MUST DOWN.

"I hail their championship with unspeakable delight. Down must come the frenzied bigotry of the English

classes against the Irish masses! Down must come the prejudices that have so long interposed their dark and baleful atmosphere between the two countries! Down must come the House of Lords, that for centuries has listened in vain to the trumpet appeal of starved millions! Let not the Irish cause, which in 1798 and 1848, according to Lecky, was largely Protestant, be sacrificed to the interests of any religious denomination. No! a thousand times no! No union between Church and State! Let the Irish remember England's old scheme to divide them on religious questions. A hundred new universities, Catholic or Protestant, will not reduce the rent of a single oppressed farmer, nor save the life of one beggar.

"Rather would I see the Irish race extinguished,—and I speak the sentiments of true Irish Nationalists,—rather would I see the ancient monuments leveled to the dust; rather would I see Dublin a desert, the people outcasts, and dear old Ireland a reproach, than that the land for which Emmet died and Grattan pleaded,—that her hopes and expectations should be blasted by such treachery.

"Think of Charles Stewart Parnell being deceived by such a trick! O that he were living at this hour! O for his splendid leadership! One blast upon his bugle-horn were worth ten thousand men! I love his memory!

"The great Napoleon gave it as his opinion, when chained to the rock of St. Helena, that in one hundred years Europe would be either Cossack or republican! That imperial prophecy is being realized in our day. The old earth shakes to and fro with the earthquake throbs of revolution.

"As one of the champions of European liberty once said in a burst of eloquence, 'Put it to a vote, and all Europe, by an overwhelming majority, would declare that the only gospel preached by the heavens and the earth is land for the landless, homes for the homeless, and the fruits of the earth to the tiller thereof.'

"Ireland must rely on herself. She must watch the hour, and strike, if necessary, for freedom! Her young men must learn the use of arms; they must drill, drill, drill!

An ounce of steel is worth a ton of eloquence! If all Ireland were to go down upon her knees, and shake a petition into the face of the House of Lords, it would be absolutely useless. In union there is safety; in disunion there is disaster! In union there is vigor; in disunion there is imbecility! In union there is victory; in disunion there is defeat and disaster."

CARDINAL MANNING AND OTHER CELEBRITIES.

THE death of Cardinal Manning called forth from the London *Times* the comparison of Manning and Spurgeon to the two bright planets which at the time appeared to the eye of the observer to approach each other and almost mingle their rays in the solemn evening sky. In like manner two great Englishmen, whose religious orbits, though acknowledging a common center, were as really distinct and distant from each other as those of Jupiter and Venus,—the orbits of the two men, like those of the two planets, were far apart, but they derived their light and heat from the same source. Both were true Christians; both were philanthropists; both had the confidence of the poor. Spurgeon was the representative of a great individual force; Manning was the representative of a great and splendid hierarchy. Spurgeon was humorous, shrewd, and practical, endowed with a fund of invincible common sense. Manning's personality was equally remarkable, and a man of high ecclesiastical ambition. He was the flower of Rome after he became her champion. He was, however, the heir, like Spurgeon, of several generations of men of plain lives and pious ways. Manning was a ripe scholar, an accomplished writer, a fluent and impressive orator, and a social power. In princely palaces and poverty-stricken hovels his was a name to conjure with. His habits were those of a hermit. Thousands of the poor people, whose cause he pleaded, were better fed, better clothed than he. The staple of his food was oatmeal bread; his only drink, water.

I had only one opportunity of hearing this famous man. It was a lovely summer day; the church was a very common one, and the audience was equally devoid of attractions. They were nearly all toilers, and contrasted sharply with the splendid robes of the preacher and his environments. The cardinal would attract attention in a crowd by his imposing appearance. He was as straight as a poplar, thin as a herring, hair white as snow, his voice low but penetrating, his manner calm and conversational. He stood in the pulpit like a statue. But his voice was his great charm; it retained all the richness and melody for which it had been renowned sixty years before, when he was the star preacher at Oxford University.

Lord Beaconsfield, in his "Lothair," gives a portrait of him, which can not be improved: "Above the middle height, his stature seemed modified by the attenuation of his form. It seemed that the soul never had so frail a tenement. His countenance was of an extreme pallor, his cheeks were hollow, and his gray eyes seemed sunk into the clear and noble brow, but they flashed with irresistible penetration."

I have spoken of Cardinal Manning's lack of gesture. There was not the slightest movement of the body. There was not a single break in the placid action of his hands and feet. I was reminded of the incident which happened the year before in Edinburgh, when an over-zealous deacon remonstrated with his pastor, Dr. Dods, for his want of gestures in the pulpit. "What shall I do?" said the divine. "Stretch both your hands out over the congregation." He did so, holding them there for two hours. At first the audience was surprised, then horrified. They thought his hands were paralyzed. He was left to pursue his own way. No one ever remonstrated with him again.

An American critic speaks of the distinguished prelate, that he is the ideal of a man who has just enough earthly substance about him to engross thought. The mouth and the eyes, as they speak, do the work of expression; yet the face is classic enough to charm a Greek sculptor. The eye it is that withers with contempt, and it sends light-

ning from an ever-cloudless brow. What color have those eyes!—tenderest blue, steel-iron. The voice has a fine range, and has been thoroughly trained. If there be any one who imagines that the grand effects of oratory are produced by loudness, he ought to have heard Manning, and learn that such effects are produced by lowness. He would have learned, also, that it is easier to hear low tones by reason of their greater distinctness, just as we can hear a violincello farther than the trombone beside it.

The tone of his discourse was liberal and broad. He called Protestants "his separated brethren." There is a fine passage in one of Burke's speeches, to the effect that, as upon the spot where volcanoes existed, but have burnt out, every fruit of the earth may be grown; so when religious animosities have ceased, everything lovely and divine may be cultivated. Of Cardinal Manning's temperance views many stories may be told. The fact is, that he was not a teetotaler for years. Taxed with inconsistency in Exeter Hall, he explained that he was under the advice of his doctor when he took a little wine. "Then why not change your doctor?" a voice inquired from the meeting. "I did not think of that," was his reply.

We may apply to Cardinal Manning the words of Aquinas, a great authority in his Church:

> "Si doctus est, doceat nos
> Si sapiens est, gubernat nos;
> Si sanctus est, oret pro nobis."

From the cardinal to Hugh Price Hughes, the great Methodist philanthropist, the transition is easy. I never saw a man of such energy. Day and night, from January to December, in the city and in the country, his stentorian voice is heard in behalf of temperance, in support of political reform, in defense of the poverty-stricken millions. He is now president of the Wesleyan Conference, an event a few years ago which would be regarded as impossible, for Hughes has always been a radical of the radicals. His election last year will be always remem-

bered as memorable. He has the sympathy and support of the best men of England and Wales and of Ireland. They love him for his bold and righteous protests against wrong and injustice; they love him for his frank confidence in his efforts to lift up the submerged classes; they love him for the revival of the old Methodist chivalry, which still lives in this intrepid preacher.

I heard him one afternoon in St. James Hall. The rain poured in torrents; but the immense building was packed. The occasion was the persecution of the Russian Christians—called *Stunde*—the German word for hour. These brave confessors met by the hour at stated places to worship God. They were hunted, arrested, fined, and imprisoned. It was a glorious manifestation, worthy of the noble cause, and Hughes was in the plenitude of his glory. He first used his logic, and then his rhetoric; for rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root. That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. "Despots hate light," he exclaimed. When the ruffians seized these Russian heroes at night there was a candle lighted. "Put it out," said one of the officers, "for God's sake!" "He ought to have said," continued the fiery speaker, "for the devil's sake; for God had said at the beginning, 'Let there be light.'"

Hughes is a noble specimen of robust manhood. He is not tall nor strikingly picturesque, but stout and rather below the middle height. When on the platform he is like a steam-tug of tremendous power. As editor of the *Methodist Times* he did a brave and gallant act in the support of Gladstone's healing measures for the relief of the sister isle. It was this fearless action, in the teeth of great opposition, that first endeared him to Americans. He was the first prominent religious editor to plant his British colors and his British sympathies with the injured Celt. He is a Welshman with all the fire of his race, and there is no nobler heart than that which beats in the bosom of Hugh Price Hughes. In the office of the *Methodist Times* I met the assistant editor, Mr. Crook, the son of an Irish

Wesleyan minister, a stanch and gifted Liberal, who followed his chief through all his battles, and as secretary of the Reform Club executed all his orders. The Liberal party is deeply indebted to Mr. Crook for his indefatigable labors; they have been equal to a thousand men.

I was surprised and pleased to find that many of the sons of Wesleyan ministers had risen to distinction in Parliament and at the bar, refuting the common belief that ministers' children are not successful. We have an illustrious example in the city of Cleveland, in the brilliant career of Dr. H. F. Biggar, to whom reference has been made. He is the son of a Canadian Wesleyan clergyman. When a mere boy he resolved that he would be no shallow Cavalier nor a dull dilettante pedant groping lazily in the rich storehouse of libraries without fixed purpose. Aspirations after a loftier destiny and a higher utility thrilled every nerve and burned all his veins. It was a favorite saying of the sages of antiquity, that the just man struggling with difficulties in the sight of heaven is a noble sight. We are told that in northern climes, amid the eternal snows, when travelers are overwhelmed with the terrible cold of the frozen air, they are seized with an uncontrollable drowsiness, to sink down and die. Dr. Biggar never succumbed to adversity, but through all the tempests and trials of early manhood he practiced the wise old proverb, "Help yourself, and Heaven will help you." His success as a physician has been great; but distinction in this department has been thrown into the shade by his mighty achievements as a surgeon.

I may be pardoned for recalling, in this connection, a forgotten celebrity of our own country. Any one who has had occasion to look into the stirring scenes of early American Methodism, may have come across the name of the bluff and whole-souled Dr. Charles Elliott. He was an Irishman from Donegal, a scholar, a ripe and accomplished linguist, speaking Greek, Latin, and Hebrew as if they were his mother tongue. In personal appearance, he was not an Adonis by any means; in height, five feet; a head like a mountain, eyes gray, and his carriage awkward and ungainly. When preaching he would occasion-

ally, when tremendously in earnest, throw out one leg over the pulpit, and the preachers sitting in the pulpit where frequently in danger of being thumped by his hands. He was an enthusiast for education, and he would very often say at Conferences, when pleading for more colleges and schools among the primitive Methodists, "When the doors of Dublin University were shut in my face because I was a Wesleyan, I vowed that I would labor all my life to make Methodism have the best colleges in the land."

He was editor, college president, historian, and author of many standard volumes. He was a great student. "Depend upon it," he used to say, "there is no such thing as labor lost. Depend upon it, whatever branch of study you pursue, and however recondite or remote its utility may seem, a time may come, and when you least expect it, that you will derive practical knowledge from it."

Dr. Elliott was once preaching to a country audience. One of the officials said: "I think he is a smart man. What a pity he has not received an education!" What the prince of preachers, Robert Hall, said of John Foster may be applied to Dr. Elliott, "He is a lumber-wagon loaded with gold." He preached well, but scattered terribly.

Dr. Elliott could be humorous at times. He was once asked if he were sanctified. "Yes," he replied, "in spots."

I have frequently heard Farrar, who preaches with great simplicity and power. He feels in his own soul the power of the truth which he preaches. Nobody ever looks at his watch when he preaches.

But Stopford Brooke is the great orator of the London pulpit, and many a delightful audience can bear splendid testimony to his matchless eloquence.

I heard Stephenson, a Wesleyan; clear, evangelical, and methodical. "What do you think of that preacher?" "I did n't think of him at all, but of myself, and I thought I was a most perfect rascal," was the reply of one clergyman to another.

Dr. Parker is the Beecher of England, and preaches, even on week-days, to immense audiences.

A FEW LETTERS REGARDING MY WORK ON THE WAR, ENTITLED "SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA."

LIMITED space prevents the publication of letters from Ex-Presidents Grant and Harrison, the latter thanking me most cordially for my services in his election.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, November 26, 1866.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. PEPPER,
Wellington, Lorain County, Ohio:

My Dear Sir,—I have read with great satisfaction your book, entitled "Sherman's Campaigns," and find it to be, so far as I am capable of judging, an impartial and reliable history of the most prominent engagements and campaigns under the leadership of General Sherman in Georgia and the Carolinas.

If the merits of this work of yours are duly appreciated, it can not fail to prove highly remunerative. . . .

With my best wishes, I am

Very truly yours, DAVID TOD.
(*Ex-Governor.*)

ST. LOUIS, July 9, 1868.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. PEPPER,
Chaplain of the 80th U. S. Infantry,
Goldsboro, N. C.:

Dear Sir,—I was unable to write you as I promised at Cleveland, but I sent you a message that I would do so as soon as I got to St. Louis.

Since my arrival I have cast my eyes over the volume entitled, "Personal Recollections of Sherman's Campaign in Georgia," etc., and am well pleased with it.

Personal recollections of events within the observation of an author are very interesting, not only to the parties themselves, but to the general reader, and I am sure hun-

dreds of officers and soldiers will peruse your volume, because it groups these events in a shape easy of reference, and with sufficient explanation to make them intelligible.

With great respect, your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN, *General.*

COLUMBUS, November 19, 1866.

REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER:

Dear Sir,—I have found pleasure in looking into your volume of "Personal Recollections of Sherman's Campaign," and recognize in it one of the valuable *aides memoires,* which can not be overlooked when the final history of the Great Rebellion is written.

It has all the raciness that personal experience gives, and its full details of army life, added to its reliability as a historic record, ought to make it a popular and attractive book.

Though written from your standpoint as an officer in the Army of the Tennessee, you have succeeded in making it more full than could be expected in its details of the movements of the other parts of Sherman's grand army.

Very respectfully yours, etc., J. D. COX,

Ex-Governor of Ohio and Major-General.

FORT HARKER, KANSAS, August 9, 1869.

TO THE REV. BISHOP JANES, Norwalk, Ohio:

Reverend Sir,—I take pleasure in informing you that Rev. George W. Pepper, a member of the North Ohio Conference, was chaplain of my regiment for two years, and that I had an opportunity of judging of his qualities as a minister of the gospel and a Christian gentleman. I can certify that he performed his duties fully in accordance with the requirements of his station, and to my entire satisfaction. He held service every Sabbath, and attended the sick in garrison; and in saying this much, I may add that I know of no position where a minister is required to exercise more faith and perseverance than in the army, where they receive little or no sympathy from those

around them. I believe that Chaplain Pepper maintained at all times and under all circumstances the respect of all, and the dignity of his profession.

In addition to his official duties, he rendered great assistance to the Government in North Carolina as editor of the *North Carolina Standard* and as a public speaker. The fruits of his labors in that State in the cause of education will continue to develop long after our names are forgotten.

As a man who possesses unusual powers of eloquence, scholastic attainments of the highest order, and who is zealously devoted to his profession, I earnestly recommend him to your favorable notice.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

NELSON A. MILES,
Colonel 5th Infantry.
Brevet Major-General United States Army.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, March 29, 1869.

TO CAPTAIN GEORGE W. PEPPER:

My Dear Sir,—I regret to learn that, under orders, it will be your duty to leave this State. My best wishes will go with you. One of the first of Sherman's noble army to call upon me after you reached the city, and having expressed your confidence and friendship, I shall always cherish pleasant recollections of our intercourse, and the hope that your future may be as fortunate as your past life has been true to the cause of liberty and Union. Our Republican friends of both races will not soon forget your efforts in the cause of Reconstruction, and the ability and zeal which you have displayed as one of the editors of the *Standard.* I trust a generous and just Government will properly appreciate and recognize your single-minded devotion to its interests.

Wishing you many years of prosperity and happiness,

I am truly your friend,
W. W. HOLDEN.

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, January 8, 1868.

Dear Sir,—I have your note of the 7th, in reference to the condition of Ireland and the rights of American citizens abroad. The latter question has been, and still is, the subject of discussion between this Government and various foreign Powers, and it is to be hoped that a satisfactory conclusion will soon be reached. It has already been brought up in Congress, where I took occasion to declare the absurdity of the claim made by England. I regret the condition of affairs in Ireland, which is indeed deplorable, and I am glad to see that the subject is beginning to engage the attention of English statesmen.

Justice to Ireland is a British necessity. In every effort for human rights, there is but one side for my sympathy and aspiration.

Believe me, sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER, Goldsboro, N. C.

LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1896.

CHICAGO, November 10, 1896.

REV. G. W. PEPPER, Cleveland, Ohio:

My Dear Sir,—The Republicans of this State have once more asserted themselves, and once again Illinois is a State to be proud of. In the hard battle just over, we feel that much of the credit of our success belongs to the men who preached the gospel of sound money and sound sense all over this State.

To you, as one of these speakers, the State Committee tenders its sincere and profound thanks for services rendered.

Congratulating you and all good citizens upon the glorious victory, I am, sir,

Very respectfully, CHAS. S. RANNELS.

ST. LOUIS, MO., November 21, 1896.

DR. GEORGE W. PEPPER, Cleveland, Ohio:

My Dear Dr. Pepper,—Your good letter of the 19th received. I feel as you do, that by concerted action and perseverance we will eventually triumph; in fact, we intend to keep up our organization throughout the State, to the end that we may be able to change the complexion of our Congressional representation in 1898, as well as to carry the State in 1900.

I received many evidences of your oratorical abilities, as well as of the high character of your work in Missouri, and assure you the same is duly appreciated. . . .

With sincere regards, believe me,

Yours very truly, R. C. KERENS.

MANSFIELD, O., November 25, 1896.

CHAPLAIN GEORGE W. PEPPER, Cleveland, Ohio:

Dear Chaplain,—What shall I say? How shall I tender you in words my thanks for your able services in the campaign of good Government, sound money, and protection?

It was a glorious victory, and I am glad that you found time and opportunity to participate therein.

One thing we know, the old flag floats, and our friend, William McKinley, God sparing his life, is to be the Executive head of the great Republic. And to you, and the many loyal men like you, is largely due this happy condition which is to come March 4th next. May you live many years yet, Chaplain! And I will know that you will look back to 1896 with great pleasure. Many, many thanks again.

Yours very truly,

HENRY C. HEDGES,

With Speakers' Bureau.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TERRITORY OF MONTANA,
VIRGINIA CITY, December 17, 1865.

My Dear Friend,—I should have written to you some time since—indeed, shortly after my arrival here—but I forgot your address, and had to wait until Mrs. Meagher sent it to me before I could write to you.

I write now a few lines only—can't write more—being greatly pressed down by official correspondence with Washington, this being the busiest time of the year for that kind of work.

I have n't time to do more, in fact, than cordially write you to join me here as soon as you can.

It is a perfectly beautiful and delightful country—singularly rich and singularly grand. Americans who cling to the Atlantic seaboard, or to the Mississippi Valley even, have little conception of the wealth and grandeur of the country they own. You can not realize it until you traverse the plains or ascend the Missouri to its head-waters, and look over it from the Rocky Mountains.

You, my dear friend, would exult in being here. It is just the country for one of your temperament, your intellect, your heart, and eloquence. . . . Come out to Montana, take up and fence in your one hundred and sixty acres, under the Homestead Act, in one of our wonderfully fertile, abundantly-watered, and well-timbered valleys—and, my word for it, you will feel yourself a new man, and an American citizen in full.

However, if you desire to follow your profession—to preach, attend the poor and sick, devote yourself to charitable, religious, and intellectual labors—I promise you that, so far from being disappointed and damaging your condition, you would be most pleasantly surprised, and your prospects brightened.

We want men of your stamp, your accomplishments, your facility of writing, and attainments in oratory, out here, and, with such solid capital as you possess in these respects, you would soon find yourself a substantial man.

Mrs. Meagher, in writing to me the other day, and giving me your address, begged that I would entreat you to join me in Montana, and that, as she proposes to leave St. Louis by boat for Fort Benton early in the spring, to take up her home with me in this glorious young Territory, it would delight her extremely to have you and your family as her companions in the journey. Open a correspondence with her right away, and settle the matter with her. I have two or three things for you to do, for which I shall furnish you with abundant material and cordial assistance. Write immediately, and say you have determined to come, and believe me, as ever, most affectionately your friend, THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

Governor.

ERRATA.

PAGE 120.

In mentioning my first pastorate in Wooster, I see I have unaccountably omitted the names of many kind friends. Among them were the Blacks, Taylors, Lo ıs,

Page 264. Defaulting cashier should read defaulting employee.

A prolonged sickness of the author prevented a careful revision, hence a repetition of one sentence and neglect to give due credit.

Instead of the first McAleavy mentioned, the name should be McAloon. I would like to insert here also the name of Dr. Corrigan.

ERRATA.

PAGE 120.

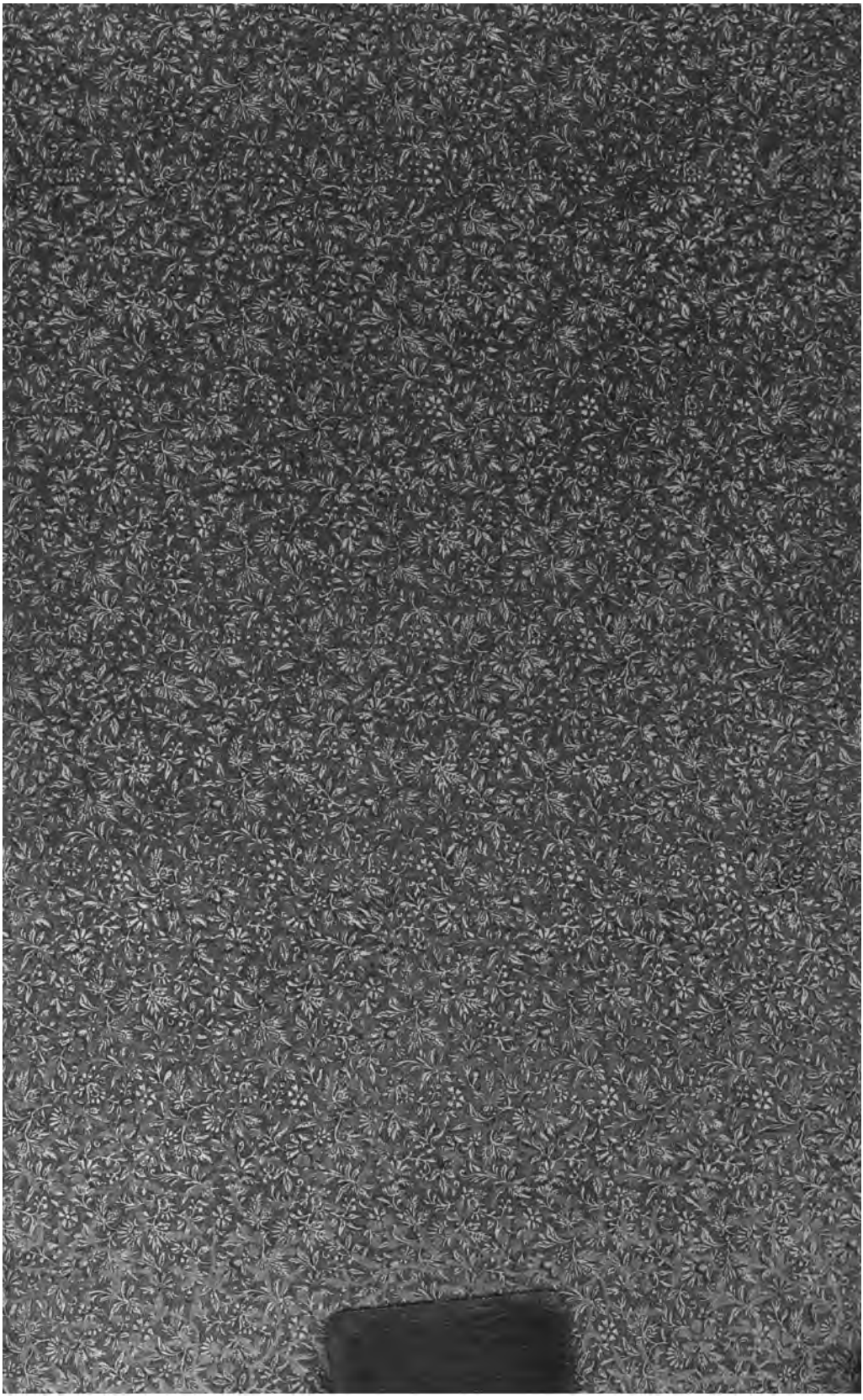
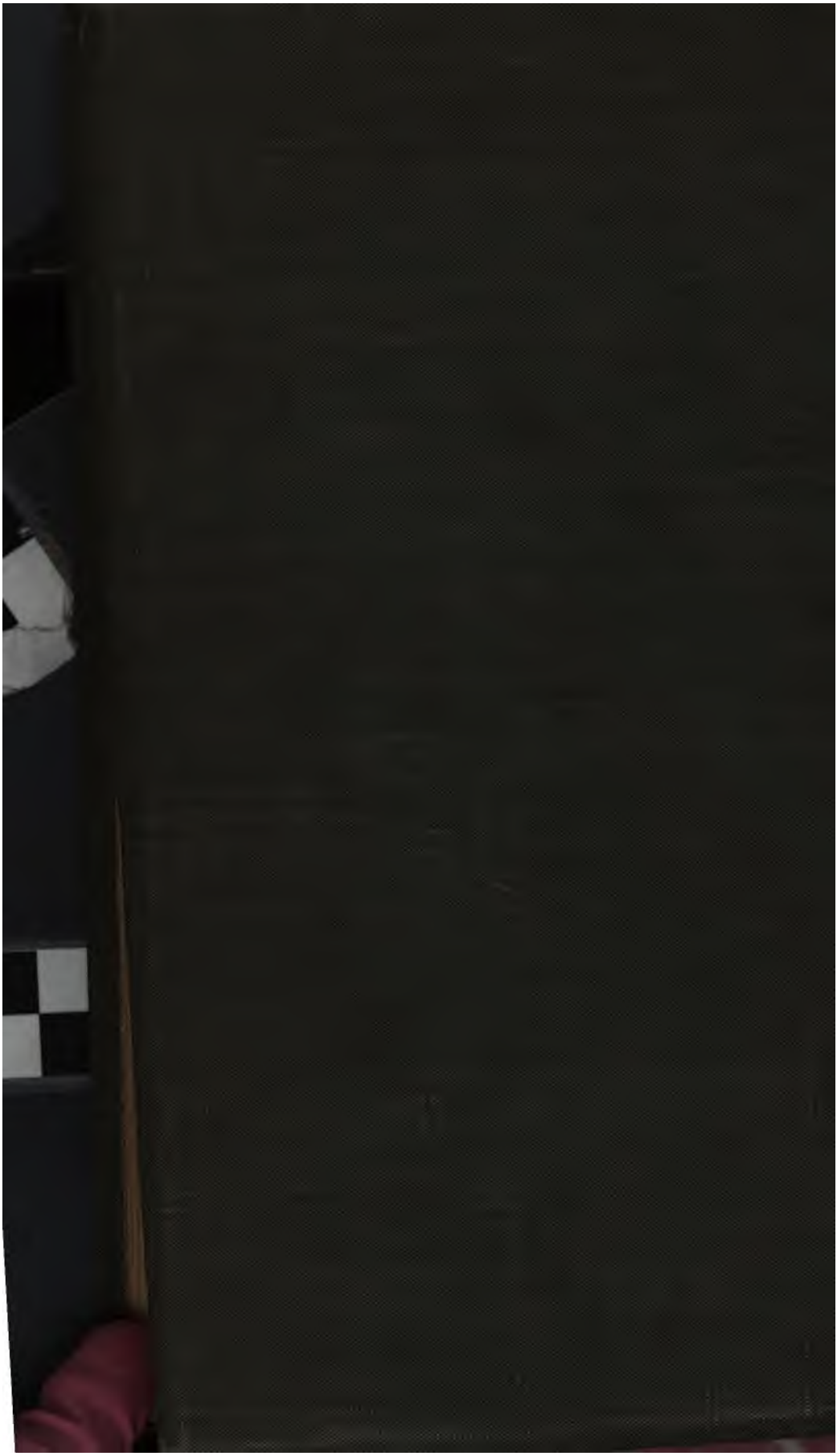
In mentioning my first pastorate in Wooster, I see I have unaccountably omitted the names of many kind friends. Among them were the Blacks, Taylors, Logans, McClarrans, McDonalds, Saybolts, Marchands, Timmermans, Lees, Frosts, Amsdens, Van Nests, Coffeys.

During my residence there as pastor of Trinity Church, one of my stanchest friends and helpers was Mr. Alfred Coover, the Church treasurer. I shall always think of him and his gifted wife with feelings of gratitude..

PAGE 267.

Mrs. Alexander Sullivan does not remember the witty remark ascribed to her here, and thinks it must have been said by some other person.

On this page I see I have omitted the name of a friend, Hon. D. C. Feeley, a ripe and accomplished lawyer, now of Rochester.

PAGE 275.

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